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SEAL OF THE CONFEDERACY

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Southern Historical Society Papers.

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THE SOUTH

By FATHER RYAN.

Yes, give me the land
  Where the ruins are spread,
And the living tread light
  On the heart of the dead;
Yes, give me the land
  That is blest by the dust,
And bright with the deeds
  Of the down trodden just.

Yes, give me the land
  Where the battle's red blast
Has flashed on the future
  The form of the past;
Yes, give me the land
  That has legends and lays
That tell of the memories
  Of long-vanished days.

Yes, give me the land
  That hath story and song
To tell of the strife
  Of the right with the wrong;
Yes, give me the land
  With a grave in each spot
And the names in the graves
  That shall not be forgot.

Yes, give me the land
  Of the wreck and the tomb;
There's grandeur in graves—
  There's glory in gloom.
For out of the gloom
  Future brightness is born
As after the night
  Looms the sunrise of morn.

And the graves of the dead,
  With the grass over grown,
May yet form the footstool
  Of Liberty's throne;
And each simple wreck,
  In the waypath of might,
Shall yet be a rock
  In the temple of Right.

ROBERT E. LEE, THE FLOWER OF THE SOUTH.

Bishop COLLINS DENNY.

Delivered January 19, 1906, in Nashville, Tenn., before the Confederate Organizations of that City.

Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Does the rose flourish in the fiery desert, or on the frozen ice-field? The fruit of the Land of Promise, one cluster of grapes from the vale of Eschol, was the evidence offered by the spies sent forth by Moses that the land was good, that it flowed with milk and honey.

Luscious is the grape. What then must be the vine? Elegant is the rose. Rich then must be the soil, sunlit the atmosphere, and every breeze a balm. As well in mankind as among the fruits and flowers does it hold true that by their fruits ye shall know them.

All the world knows something of Lee, the Rose of Virginia, the cluster of grapes from her vale of Eschol. Not always has the world paused to hear of the people of Lee, of the dear land of the South, of whose people and ideals one product was Lee. Let us glance at that people, at their civilization and ideals.

Fair was the land and noble the people—that land and that people of fifty years ago. The white population was one of the largest and most homogeneous people of British descent in the whole world. Infinitisimal was other tincture. Theirs were the traits and civilization of Britain, graciously strengthened by two centuries of American life and struggle. On them was the stamp of their fathers who with Alfred had stood against a Danish foe, with Drake and Howard had struck down the Spanish Armada. Of the barons and yeomen of Runnymede, of the roundheads who followed Cromwell and executed a king rather

than submit to a usurpation, as well as of the cavaliers who charged with Rupert, they were the direct descendants. They had their faults, faults that were not lovely and that are not palliated. They were not free from evil and for the evil neither defense nor excuse is offered. They were religious, but religion does not accomplish what some people suppose. Neither the color of the hair, nor the racial characteristics are changed by religion. Real religion cleanses the soul, and sets before us the highest and noblest purpose that can be presented to the imperishable spirit. A forcible and passionate persecutor was Saul of Tarsus; an able and powerful apostle was Paul of the Church of God. To the man's powers were given purer motives and a different direction; he was a new creature, but there was no change in his identity. The Southerner of to-day has lost none of the strength of his Anglo-Saxon ancestors; he has simply put off some of his cruelty and heathenism, and has clothed himself in a measure of gentleness and charity.

Most of us are Anglo-Saxons. That race is no parvenu. Through long centuries of incessant conflict, often in the midst of most stubborn circumstances, frequently forced down and at times almost consumed, there has been some saving quality in the race which has enabled it to survive and to succeed. Submerged by the Dane, above the bloody waters arose at length his obstinate head, and in his eye was the flash of life. Beaten down by the Norman, with many a groan and racked with pain he struggled at last to the summit of his ruins, stammering a little in his speech, but with the same mother tongue, and to his conqueror finally giving both law and language. In a western wilderness, surrounded by inhuman savages, the curling smoke of his yule log announced the planting of a home, and the crack of his trusty rifle the determination to defend it. This rather slow-minded, yet masterful Anglo-Saxon, does he become any the less effective when he is converted? When God comes into the soul He does not obliterate the man's human nature, He glorifies it. Under the peals of Patrick Henry the very nature of our people thrilled, and with rare patience and grim tenacity, obediently, resolutely and devotedly they followed the sword of

Washington with him fighting in the shadow of the scaffold. Then and later through the obligations of their large plantations trained to command, they had also enjoyed what is needful for the highest human development—the discipline of leisure. Living largely in the country they had developed great physical vigor and were wise enough not to waste it; but when the call came, it blazed up in a flame that startled the civilized world. Constantly courting honor they loved and won that bridge, and in dignity, in intrinsic worth esteemed her higher than life itself. The "sacred honor" of which one of her sons wrote, and which our fathers pledged in a holy cause, was to them a sacred honor indeed. To impeach their veracity or their honesty was the greatest insult that could be offered to the people of the South. So sensitive were they to a slur on honor that they long clung to their barbarous ancestral custom of the duel, and in the name of honor stained their civilization with the blood of murder. An undiluted son of the South and passionately attached to her people, I abhor their sinful remedy while fully sympathizing with their splendid appreciation of veracity and honesty. In the old South, by the inexorable decree of public sentiment, a liar or a thief was an outcast, a pariah.

What homes they had! Will the world ever again see such homes? Their wives were mothers, and all the more gladly their acknowledged queens because they were mothers. With hallowing influence bright eyes of children looked into the faces of their parents, and like the songs of angels was the music of their childish laughter. They suffered the little children to come into their homes and forbade them not, and very near to them came the kingdom of God. And so, thank God, it is to this day. Our wives are still mothers, and happy mothers. To look into the paled face of a young wife and mother on whose welcoming bosom her babe has just been laid, to see the growing wonder shining in her eyes, to watch the trembling halo that glorifies her head as into this sacred experience she passes—the great high altar toward which from girlhood her steps had been unconsciously inclined, yea, the very holy of holies where on a highly favored heart surge the tides of the glory of the Lord—

is to understand how easy it is to adore the Madonna. These are the Madonnas we continue to adore. The men of the South clung to their wives. Seldom were the courts asked to make a breach. A divorce was a scandal, and in our social circles no welcome met the divorcée. The twin pillars which upheld the splendid temple of that civilization were the sanctity of the marriage relation and the sanctity of the truth that inspires trust.

A hospitality that every Southerner believed to be at once a privilege and a duty dwelt in these homes and was no exotic there. Hospitality was of the essence of that civilization, as generous as it was universal, as fragrant and as delicate as its own fair flowers. In it were the qualities that warmed the heart of the guest, for it was easy and refined, free from every form of strain. To the South it was of priceless value, for like every act of unselfish service it left a blessing when it gave a gift. In an atmosphere of kindness the children were reared; meeting with numbers of strangers, their characters were formed while their manners were polished. By no one who has known it can the grace and charm of that hospitality ever be forgotten.

In that old life perhaps nothing has been more misunderstood and misrepresented than the qualities of its women. Occasionally by some traveler were seen the chivalry, the generosity, and from middle life the gravity, of the men of that far-off time, and, often to doubting hearers, he bore witness to the facts. These visitors have said that to every respectable stranger the Southern gentleman was a host, to a lady always a knight. But the Southern woman has been represented as a languid, nervous, sickly soul with not sufficient energy to lace her slippers or to comb her hair. She has been represented as living a life of ease that sapped her physical vigor, and of idleness that left her mentally vacuous. On the contrary, plantation life, and the vast majority of the people lived in the country, would have burdened the woman with cares had her energy and ability been less than they were. The Southern wife was not simply a spectator of the responsibility of her husband, she shared it. Hers was the

oversight of the household, and in numerous instances she had all the method without any of the servility of the young Greek wife of whom, as related by Xenophon in his Economics, Ischomachus tells Socrates. To this heavy burden was added the oversight of the quarters of the servants, for among themselves our fathers did not call them slaves. The work about the quarters and for the vegetables and flowers was directed by the mistress; the many problems arising in the lives of the servants were investigated and solved; the sick were watched, and often by her gentle hands personally tended. How she bore her burdens was a mystery even to those who were in daily contact with her. This home-keeping woman whose "voice was ever soft, gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman," in taste refined and in manner mild, was affable and of gracious bearing. Her presence brought an atmosphere that neither coarseness nor vulgarity could breathe. She was a God-fearing woman, she was never a skeptic. Within the wide range of her gentle visitation every needy soul was a recipient of her charity. To the troubled she was the ever ready counselor. Beside the couch of the dying, especially of the lowliest, she told the story of the Saviour's love, and with her tender prayers she smoothed the way for the departing spirit.

Who can tell of her unstinted devotion in that time of the South's great trial? The world knows something of the courage of our men, their patience on the march and their valor in the field; it was but a dull reflection of the courage of our women waiting in the home, quiet and undaunted under the spreading cloud of coming woe. Assuming the burden of the management of the plantation as if their lives were not already loaded with responsibilities, counting as a joy the self-denial that could be helpful to the loved ones who ever stood near the death that crouched in the camp and was ravenous in the field, in the crude hospital sometimes on the very verge of battle angels of mercy to the poor boys of both armies who in agony often longed for the death that seemed to come with slow and cruel steps, from their sorrow-haunted eyes the tears fell on the bloodless face of their beloved dead who had but now gone

from them ruddy with the glow of health, through all this and more those blessed women of the old South never faltered and they never doubted. As the storm grew wilder their faces may have blanched, but their courage never failed. In the burning fiery furnace of the decade after the war the hearts of the men almost failed and their voices sank to a sigh, but with feet unblistered the women walked those billowing flames, singing of hope when all seemed lost, and lifting courage to the level of that horrible calamity.

It may be thought even by some stranger kind of heart who sits to-day in our company that my poor picture is idealized. Not so. The purpose has been to represent the best of that old life, but the picture falls far short of the living reality. It may be said that instances of a different kind of life could be found, that there was evil, shame and sin which marred the beauty and eclipsed the glory of the old South, leaving only the attraction of her pathos as she sat amid her sorrows a mark for the arrows of the cruel archers. It may be said that Southern generosity, hospitality, chivalry and honor are phrases which have been overworked, that at times these terms have been used as the paint that hides the pallor. The charge would be ungenerous and unjust. There are spots on the sun, but I am talking not of the spots but of the sun, and there was a sun. Not to be able to see the sun, never to thrill in its glorious light because a careful inspection would show some spots, were a pity. It were blindness, because there are cracks in the canvas, not to see the beauty in Raphael's Sistine Madonna. Because the face of Judas wears a scowl do we not see the winning smile of John?

No remembered experience of that old life remains in my mind, but of the delicate fragrance that clung to its shattered fragments, of the brilliant colors that even trouble could not cloud, I have a vivid memory. The use it made of its remaining mites still manifested its generosity, and even a robe of rags its princely dignity could not hide.

"The story's heart to me still beats against its side."

In nothing that has been said has the South been exalted at the expense of other countries, or of other parts of our own country. Purposely such comparisons have been avoided. We are not interested to show that our fathers had fewer faults or finer virtues than others, our purpose has been to give a true picture of the real life of the old South, whose sacred altar shined with hallowed fire. But some may imagine that strong affection has blinded my mind. Listen, then, to the estimate of one who said many severe things of the Southern people, yet through the mellowing influence of approaching old age, and after closer contact with some of her sons, who saw with a clearer and less warping light. Hear the words of the late Senator Hoar: "The people of the South has some qualities which I cannot claim in an equal degree for the people among whom I myself dwell. They have an aptness for command which makes the Southern gentleman, wherever he goes, not a peer only, but a prince. They have a love for home; they have, the best of them and the most of them, inherited from the great race from which they came the sense of duty and the instinct of honor, as no other people on the face of the earth. They have above all, and giving value to all, that supreme and superb constancy which, without regard to personal ambition, and without yielding to the temptation of wealth, without getting tired, and without getting diverted, can pursue a great object, in and out, year after year, and generation after generation."

This was the South and Lee was a Southerner. He was not a grape on the thorn, nor a fig on the thistle. The best and oldest elements of the South mixed in him, and all the elements were Southern elements.

If asked to state what was the best that the South could produce, what was the normal, the legitimate result of her civilization, her spirit, her ideals; to state this not as a theory but as a fact, not as a hope but as an attainment, our answer is Robert E. Lee. We do not hide the fact, we proclaim it, that in him we have our ripest and our purest fruit, the South at its best, but still the South. He was the product of her civilization and the embodiment of her ideals.

In war the South made him her leader, and after years of fiery trial hailed him as the ablest chieftain of the warring English race. Not from fear but from love was he followed, and his soldiers did his bidding not as a burdensome duty but as a coveted prize. With weak resources and scant numbers for years he made a continent tremble, eclipsed the light of successive commanders, and from his thin front swept his flying foes. Fifty years after the beginning of the conflict the pension roll of his brave veteran opponents numbers more men than he ever commanded. He waged war with an audacity that had indicated ignorance but for the ability that bore the signature of genius, the while the wide world wondered. When he failed, he wore such a look of danger that he struck his weakened foes with terror and benumbed them into timid caution. With a penetration that in olden days would have been called second sight he saw the coming movements of his foe and supplied by strategy what he lacked in numbers. In a campaign that has had no equal he put out of the ranks of his foe more men than fought under his flag. With a knowledge too clear to be timid, with a courage both fierce and serene, with a calmness unruffled by danger, with a genius that brightened in trial, he made war like a very archangel, and scarcely missed the miracle of success. We hail thee, thou great soldier of the South. Many sons of the South in war's wild and tumultuous combats have shone like stars through night's storm clouds. Like the sun at midday was the splendor of thy genius.

No man whose ears had been so often filled with the exultant shouts of victorious followers could have given to peace a warmer welcome. To duty's call he always had a ready answer, and though it might be homely, for him it was as sacred as when death stalked amid contending armies. In war he was not always victor, in peace he never failed. Never was he greater than when he was the teacher in the little mountain village, and the victory of character toward which he led the young was nobler even than the garland with which the world in wonder saw him crown his army. Tending the sheep in the fields near Bethlehem trained David for a throne. He saw the staff of the

shepherd transformed into the scepter of the sovereign. In Lexington Lee lifted a lowly work to the altitude of his own greatness, and in the lives of the sons of his soldiers strove to kindle the noble ideals that had illumined his own soul.

His hands did not disdain the needed toil that made an honest living, and the work to which he turned was not where wealth was quickest gleaned, but where good could best be done. With saddened heart he saw the ruin all around him and the bloated creatures who drank his people's life blood, yet too great to make an outcry he suffered on in silence, and he gave his fullest effort to build again waste places and labored like a miner in the darkest pit of duty. He could wait amid the shadows with a faith that dawn was coming, and he wrote on hearts around him noblest lessons for a life time. For him the path of service was the path of highest honor. He taught and showed the people that duty was the grandest word in the English language, and by his daily practice he lightened up the truth that human courage ought always to rise to the level of human calamity. We hail thee, thou best loved citizen of the South, who showed the world how the highest honors could be worn with humility and the lowliest services done with dignity.

Greater than any deed he wrought, higher than any office he filled, brighter than his stainless sword, was the pure white soul of Lee. If his personality enchanted strangers it was because of the majesty of his manhood. Every station was transparent, every honor crystal, and through them shone his noble character. There was nothing in his lineage that one would want to hide. An ancestry as full of honor and of service as it was ancient and distinguished made him noble at his birth, but it did not make him proud. With a grace that had no cunning he was at ease among the lowly, and he did not have to stoop. His very presence was an uplift, under his eye self-respect grew greater. The sight of his noble form filled his men with martial ardor, and drew little children to his side.

He exemplified the truth that has made the Anglo-Saxon great-manhood more than money and character outweighs talent. The confiscation by the nation of the property of his

fathers did not make him small. The brightness of his talent was but the adumbration of his soul. His name was not an asset to be counted in the market, and the gilded offer that he should sell it was instantly rejected. Scrupulously exact about money, for him wealth had no charms, and no financial scandal tarnishes his name.

By heritage and training a soldier and in love with his profession the highest office in the Federal army was declined for the sake of duty. The seductive voice of ambition awoke no unholy echo in his soul, but when like a flute played under a huge bell duty sang its soft, sweet note beneath his fine mixed metal, then did his great soul tremble, then his massive character with myriad waves concurrent answered in low, soft, unison, for he felt that a sound of the eternal truth had reached him, and he was not disobedient to the heavenly message.

Free from petulence, never querulous, unshadowed by a vice, a close examination of his character fails to find a disappointing feature. He was not a deformity but a harmony.

Lovingly he cared for a frail and feeble mother and this filial service may have been the loom that wove into his courage the golden thread of gentleness. But the crown of all his virtues was his simple faith in God. His religion was free from ostentation, was never on parade, but was as natural as breathing and shaped his daily life.

Rough was the path he was called upon to tread, yet was he equal to the trial. In the land which his forebears had settled and whose liberty was won by his fathers, without a loss of dignity and without an impropriety he saw the confiscation of the ancestral acres of his wife. Half a decade after the war he died a "prisoner on parole," the citizenship taken from him being given to his manumitted slaves.

The last years of his life were spent amid the ruin of the civilization of the South, yet did he not faint in this day of adversity, for his strength was not small. Not often do the old walk without stumbling through the ruin where once their palace stood, yet never in the palace was his foot more sure than during those last years when all his way was through a desolation. Bitterness

did not drop from his lips, nor hatred smoulder in his heart. He bore the sorrows of his people with Christian patience, and suffered without an unmanly groan. He did not seek a cloister to perfect his virtue, but brought to the service of peace a character purified amid the fires of war, and threw the strength of his great soul into building the manhood of the sons of his heroic followers. Even the great sometimes grow small by nearness, for the flaws in our poor nature come out in bold distinctness to those who stand close by. Not so with our great Lee. In his case daily contact kindled enthusiasm, and he was greatest to those who knew him best.

When he died the whole South wept at his bier, and put the crown of her love on this "statliest man of all our time." And the South is glad to crown her Lee, and triumphant is Virginia whose highest honor is this noblest of her sons. So simple yet so royal was his bearing that he became and remains a pattern for his fellows, and his life has been a paradise of despair to those who seek to follow.

Like some tall cliff against whose solid base the angry waves are beating, and on whose massive breast the dark storm clouds are spread stands our Lee, with eternal sunshine on his good, grey head. Passing years have not dwarfed him. The new generation joins the remnant of his heroic followers in thanking God for the gift of Lee.

We hail thee, thou best loved son of the South, and ranged round thee are thy people, their very hearts thy rampart.

ADDRESS—MEMORIAL EXERCISES.

May 10th, 1916, Oakwood Cemetery, Richmond, Va., by Dr. DOUGLAS S. FREEMAN.

We have come for inspiration, not for tears. The brave arms that bore these bodies to the grave and the gentle hands that have tended these green mounds through half a century of love have reared a monument we cannot grace. Their sobs and sighs and deep regrets through all these changing years have filled, as far as mankind may, the measure of our gratitude. We stand to-day and contemplate with grateful hearts a service made immortal, the lasting spirit of a living sacrifice. The ideals of our fathers, rather than their death; their glorified morrow and not their woeful yesterday, their gift to our day more than to their own—of these, it seems to me, our thoughts should be this solemn afternoon.

We are wont to make of history a chronicle of obvious effect and not of vital cause. We write of battles fought and not of battles forced. We tell the story of our great sires' deeds and leave untold the reasons for their acts. We measure in the common scales success by what we see achieved and not by what right though unachieved. We think a cause lost with a field and see no victor but a Grant at every Appomattox.

From such a narrow view as this, these bones cry out. The men interred about us here had died in vain if death had been defeat. They live because defeat meant victory! For it fell to the lot of Southern manhood, in a day when the eyes of the world were fixed upon our land, to give to America the one ideal it had known since the first revolution. The old traditions had been lost in the North and the voice of a prophet was drowned in the babel of conflicting council. The grasping alien

and the self-seeking egotist combined were the fearful financier and the fervered fanatic to make a mockery of those ideals on which the Union had been established.

NOT SO IN SOUTH.

In the South, thank God, it was otherwise. Few had a stake in slavery; still fewer had those manufactures New England had made a very god. The average man had only a farm and a tradition. But what a tradition it was—of Henry in that church across the hill, of Washington upon the plains of Yorktown, of Jefferson penning the Kentucky resolutions, of Madison on the floor of Congress, of giants before these who had preached the gospel of a free man's right to freedom and a proud man's right to pride. Men lived on the lands their forebears cleared by title from Anne or George. They had married the daughters of those who had been their grandfathers' comrades in arms in the Continental army and they worshipped at unsullied altars the God of ancient days. No muddled jargon of a foreign tongue was heard in all the South; no restless, self-important stock had come to mar with sophistry the simple tenets of our faith political. We were the Anglo-Saxons of the world, with blood as pure as that which flowed at Agincourt; with speech that savored still of Warwick lanes and Whitehall collonades. Every man was a politician by instinct, not by choice; a public servant from conviction, not from profit. Every man cherished next to his honor and his fireside the State his ancestors helped to make, and visualized in vital form the basic principles on which a union of the States was founded. When those principles were assailed, the thrust was at the vitals of a righteous self-respect. All answered with one voice. That war that followed was fought with fervor, generaled with genius and sustained with sacrifice because it was a war of mind against passion. The South of 1861 was the France of 1914, with the sins of no Paris to atone. Well might the youthful Worsley write:

"No nation rose so white and fair,
Or fell so pure of crimes."

What were those ideals consecrated at First Manassas, exalted at Chancellorsville, sealed and accepted at Appomattox? These ancient oaks whisper them; these gray coats attest them; these women who for fifty years have kept this sacred day bear witness to them; these children's faces unwittingly reflect them:

That government is the choice of the governed, a sacred right that only tyranny can overrule;

That it is for the governed to change their government when its powers are misused;

That those who give may take again and shape to better use the creature of their hands;

That in defense of freedom, self may not be reckoned or sacrifice be counted;

That duty to righteous principle is duty to God!

Stands there one to-day in the shadow of these monuments to say that these things were lost? Breathes one of Southern stock who thinks the maintenance of the ideals not worth the blood wherewith they were sustained? Rather do we not now realize the setting sun of Appomattox was the promise of a coming day and that when the broken remnants of our Southern hosts gave up their bloody banners they kept to give again in days of need the same ideals they cherished in the rags of disaster and the dust of defeat.

THESE IDEALS ONE.

Thank God the passing years in bringing peace have not exacted as the price the sacrifice of those ideals! Can we not, in truth, lift up our hands to-day to heaven and swear with one accord that with the blood of our fathers and from the breasts of our mothers we have drunk in their ideals, and have sought, God helping us, to preserve them in their purity. You men in gray have kept the faith; your sons would follow you.

The cunning Jacobs of an alien view have sought to rob the Southern Esau of his birthright. The base Delilahs from a new Philistia have striven to shear the locks of Samson. But at the price of military reconstruction and with the threat of negro rule, political disability and force laws, the South has remained constant. Few have ever taken office in the councils of ancient oppressors; few have abandoned their mother in the days of her impotency. We have not beckoned the immigrant to our borders or bought his undeserved vote at the price of one of our principles. We have remained a people apart, serving at the same shrines, voicing the same prayers, cherishing the same ideals and waiting, waiting—through what a bitter night—for the day when the South could again serve the Union as in the days of old and give of its manhood for the upbuilding of our land.

WHERE DIVISION NOW LIES.

That which our fathers held and gave us—that which is the true American ideal—the nation needs as never since the years that covered these green avenues with soldiers' graves. We are fast approaching another 1861. Strange voices are heard in the lands. Strange doctrines are being preached. For the first time since a great voice cried, "Let there be peace," men threaten division. It is not a division between North and South, thank God, nor yet 'twixt East and West. It is a division between Americanism and hydra-headed treason. Men who have eaten of our bread and shared of our acres are whispering against us. Some traitors even would sell their country to a foreign foe—and boast of their treason. Things have come to pass that five years ago we should have believed impossible.

What is the remedy for these ills the shrewdest merely see and cannot diagnose? The answer is graven on these sacred stones—love of country, sacrifice of self, the maintenance of principle, whether it be in Congress or on the high seas against every foe! And who can apply that remedy as can the South. We are the Americans longest seated, longest tested. We of the South, we of Virginia, almost alone in a country now poly-

glot have only right to serve, with no foreign foe to hate or aid. We know from what a pit of war these States were dug and from what a rock of discord this union was hewn. We still remember what Washington saw and what Lee attested. We still hold dear that love of country and of God that threw a shield of steel about this citadel of a nation's hopes. Visit New York and you will find a multitude of unassimilated men, each group more numerous than the native populace of many a city from which these strangers come. Visit the average Southern city and you will find the face of Saxon and of Norman, with less than five per cent. of alien blood. If there be patriotism it is, thank God, in the South; if there be war, it is from the sons of Confederates that leaders will come. And this, I beg you believe, is not the boast of provincial isolation, but the calm calculation of the manner in which the Anglo-Saxon blood of America will assert itself in a day of need.

A PRICELESS HERITAGE.

But it is not only this ideal of patriotism and duty that our dead have given us, a priceless heritage. From the spring that overflowed in the sacrifice of thousands there wells up now, please God, as then, those ideals of progress and of love that insure for us and our children and our children's children a goodly heritage. Perhaps it is the warmth of Southern skies; perhaps it is the peaceful product of a martial stock; perhaps it is the harvest of what brave men have sown. But whatever it is, let the sons of Virginians give thanks, here on God's acre, that the mind and the spirit of the South are asserting themselves to-day. Our wilderness is blossoming; the waste-places are rejoicing; the pens of Southern writers are writing large across the page of American letters; the brains of Southern men have flung railroads athwart continents, have organized great industries, have won the battles of sanitation and have captained the hosts of industry. That great Southerner in whose loyal hands the destinies of America are safe is not the fruitage of a generation but the blossom.

I have spoken with humble heart of these things because could yonder tombs give up their dead and could our buried heroes speak, they would rejoice in all that has come to the South through loyalty to their ideals. They would see a pledge of victory in the staunch courage of a Wilson; they would see the laurel in every growing field; they would note, with keener vision than our own, that every achievement of our days was made possible only because we have been steadfast and immovable. They would see, those awakened soldiers of the sixties, a more glorious Second Manassas in our hard-won trade and a reversed Appomattox in the smiling farms of Southern States.

Let us, then, grateful to the association whose fiftieth anniversary of love we here observe, not leave this sacred place in haste. Let us not think our duty done when flowers cover every grave and prayers are said in every avenue. Let us, rather, slowly wander through this grove and muse and meditate, and take our sermons from these stones, that when our call to arms may come, we of the South shall show the spirit of our sires and draw again the sword of Lee in all the might of his ideals.

We invoke you, spirits of heroes and martyrs! We bless you, shades of immortal valor! We pledge you, mighty company of invisible witnesses, that the cause for which you fought shall never perish and that the vision you caught in cannon's mouth and battle smoke shall yet in greater glory be fulfilled!

RECOVERY OF THE GREAT SEAL OF THE CONFEDERACY.

By WILLIAM B. SMITH, City Editor of the Richmond Times Dispatch.

The Great Seal of the Confederate States of America, the existence of which has been shrouded in mystery for nearly a half century, has been acquired by Eppa Hunton, Jr., Thomas P. Bryan and William H. White, and deposited in the Confederate Museum at Richmond, where it occupies the most prominent place among the interesting collection in the Solid South Room. It has been fully identified by the English makers—its authenticity proved beyond question and its possession traced step by step to the State Department clerk who bore from Richmond on the night of the evacuation the emblem of sovereignty of that government which, though lasting but four years, has written its record high on the page of history.

The story of the removal of the Great Seal from Richmond, its secret preservation through many years, with every person acquainted with its whereabouts pledged by the most solemn Masonic oaths ever to conceal all knowledge of it, and its final return to Richmond, the Capital of the Confederate States of America, forms an interesting contribution to the after-history of the Confederacy. Through voluminous records of the Library of Congress at Washington, the seal was traced to the possession of Rear-Admiral Thomas O. Selfridge, United States Navy, retired, who, for a consideration of $3,000 agreed to part with it on the understanding that it would be brought back to Richmond and placed in perpetual care of some suitable institution.

Following its acquisition in May, 1912, the seal was sent to England in the personal custody of J. St. George Bryan and

Granville Gray, of Richmond, and was there identified by its makers. The following attested certificate is attached to the seal in its case at the Museum:

"2 Langham Chambers, Portland Place
"London, W.
"Allen G. Wyon, medallist and
"Engraver to his Majesty the
"King

"I have carefully examined the seal sent to me by Mr. Thomas P. Bryan, an impression of which is affixed above, together with the hall marks thereon and the engraving on the rim. I have also compared it with the wax impression which has never left my studio, and I have no hesitation in stating that in my opinion there is no doubt that the seal which I have examined is the Great Seal of the Confederate States of America which was engraved in silver by my uncle, Mr. J. S. Wyon, in the year 1864.

(Signed) "ALLEN G. WYON."

The certificate is accompanied with a wax imprint of the seal and a copy of the original imprint, still in the file of the makers—J. S. and A. B. Wyon, of London.

Production of the seal itself with full proof of its genuineness forever sets at rest the weird story told by James Jones, colored, who claims to have been the coachman of President Jefferson Davis, that the Great Seal was in his possession; and an equally unauthenticated rumor, which was widely current at the time of the Confederate Reunion in Richmond in 1907, that the key to the mystery which surrounded the existence of the seal was in the cornerstone of the Confederate Monument in Macon, Georgia. There were even suggestions that the stone be removed in order that the relic might be traced.

The fact now appears to be fully authenticated from original records, as well as by the production of the seal itself, that it was taken from Richmond on the night of the evacuation by

William J. Bromwell, a clerk in the Confederate State Department, or by his wife, together with a large collection of official papers of the Department. The papers were sold to the United States Government by Bromwell through Colonel John T. Pickett in 1872 for $75,000. Lieutenant Selfridge, United States Navy, now Admiral Selfridge, was the agent for the government who examined and inventoried the papers at Hamilton, Ontario. In recognition of his services Colonel Pickett presented the seal to Lieutenant Selfridge, who from 1872 to 1912, had it in his possession. Either through fear that it might be claimed by the United States Government as a part of the Pickett Collection for which the government had paid $75,000, or that it might be seized as property of a conquered government, or that the acceptance of so handsome a gift under the circumstance might be viewed as a gross impropriety smacking of "graft," the transaction was veiled in secrecy. Even when the seal was taken to New York to have a medalion struck, the maker was bound by solemn Masonic obligation never to reveal the source of the original.

In an interview published in *The Richmond Times-Dispatch* on October 15, 1911, Judge Walter A. Montgomery, formerly associate justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, who had been in Washington for more than a year collecting data for a history of the civil administration of the Confederacy, completely refuted the story of the negro coachman and traced the possession of the seal to Bromwell and from him to Pickett, Judge Montgomery stating:

"There is at present a sufficiency of available evidence to show that Admiral Thomas O. Selfridge, of the United States Navy, retired, secured the seal in 1873 from Colonel John T. Pickett, the first Confederate Commissioner to Mexico, and if he has not disposed of it, he must have it still."

Later the personal papers of Colonel Pickett, including his letter books, were acquired by the Library of Congress and their critical examination proved the contention of Judge Montgomery, showing further that Pickett had acted as Bromwell's attorney, and not for himself in the sale of the Confederate State

Department papers to the government, and that the Great Seal was presented to Lieutenant, now Rear Admiral Selfridge, in recognition of his aid in that transaction.

The Pickett papers were given critical study by Gaillard Hunt, chief of the manuscript division of the Library of Congress in Washington, who became convinced that the Great Seal had been in the hands of Admiral Selfridge. Mr. Hunt announced his purpose of publishing the Pickett papers, together with his conclusions as to the Great Seal. With his secret about to be divulged, Admiral Selfridge admitted that he had the seal, and expressed willingness to part with it for a consideration. Mr. Hunt communicated, through Lawrence Washington, with Messrs. Hunton, Bryan and White, of Richmond, who purchased the seal for $3,000 and personally brought it to Richmond.

Mr. Hunt furnished to the purchasers the following statement of the records now in the Library of Congress, serving to prove the authenticity of the seal, his statement being accompanied by copies of a large number of official papers and manuscripts. The statement follows, with marginal reference to the various exhibits from which the information is drawn:

Statement Concerning the Seal of the Confederate States of America:

At the third session of the First Congress of the Confederate States of America a joint resolution was passed, which was approved April 30, 1863, establishing a "Seal for the Confederate States." The device was to be a representation of the equestrian statue of Washington in the Capitol Square at Richmond, surrounded with a wreath composed of the principal agricultural products of the Confederacy (cotton, tobacco, sugarcane, corn, wheat and rice), and having around the margin the words, "The Confederate States of America, twenty-second February, eighteen hundred and sixty-two," with the following motto, "Deo Vindice." (Exhibit A, copy of resolution.)

On May 20, 1863, Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of State of the Confederacy, sent an instruction to James M. Mason, envoy of the Confederacy at London, informing him of the law,

inclosing a photograph of the statue and asking him to have the seal made in England, (Exhibit B.) On February 18, 1864, Mr. Mason, informing Secretary Benjamin of the progress of the work, said that the seal was being cut in silver because that metal was less liable to rust than steel. The artist was J. S. Wyon, maker of the Great Seals of England. (Exhibit C.)

On April 12, 1864, Mr. Mason reported that he had instructed Mr. Wyon to pack the seal, the press and other appliances and put them in charge of Mr. Hotze. (This was Henry Hotze, confidential agent in London of the Confederate government.) (Exhibit D.) On July 6, 1864, Mr. Mason wrote his government that he was sending the seal to America by Lieutenant Chapman, C. S. N. The seal, he said, "is much admired by all who have seen it here, and I hope you will approve of it as a fine work of art." The cost of the seal, press, wax and other appurtenances was £122.10. (Exhibit E.) (The exhibits A, B, C, D and E are quoted in whole or in part in "Sigillologia, Being Some Account of the Great or Broad Seal of the Confederate States of America—a Monograph," by Ioannes Didymus Archaeologos, Washington, 1873; a privately printed pamphlet by John T. Pickett, and in the "American Historical Record," Vol. III, 1874, page 360, article "The Great Seal of the Confederate States of America," by Thomas J. Pickett, the same author, with his Christian names transposed, for reasons which are unknown.)

Lieutenant R. T. Chapman, C. S. N., arrived in Richmond September, 1864, and turned the seal over to the Secretary of State. (Exhibit F, letter of James Morris Morgan to Gaillard Hunt, April 30, 1912.)

Some uncertainty surrounds the question of the delivery of the press and appurtenances of the seal. Apparently the seal was never set up for regular use in Richmond, for it was impressed upon few if any official instruments. It is doubtful if the press was delivered in this country, but the question is unimportant.

One of the officers of the Confederate State Department was William J. Bromwell, who, up to 1861, had been a clerk

in the Bureau of Rolls of the State Department of the United States. (See the official register for 1860, where his name appears.)

When Richmond was evacuated by the Confederate government, in April, 1865, those records of the State Department, which Mr. Benjamin had not destroyed, and the great seal were taken in charge by Bromwell. The records were concealed by him at first in a barn near Richmond, and his wife secretly carried the Great Seal out of Richmond, hidden in her dress. Later she brought it to Washington. (Exhibit G, letter of Theodore J. Pickett to Gaillard Hunt, May 3, 1912.)

In 1868, Colonel John T. Pickett, a lawyer in Washington, sometime commissioner of the Confederate States in Mexico, and an officer in the Confederate army, on the staff of General Breckenridge, offered to sell to the government of the United States, as agent for a person whose identity he refused to disclose, the archives of the Confederate State Department, the archives being, he said, in Canada.

He made other and unsuccessful efforts to dispose of them to private individuals. After prolonged negotiation, the government appointed an agent to go to Canada and inspect the archives in April, 1872.

As a matter of fact, they were concealed in Washington. It was believed at the time, and has been believed since, that Colonel Pickett himself had the archives, and that he was acting for himself; but his papers recently acquired by the government, show that Bromwell had them, and that Pickett was really his attorney. The papers were sent to Canada, on the same train with the government's agent, Captain Thomas O. Selfridge, U. S. N., who was ordered to inspect them and who was in entire ignorance of their proximity to him during his journey to Hamilton, Ontario. He reported on the nature of the archives, and the government bought them. As a memento of the transaction, Colonel Pickett gave Captain Selfridge personally the Great Seal of the Confederacy, having obtained it from Bromwell. Doubtless Bromwell knew not what to do with it, and was afraid to sell it, or to disclose the fact that it was in existence. (Exhibit

H, Pickett to Selfridge, December 4, 1872; extract: "that the word 'aforesaid' used in this letter refers to the seal is shown by the subsequent correspondence appearing in other exhibits attached to this statement.")

In 1873 Pickett borrowed the seal from Captain Selfridge, and had 1,000 electrotypes made from it by S. H. Black, an electrotyper in New York, who was sworn to secrecy. The impression was general that Colonel Pickett himself had the seal, and he did not deny it; but after the electrotypes were made, it was restored to Captain Selfridge. (Exhibit I, agreement May 15, 1873, between Samuel H. Black and John T. Pickett; exhibit K, bill of S. H. Black, August 18, 1873; exhibit L, Selfridge to Pickett, May 21, 1873; exhibit M, Pickett to Selfridge, May 24, 1873; exhibit N, Pickett to Charles Colquit Jones, June 20, 1873.)

Some question having been raised relative to the genuiness of the seal from which the electrotypes had been made, Pickett sent one of the electrotypes to J. S. and A. B. Wyon, of which firm the engraver of the seal had been a member, and received assurance from them of its genuineness. (Exhibit O—J. S. and A. B. Wyon, to Pickett, October 14, 1873; exhibit P—same to same, March 7, 1874; exhibit Q—statement of J. S. and A. B. Wyon, March 6, 1874; exhibit R—statement of Pickett, March 31, 1874.)

The fact of the seal having been in the possession of Bromwell, of its having passed from him to Pickett, and from Pickett to Captain Selfridge, were revealed from the personal papers of Pickett, which were acquired by the Library of Congress within the past year. Colonel Pickett never disclosed, even to any member of his family, that he had given the seal to Captain Selfridge. Of all the people concerned in the history of the seal, Thomas O. Selfridge, now a rear-admiral, retired, in the navy, is the only survivor. Acting in a personal and unofficial capacity, I opened negotiations with him to obtain possession of the seal, in order that it might be restored to the Southern people, as I consider it to be the most precious relic in existence of that separate American sovereignty, which endured for a short time, and left memories which are so lasting. I invoked the as-

sistance of Lawrence Washington, Esq., who communicated the facts of the discovery of the seal to Eppa Hunton, Jr., esquire, of Richmond, and Mr. Hunton associated with himself William H. White and Thomas P. Bryan, esquires, also of Richmond. These three public-spirited gentlemen have generously acquired the seal, it being agreed on the part of all the persons concerned in the transaction that it is to be placed in a public institution in Richmond, formerly the capital of the Confederate States.

GAILLARD HUNT,

Of the Manuscript Division, Library of Congress, Washington, D. C., May 14, 1912.

The exhibits which accompany the statement of Mr. Hunt show close study of every phase of the history of the Great Seal, and connect every link in the chain from the day the Confederate Congress passed an act ordering a seal, up to its delivery to Messrs. Hunton, Bryan and White and its deposit by them in the Confederate Museum at Richmond. The various copies of manuscripts in the Library of Congress are attested by Mr. Hunt, as correct transcripts of the originals, known as the Pickett Papers. The exhibits include a letter from Admiral Selfridge dated May 14, 1912, in which he says:

"The seal herewith delivered to Messrs. William H. White and Thomas P. Bryan, of Richmond, Va., is the identical seal given to me in the year 1872 by John T. Pickett, being the Great Seal of the Confederate States of America as Pickett then informed me."

In his letter Admiral Selfridge agrees further to have the seal submitted to J. S. and A. B. Wyon, of London, successors to Joseph S. Wyon, and guarantees that it will stand the test and be certified by them as the identical seal engraved by the late Joseph S. Wyon as the Great Seal of the Confederate States of America and delivered by him in 1864 to James M. Mason, representative of the Confederacy in London.

Among the exhibits is a copy of the act of the Confederate Congress ordering that the seal should consist of a "device rep-

resenting an equestrian portrait of Washington, after the statue which surmounts his monument in the Capital Square at Richmond, surrounded with a wreath composed of the principal agricultural products of the Confederacy." The act is signed by Thomas S. Bocock, speaker, and Alexander H. Stephens, president of the Senate. Further exhibits are copies of correspondence between Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of State, of the Confederacy, to James M. Mason, agent of the Confederacy, in London, in which Mr. Benjamin says:

"It is not desired that the work be executed by any but the best artists that can be found, and the difference of expense between a poor and a fine specimen of art in the engraving is too small a matter to be taken into consideration in a work that we fondly hope will be required for generations yet unborn."

Further correspondence shows that the seal was brought to this country on the Cunard line Africa from Iiverpool to Halifax, and from Halifax to the Bermudas on the steamboat Alpha, and that while running the blockade to enter the South, Lieutenant Chapman was constantly prepared to throw the seal overboard in the event of capture by the enemy.

An interesting letter throwing light on the manner in which the seal was taken from Richmond is that of Theodore J. Pickett, a son of Colonel John T. Pickett, to Gaillard Hunt, dated May 3, 1912, secured since Mr. Hunt began his investigation. It says:

"Referring to our conversation about the Confederate seal, I remember very well Mrs. Bromwell saying she carried the Great Seal of the Confederacy in her bustle out of Richmond when the Confederate government evacuated that city when the Union forces took possession. Later in 1865 she brought it to Washington herself, as she said. Mrs. Bromwell was the wife of William J. Bromwell, who had control of what is known as the Confederate archives, and they were sold to the government of the United States through my father, the late John T. Pickett, as attorney for Mr. Bromwell, and were filed in the Treasury Department. William J. Bromwell was an officer in the Department of State

of the Confederacy. Mrs. Bromwell survived her husband for a number of years. He died in London, England, a number of years ago, and Mrs. Bromwell died in Washington, as near as I can fix the date in my mind, about two years ago. She had been a clerk in the Navy Department for many years. Her father was a distinguished officer in the United States Navy of high rank."

Colonel Pickett's letter book now in the Library of Congress, shows a number of letters to Admiral Selfridge.

One letter of Colonel Pickett to Captain Selfridge, dated May 24, 1873, says "there is no danger of the 'aforesaid' being known to be in your possession. In the public notice of it which I shall make when my electrotype shall be ready, it is my purpose to create the impression that I still hold the article. By the way, the electrotyper is Masonically pledged to secrecy."

There follows a memorandum of agreement between Samuel H. Black, the electrotyper who took the Masonic oath of secrecy, and John T. Pickett, dated May 13, 1873, in regard to the striking of certain medallions from the original seal. One of the medallions has been secured by Messrs. Hunton, White and Bryan with the original, and is shown to be an exact reproduction of the face of the Great Seal. Several others had previously been deposited in the Confederate Museum at Richmond.

Under the assumed or pen name of "Ioannes Didymus Archaelogos," Colonel Pickett published in Washington in 1873 a pamphlet being a monograph on the Great or Broad Seal of the Confederate States, entitled: "Sigillologia" a copy of which may be found in the Virginia State Library and in the Library of Congress, at Washington. It quotes from an article by Colonel Pickett in Harper's Magazine for February, 1869. In this pamphlet are to be found copies of many of the identical papers which have recently been unearthed in the Library of Congress, and among others the original bill of Joseph S. Wyon made out to John M. Mason for the Great Seal, showing it to have cost, with its fittings, wax, box and lock, a total of 120 pounds 10 shillings, English money, an equivalent at that time of $700 gold.

While the pamphlet vaunts the fact that the author had at

some trouble and expense rescued the Great Seal from oblivion and possibly from a melting pot, for its pure silver weighs several pounds, and states that he has had many electrotype impressions made, it concludes:

"New York, June 20, 1873. And where is that seal? It is in the possession of the writer of this paper. Who rescued it and to whom does it belong? We reserve a reply to these questions for another occasion. Suffice it to say at present, *'detur digniori.'* "

The pamphlet seems to have been issued to stir up interest in the sale of the medallions, which were offered to charitable institutions at half-price.

The "Life of James M. Mason," by his daughter, page 403, gives the same correspondence alluded to between Commissioner Mason and Secretary Benjamin, with a full description of the seal, which tallies in every detail, even to the position of the date line.

In the interview published in *The Richmond Times-Dispatch* on October 15, 1911, Judge Montgomery, after showing that the story of the negro, James Jones, was a pure hallucination, traces the seal directly to Admiral Selfridge. Showing that Jones was not in Richmond at the time of the evacuation, he quotes the statement of Colonel Burton Harrison, in the *Century Magazine* for November, 1884, who asserted that he left Richmond on the Friday before with Mrs. Davis and party, together with maid and coachman, James Jones. In that interview Judge Montgomery gave this as the true account of how the Great Seal was taken from Richmond:

"On March 28, 1865, five days before the evacuation of Richmond, Mr. Benjamin, Secretary of State, sent William J. Bromwell, disbursing clerk of the department, to Charlotte, N. C., with three boxes of the belongings of that department, where they were to be put in a place of safety. Bromwell, as he was ordered to do by Mr. Benjamin, stopped in Danville and got three trunks and four boxes of records and property of the State De-

partment, which he had stored some weeks previously at the Danville Female College, under his superior's directions.

"He took the ten packages to Charlotte. He arrived there on April 1 and stored them in a room in the courthouse. Five days later he reported in writing to Mr. Benjamin that he had placed all of the boxes in six large, strong boxes, which he had had made at Charlotte, having them marked with his own initials, to attract as little attention as possible.

"After the war Colonel Pickett settled in Washington to practice law and at the same time engaged in buying and selling Confederate curios and records. In September, 1866, Bromwell, who was practicing law in Richmond without success, accepted a proposition to enter Pickett's service.

"Soon Pickett offered to sell the complete records of Mr. Benjamin's office to men of prominence and wealth in the South. Upon the refusal of any of them to buy, in 1868 he offered to sell to Secretary of State Seward 'large and valuable documents of the late Confederate States,' embracing all the papers belonging to Mr. Benjamin's office. Seward declined to buy except upon inspection in Washington and further because the price, $500,000, was excessive. Pickett said the papers were in Canada, and refused to allow them to be brought to Washington for inspection.

"In July, 1872, they were bought by the United States government, by special act of Congress, for $75,000. By the agreement of sale, the papers were to be delivered in Canada, and Lieutenant Thomas O. Selfridge, U. S. N., was commissioned to receive them from Pickett. They were secured by Lieutenant Selfridge, inventoried by him, with remarks, delivered to the proper authorities, and are now in the Library of Congress, and are known as the Pickett Papers.

"When the sale was announced, Pickett was denounced in the South for selling the archives of the Confederacy. On September 3, 1872, about a month after Pickett received the $75,000, Bromwell made a declaration and certificate before N. Callan in Washington in substance as follows: That his, J. W. Bromwell's last official act of duty as an official of the Department of State

of said Confederate States consisted in packing up at Richmond, Va., about the last of March, 1865, of all the archives and so forth of the said Department of State, and transporting them to a supposed place of safety in the South.

"That having complied fully with all his instructions, and having turned the said archives and so forth over to other officers of the said Confederate States, the fiduciary relations of the deponent to said archives ended, and inasmuch as he shortly after renewed his allegiance to the United States, he gave himself no further care with regard to the archives, and presumed that they had been captured by the United States forces. That he became aware some years later that the said archives had never come into the possession of the United States, but were spirited away by private parties, and that John T. Pickett, attorney-at-law, at Washington, was employed by holders of said archives to negotiate their delivery to the United States government should Southern and Northern Democrats refuse to take them. The deponent was privy to all of Mr. Pickett's negotiations, and he, Pickett, had given a truthful relation of same, avoiding any breach of confidence, to the public press.

"He declared that Pickett had no fiduciary relations to the archives; that he dealt honestly with everybody connected with the matter, and although the entire sum of $75,000 paid by the United States government for the archives was ultimately received by Mr. Pickett, he retained less than half of it for his own arduous, responsible and valuable services. Soon after this declaration was published Bromwell went to Europe."

A sum of money was held in trust for Mrs. Bromwell by Colonel Pickett and that Colonel Pickett was responsible for Mr. Bromwell's departure is shown by later correspondence.

In that interview Judge Montgomery said that he was satisfied that the seal was in one of the boxes which Bromwell took to Charlotte, and that Pickett got the seal when the records and papers of the department came into his possession.

Several of the medallions made from the Great Seal in 1873 have turned up in various places under the claim of having been the original, and the claim in each case has been refuted. There

should be no confusion when the two are put together, since the seal is a remarkable piece of die cutting, while the medallion shows the reverse or printed side made by molding electrotypes. Copies of the medallion belonging to the State of South Carolina and to Trinity College, Cambridge, England, have been claimed as originals, and in each case have been shown to have been the medallion electrotypes, an official inquiry having been held in England to prove that the seal held there was one of the medallions and not the original seal.

Rear-Admiral Thomas Oliver Selfridge, from whom the Great Seal was purchased, and who has been its custodian since 1873, when it was given to him by Colonel Pickett in recognition of his services in effecting the sale of the Confederate State Department papers to the United States government, is a naval officer of high rank. The son of a distinguished rear-admiral of the same name, he was born in Boston in 1836, and entered the United States Naval Academy in 1851. He was on the Cumberland in 1861, when she was sunk by the Confederate ironclad Merrimac in one of the most desperate naval engagements of the war. Later he commanded the Cairo, of the Mississippi Squadron, which was blown up by a torpedo, and commanded a battery at the capture of Vicksburg. In 1871 he commanded a survey expedition to the Isthmus of Darien in preparation for the building of the Panama Canal, and at the time of the purchase of the Pickett Papers by the government was stationed at the Navy Yard in Boston. He has since seen distinguished service, and was commander-in-chief of the European Squadron, 1895-1897, and was retired with rank of rear-admiral February 6, 1898, with distinguished honors from several foreign nations. He is still living (May, 1916), and makes his home at 1867 Kalorama Road, Washington, D. C.

THE ORIGINAL CONFEDERATE CONSTITUTION.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—I find that a good many of our people have been much perturbed in mind by a special dispatch from New York to your paper, which appeared in your issue of Friday, January 14, in which your correspondent states: "At the auction sale of the library and curios of the late John E. Burton, of Milwaukee, at the Anderson Galleries here, there were many original official documents of the Confederate government sold, and they brought high prices. Among them were the Provisional and Permanent Confederation Constitutions, together with the Acts and Resolutions of the First Session of the Provisional Congress of the Confederate States of America, passed at Montgomery in 1861, sold to George D. Smith, a collector, for $500."

If your correspondent thought that these were the originals (as readers here did), he is mistaken as to both of them.

The "Anderson Galleries," of New York, always kindly send me (some weeks in advance of the sales), their handsome catalogues of rare books and manuscripts to be offered at auction, and I had long ago noted in Part V of the "Burton Library" the item, to which your correspondent alludes. It is honestly catalogued as follows: "Confederate Provisional and Permanent Constitutions, together with the Acts and Resolutions of the First Session of the Provisional Congress of the Confederate States, etc., 8 vo. half-sheep, pp. 190 Montgomery, Ala. 1861."

You will thus see that it was not the original, but a printed copy of these documents that was sold. Even this is excessively rare, as it is the first publication of the Confederate government, issued in March, 1861, shortly after President Davis took office (February 18, 1861). This copy, offered by the "Anderson Galleries," "evidently belonged to some member of the Confederate Congress, and contains a number of notes in ink on the margins."

As to the originals, that of the "Provisional Constitution" was purchased in February, 1884, by W. W. Corcoran, Esq., of Washington, D. C., vice-president of the "Southern Historical Society," and at once presented by him to that society. The document is beautifully engrossed on parchment, and bears the autograph signatures of the members of the Provisional Congress, together with the certificate of the clerk attesting its genuineness.

The first draft of this "Provisional Constitution" (before official engrossment, as I learn from my friend, Mr. Gaillard Hunt, the accomplished "chief of archives" in the Library of Congress, is now in the "Confederate Home," at Pikesville, near Baltimore, Md.

But the official engrossed original is here in Richmond in the Confederate Museum, the officers of the Southern Historical Society having some months ago turned it over, along with other rare documents, to the Confederate Memorial Literary Society for safe keeping.

The original (official and engrossed) copy of the "Permanent Constitution" was for some years deposited among the archives of the Congressional Library, but I learn from Mr. Hunt that it has been withdrawn and is now in the hands of its owner, Wymberely Jones de Renne, Esq., of Wormsloe, Ga. It will be remembered that Mr. de Renne is also the owner of "Lee's Confidential Dispatches to Davis, 1862-65," which have recently been edited with conspicuous learning and accuracy by Dr. Douglas Southall Freeman, of this city.

The first draft of this "Permanent Constitution" is, according to a letter from Mr. Hunt, dated January 24, 1916, in the University of Georgia, at Athens, in that State.

To sum up:

1. First draft of "Provisional Constitution of the Confederate States" is in the Confederate Home near Baltimore, Md.

The original engrossed document, signed by the members of the Provisional Confederate Congress and attested by the clerk, is in the Confederate Museum of this city.

2. First draft of the "Permanent Constitution of the Confederate States" is in the University of Georgia, Athens, Ga.

Original engrossed document, signed by members of Permanent Confederate Congress, and attested by the clerk, is in the hands of Mr. W. J. de Renne, of Wormsloe (and Savannah), Ga.

As, with all the good will in the world, I cannot find time to answer the many letters that come to me concerning these and other Confederate documents, I shall be glad if you will print this letter, and I would further suggest that those interested in such matters should cut out this letter and paste it in their scrapbooks. I bitterly regret that I did not do the like about other documents year ago. It would have saved me many weary hours of search.

W. GORDON MCCABE,
Member Executive Committee, Southern Historical Society.

Richmond, January 16.

THE THIRD DAY AT GETTYSBURG.

By T. M. R. TALCOTT, Major and Aide-de-Camp to General R. E. Lee, 1862-63.

In Volume XL of the Southern Historical Papers, which was issued in September, 1915, Dr. Randolph H. McKim has published an article entitled "The Gettysburg Campaign," which is a valuable contribution to history, but his description of the Confederate assault on the Federal center on July 3rd, I think, is calculated to create a wrong impression, and thereby shift from General Longstreet a part of the responsibility for the failure of that assault to accomplish the results anticipated by General Lee, and place it upon General A. P. Hill.

The paragraph to which I wish to call attention is on page 285, and reads as follows:

"But this is not all. General Longstreet disobeyed General Lee in another respect; it is an unquestionable fact, supported by testimony from various sources, that Longstreet was directed to put his whole corps into the attack. Indeed he himself admits it. (See Henderson's Lecture, p. 15).* The divisions of McLaws and Hood and Pickett were all to be employed. He was to be reinforced moreover by Heth's division, and by two brigades of Pender's division, to the command of which Major-General Trimble was assigned—and General Hill was ordered to afford General Longstreet further assistance if necessary. Instead of this Longstreet sent forward about 12,000 men only to assail the whole Federal army. They made the assault, those

* "He rode over after sunrise and gave his orders. His plan was to assault the enemy's left centre by a column to be composed of McLaw's and Hood's divisions, reinforced by Pickett's brigades. I thought it would not do."—*Longstreet.*

Virginians and North Carolinians, with magnificent gallantry. They pierced the enemy's center, but where were their supports? where were the divisions of McLaws and Hood? Where the brigades Hill was to put in? The answer is,—idle, looking on, doing nothing! This devoted column of 42 regiments, possibly 12,000 men assaulted nearly the whole Federal army, while seven-ninths of the Confederate army looked on without firing a shot. At the moment of their success they looked back vainly for support; "not a single Confederate bayonet, save in the hands of wounded or retreating men, was between them and the ridge from which they had advanced, 1,200 yards in the rear. Fiercely they struggled to maintain their position, but their courage had been thrown away." (Henderson, p. 16.)

When Dr. McKim asks "Where were the brigades that Hill was to put in?" and answers his question by saying, "Idle, looking on, doing nothing," he must refer to his remaining brigades after he had, by order of General Lee, with six brigades reinforced Longstreet, which were engaged in the assault with Pickett's three brigades of the First Corps.

It is evident that Longstreet did call for and obtained other brigades from General Hill, for General E. P. Alexander, in his "Military Memoirs of a Confederate," p. 418, says:

"In addition to the six brigades of Hill's Corps assigned to Longstreet for his column of assault, one more, Wilcox's of Anderson's division, was added, making ten brigades in all, of which only three were Longstreet's and seven were Hill's."

It will be seen hereafter that General Longstreet had eight of General A. P. Hill's brigades in addition to his own Corps, with which to assault the Federal center, and there is no reason to believe that Hill would not have sent more if Longstreet had called for more.

General Hill retained control of four brigades, which Dr. McKim evidently thinks should have been "put in" to *support* the assault which was made by Longstreet, and that General Hill was to blame for not putting them in.

We can see very plainly why General Longstreet is blamed, for Dr. McKim shows that he failed to carry out his instructions from General Lee, but he makes no such charge against General Hill.

General Hill says in his report of the Battle of Gettysburg (Southern Historical Society Papers, Vol. II, p. 224):

"I was directed to hold my line with Anderson's division and the half of Pender's, now commanded by General Lane, and to order Heth's division, commanded by Pettigrew, and Lane's and Scale's brigades of Pender's division, to report to Lieutenant-General Longstreet as a support to his Corps in the assault on the enemy's line. As the troops were filing off to their positions, Major-General Trimble reported to me for the command of Pender's division, and took command of the two brigades destined to take part in the assault.

At one o'clock, our artillery opened, and for two hours rained an incessant storm of missiles upon the enemy's line. The effort was marked along my front, driving the enemy entirely from his guns.

The assault was then gallantly made. Heth's division and Trimble's two brigades on the left of Pickett. Anderson had been directed to hold his division ready to take advantage of any success which might be gained by the assaulting column, or to support it if necessary; and to that end, Wilcox and Perry were moved forward to eligible positions. The assault failed, and after almost gaining the enemy's works, our troops fell back in disorder."

From what General Hill says in his report, it would seem that in giving his orders for the assault, General Lee originally intended that Anderson's Division and two brigades of Pender's Division should be held in reserve in case the assault failed, unless Longstreet called for further assistance, and this view is sustained by the following letter from Hill's Adjutant, Colonel William H. Palmer:

"April 11th, 1916.

Col. T. M. R. Talcott,

Dear Colonel:—In answer to your enquiry, I beg to say that in consequence of wounds received at Chancellorsville (at night when Gen'l Jackson was shot in front of the lines), I was unable to accompany the Army on the Gettysburg Campaign.

On rejoining the 3rd Army Corps in Culpeper County, in giving me an account of the happenings during my absence, General A. P. Hill said: 'When the attack on the left centre on the 3rd day at Gettysburg was determined on, I begged General Lee to let me take in my whole Army Corps. He refused, and said what remains of your corps will be my only reserve, and it will be needed if Gen'l Longstreet's attack should fail.'

Very truly yours,

(Signed) WM. H. PALMER."

General R. H. Anderson says in his report, which is published in Volume III of the "Southern Historical Society Papers," page 52:

"I received orders to hold my division in readiness to move up in support if it should become necessary. * * *

Wilcox's and Perry's brigades had been moved forward so as to be in position to render assistance or to take advantage of any success gained by the assaulting column, and at what I supposed to be the proper time, I was about to move forward Wright's and Posey's brigades, when General Longstreet directed me to stop the movement, adding that it was useless and would only involve unnecessary loss, the assault having failed.

I then caused the troops to resume their places in line, to afford a rallying point to those retiring, and to oppose the enemy should he follow our retreating forces. No attempt at pursuit was made, and our troops resumed their line of battle.

Some loss was sustained by each of the brigades of the division from the cannonading—Wilcox's, which was supporting Alexander's artillery, suffering the most seriously."

It must have been after Wilcox's and Perry's brigades had been moved forward, as stated by General Anderson, that Wilcox's brigade was detached from his division to further reinforce Longstreet; and it was not until one-half of Heth's division had been routed by an attack on its left flank and the efforts of Pickett's aides to rally them had failed that Wilcox was ordered to support Pickett's charge, for General Alexander in his "Military Memoirs of a Confederate," page 432, says:

"The crumbling away of Pettigrew's left precipitated the advance of Wilcox. Pickett, who was riding with his staff in rear of his division, saw that the brigades on the left were breaking and sent two aides to endeavor to rally them, which they were unable to do. A third was sent at the same moment to Longstreet to say that the position in front would be taken, but that re-inforcements would be required to hold it. Longstreet, in reply, directed Pickett to order up Wilcox, and Pickett sent three messengers in succession to be sure that the order was promptly acted upon."

General Alexander further says on page 425:

"Returning to the centre I joined the few guns advancing from the batteries there, and moved forward to a swell of ground just west of the Emmitsburg road, whence we opened upon troops advancing to attack the right flank of Pickett's division. Eshleman and Haskell to the left front of the peach orchard soon also opened fire. The charging brigades were now close in front of the Federal lines and the musketry was heavy.

As we watched, we saw them close in upon the enemy in smoke and dust, and we ceased firing and waited the result. It was soon manifest in a gradual diminution of the fire and in a stream of fugitives coming to the rear pursued by some fire but not as much, it seemed to me, as might have been expected.

After perhaps twenty minutes, during which the firing had about ceased, to my surprise there came forward from the rear Wilcox's fine Alabama brigade, which had been with us at Chancellorsville, and, just sixty days before, had won the affair at Salem Church. It had been sent to re-enforce Pickett, but was

not in the column. Now, when all was over, the single brigade was moving forward alone, and there was no one there with authority to halt it. They were about 1,200 strong and on their left were about 250, the remnant of Perry's Florida brigade. It was at once both absurd and tragic.

They advanced several hundred yards beyond our guns, under a sharp fire. Then they halted and opened fire from some undergrowth and brushwood along a small ravine. Federal infantry soon moved out to attack their left, when Perry fell back past our guns; Wilcox moved by his right flank and making a circuit regained our lines at the Peach Orchard. His loss in this charge was 204 killed and wounded. Perry's loss was about proportional, with some prisoners in addition."

From this it appears that both Wilcox's and Perry's brigades were ordered by General Longstreet to the support of Pickett's charge, but too late to be of any service.

General Trimble was wounded and it appears that he made no report of the Battle of Gettysburg, but General Lane says in his report of that battle, "Southern Historical Society Papers," Vol. V, page 43:

"General Longstreet ordered me to form in rear of the right of Heth's division, commanded by General Pettigrew. Soon after I had executed this order, putting Lowrance on the right, I was relieved of the command of the division by Major-General Trimble, who acted under the same orders that I had received. Heth's division was much longer than Lowrance's brigade and my own, which constituted its only support, and there was, consequently, no second line in rear of its left."

Col. Taylor says in his "Four Years with General Lee," page 105:

"The assaulting column really consisted of Pickett's division —two brigades in front, and one in the second line as a support[1]—with the brigade of Wilcox in rear of its right to protect that flank; while Heth's division moved forward on Pickett's left in echelon, or with the alignment so imperfect and so drooping

on the left as to appear in echelon,[2] with Lane's and Scale's brigades in rear of its right, and its left without reserve or support, and entirely exposed."

But only two brigades of Heth's division were actually in the assault supporting Pickett's left, and Wilcox's and Perry's brigades were not advanced in time to protect his right flank, so that the assault on the Federal center was really made with only *seven* brigades, of which three were from the first corps and four from the third corps.

Dr. McKim proves that General Lee expected General Longstreet to make the assault with his whole corps, reinforced by one-half of the third corps, and that Hill would, if requested by Longstreet, give him further assistance, but, as a prudent commander, General Lee wished, if possible, to hold a part of Hill's Corps in reserve in case the assault failed and the Federals made a counter attack.

The question whether more than one-half of the third corps would be needed by Longstreet was left to be decided by him, for Colonel Taylor says in his "Four Years With General Lee," page 103, that:

"Orders were sent General Hill to place Heth's division, and two brigades of Pender's at General Longstreet's disposal, and to be prepared to give him further assistance *if requested.*" (Italics mine.)

Of the twelve brigades in Hill's corps, eight were in the attacking column under General Longstreet, and two more were ready to be moved forward at what General Anderson supposed to be the proper time, but General Longstreet stopped them because the assault had failed. The other two brigades were presumably being held by General Hill in reserve.

Humanly speaking, the assault failed because Longstreet failed to carry out General Lee's instructions, and that it failed "soon" after the attack, as stated by General Alexander, was no doubt due to the crumbling of the unsupported left of Heth's division, which reduced the front line of the attacking column from seven to five brigades.

Major C. S. Venable told me whilst the army was at Hagerstown that but for the failure of Trimble to support Pettigrew, the assault would, in his opinion, have been successful. Pettigrew, he said, understood that Trimble's two brigades were to advance in echelon on his left, and when his left was threatened he sent an aide to Trimble urging him to push forward. Failing to receive the support he expected, in time, he had to change front under fire with Davis' brigade, which resulted in disaster and deprived Pettigrew of two brigades which should have been with him in the assault. It seems, from General Lane's report, that Longstreet ordered Trimble's brigades to "form in rear of the right of Heth's division," leaving the left of that division without any support.

In General Longstreet's report of the Pennsylvania Campaign, "Southern Historical Society Papers," Vol. X, page 340, he says:

"Orders were given to Major-General Pickett to form his line under the best cover he could get from the enemy's batteries, and so that the center of the assaulting column would arrive at the salient of the enemy's position, General Pickett's line to be the guide, and to attack the line of the enemy's defences; and General Pettigrew, in command of Heth's division, moving on the same line as General Pickett, was to assault the salient at the same moment. Pickett's division was arranged two brigades in the front line, supported by his third brigade, and Wilcox's brigade was ordered to move in rear of his right flank, to protect it from any force that the enemy might attempt to move against it.

Heth's division, under the command of Brigadier-General Pettigrew, was arranged in two lines, and these supported by part of Major-General Pender's division, under Major-General Trimble.

* * * * * * * * *

The advance was made in very handsome style, all the troops keeping their lines accurately, and taking the fire of the batteries with great coolness and determination. About half-way between our position and that of the enemy a ravine partially sheltered

our troops from the enemy's fire, and a short halt was then made for rest. The advance was resumed after a moment's pause, all still in good order. The enemy's batteries soon opened upon our lines with canister, and the left seemed to stagger under it, but the advance was resumed, and with some degree of steadiness. Pickett's troops did not appear to be checked by the batteries, and only halted to deliver a fire when close under musket-range. Major-General Anderson's division was ordered forward to support and assist the wavering columns of Pettigrew and Trimble. Pickett's troops, after delivering fire, advanced to the charge and entered the enemy's lines, capturing some of his batteries, and gained his works. About the same moment, the troops that had before hesitated broke their ranks, and fell back in great disorder, many more falling under the enemy's fire in retreating than whilst they were attacking. This gave the enemy time to throw his entire force upon Pickett, with a strong prospect of being able to break up his line, or destroy him before Anderson's division could reach him, which would in its turn have greatly exposed Anderson. He was, therefore, ordered to halt. In a few moments the enemy, marching against both flanks and the front of Pickett's division, overpowered it and drove it back, capturing about half of those of it who were not killed or wounded. General Wright, of Anderson's division, was ordered, with all of his officers, to rally and collect the scattered troops behind Anderson's division, and many of my staff officers were sent to assist in the same service."

General Longstreet himself says that Anderson's division was not ordered forward in time to support Pickett, because the left of the assaulting column broke ranks and fell back in great disorder, and "gave the enemy time to throw his entire force upon Pickett, with a strong prospect of being able to break up his lines, or destroy him before Anderson's division could reach him."

HOW IT LOOKED FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

The following extracts from Swinton's "Army of the Potomac" show the Federal view of this battle:

"Pickett formed his division in double line of battle, with Kemper's and Garnett's brigades in front and Armistead's brigade supporting; while on the right of Pickett was one brigade of Hill's corps, under General Wilcox, formed in column of battalions; and on his left, Heth's division (also of Hill's corps), under General Pettigrew. The attacking force numbered about fifteen thousand men, and it advanced over the intervening space of near a mile in such compact and imposing order, that, whether friend or foe, none who saw it could refrain from admiration of its magnificent array. The hostile line, as it advanced, covered a front of not more than two of the reduced and incomplete divisions of the Second Corps, numbering, it may be, some six thousand men. While crossing the plain, it received a severe fire of artillery, which, however, did not delay for a moment its determined advance; so that the column pressing on, came within musketry range—the troops evincing a striking disposition to withold their fire until it could be delivered with deadly effect. The first opposition it received was from two regiments of Stannard's Vermont brigade of the First Corps, which had been posted in a small grove to the left of the Second Corps in front of and at a considerable angle with the main line. These regiments opened upon the right flank of the enemy's advancing lines, which received also an oblique fire from eight batteries under Major McGilvray. This caused the Confederate troops on that flank to double in a little towards their left, but it did not stay their onward progress. As, during the passage of the enemy across the intervening plain, the rifled guns had fired away all their canister, they were withdrawn or left on the ground inactive, to await the issue of the impending shock between the two masses of infantry—a shock momentarily expected, for the assailants approached steadily, while the Union force held itself braced to receive the impact. When at length the hostile lines had approached to between two and three hundred yards, the divisions of Hays and Gibbon of the Second Corps opened a destructive fire, and repeated it in rapid succession.

* * * * * * * * *

Pettigrew's troops broke in disorder, leaving two thousand

prisoners and fifteen colors in the hands of Hays' division. Now, as Wilcox's brigade had not advanced, Pickett's division remained alone a solid lance-head of Virginia troops, tempered in the fire of battle. Solitary this division, buffeting the fierce volleys that met it, rushed up the crest of Cemetery Ridge, and such was the momentum of its assault that it fairly thrust itself within Hancock's line.

It happened that the full strength of this attack fell upon Webb's brigade of three regiments. This brigade had been disposed in two lines; two of its regiments, the Sixty-ninth and Seventy-first Pennsylvania, posted behind a low stone wall and slight breastwork hastily constructed by them, while the remaining regiment (the Seventy-second Pennsylvania) lay behind the crest some sixty paces to the rear, and so placed as to fire over the heads of those in front. When the swift advancing and yelling array of Pickett's force had, notwithstanding the volleys it met, approached close up to the stone wall, many of those behind it seeing their fire to now vain, abandoned the position; and the Confederates, detecting this wavering, rushed over the breastworks, General Armistead leading, and crowned the stone wall with their standards. The moment was certainly as critical as can well be conceived; but happily, the regiments that had been holding the front line did not, on falling back, do so in panic; so that by the personal bravery of General Webb and his officers, they were immediately rallied and reformed on the remainder of the brigade, which held the second line behind the crest. * * *

As the hostile front of attack was quite narrow, it left Hancock's left wing unassailed. From there he drew over the brigades of Hall and Harrow; and Colonel Devereux, commanding the Nineteenth Massachusetts Regiment, anxious to be in the right place, applied for permission to move his regiment to the front—a request gladly granted by Hancock, who also gave Mallon's Forty-second New York Regiment the same direction; while Colonel Stannard moved two regiments of his Vermont brigade to strike the enemy on the right flank. These movements were quickly executed, but not without confusion, owing to many men leaving their ranks to fire at the enemy from the breast-

works. When the new line was formed, it was found that the situation was very peculiar; for the men of all brigades, while individually firm, had in some measure lost their regimental organization—a confusion that arose from the honorable ambition of individual commanders to promptly cover the point penetrated by the enemy. The essential thing was secured, however —the breach was covered, and in such force that, in regular formation, the line would have stood four ranks deep.

It will be remembered that the brigade of Stannard held an advanced point on Hancock's left. As the assulting column passed his right to strike Webb, he moved to the right, changed front forward, and opened a very savage fire on the enemy's flank. At the same time, the colors of the different regiments were advanced in defiance of the long line of battle-flags presented by the Confederates, and the men pressing firmly after them engaged in a brief and determined combat and utterly overthrew the foe. Whatsoever valor could do to wrest the victory from the jaws of hell, that it must be conceded the troops of Pickett had done; but now, seeing themselves in a desperate strait, they flung themselves on the ground to escape the hot fire and threw up their hands in token of surrender, while the remnant sought safety in flight. Twenty-five hundred prisoners and twelve battle-flags were taken at this point, which brought the aggregate of Hancock's captures up to four thousand five hundred prisoners and twenty-seven standards. The Confederate loss in killed and wounded was exceedingly severe. Of the three brigade commanders of Pickett's division, Garnett was killed, Armistead fell fatally wounded within the Union lines, and Kemper was borne off severly hurt. In addition, it left behind fourteen of its field officers, and only a single one of that rank escaped unhurt, while of its rank and file three-fourths were dead or captives. Pettigrew's division, also, though it had faltered earlier, was much cut up and lost many officers, besides heavily in killed, wounded, and prisoners. But this illustrious victory was not purchased without severe price paid; and this was sadly attested in the thousands of dead and wounded that lay on the plain.

JEFFERSON DAVIS AND REPUDIATION IN MISSISSIPPI.

By JOHN D. VAN HORNE.

"Before Jefferson Davis took his place among the arch-traitors in our annals he had already long been known as one of the chief repudiators; it was not unnatural that to dishonesty towards the creditors of the public he should afterwards add treachery towards the public itself." So says Theodore Roosevelt in his work on Thomas Hart Benton. Apparently this mention of Jefferson Davis as a chief repudiator must relate to his alleged concern in the repudiation of certain obligations of the State of Mississippi; for he resided in that State from the time when he quit military life, and politically, if exception is not made of his service in the Cabinet of Franklin Pierce, he was a representative of Mississippi alone until he was chosen as President of the Confederate States.

But so far as repudiation in Mississippi was a legislative act he could not have taken a direct part in it, because he was never a member of the Mississippi Legislature. Nor could he officially have instigated or approved an act of repudiation in Mississippi, because he never held civil office of any kind in the State government.[1] So, if he was a chief repudiator, he must have worked for repudiation through an influence of notable strength which yet was not derived from holding office in the State. How did he acquire this influence?

From 1828 (the year of his graduation from West Point) to 1835 he served in the United States Army. In 1835 he resigned from the army, and his resignation was soon followed by his first marriage. In the same year he became a cotton planter in Mississippi. After his wife's death in September, 1835, he

traveled outside the State until the spring of 1838, when he returned and devoted himself to the care of his plantation and to study.[2] From this time until 1843 he lived in a seclusion so close that it has been particularly noted by most of his biographers, some of whom have even likened him in this period to a hermit.[3] He seldom went beyond the immediate neighborhood of his home and it seems that he indulged in intimacy with no one except his brother Joseph, who lived on an adjoining plantation. His extreme retirement forbids the supposition that he had then the influence of a leader in any popular movement. Probably his opinions were unknown to the public and had only the weight of opinions expressed by an intelligent man in uncommonly restricted private intercourse. It was in 1843, when he was an unsuccessful candidate for the Legislature, that he first tried to enter public life.[4]

Two issues of bonds, known respectively as Union Bank bonds and as Planters' Bank bonds, were repudiated in Mississippi. The movement against the Union Bank bonds took form in 1841, when in a message to the Legislature the Governor of the State recommended their repudiation. The Legislature then sitting refused to take such action, but in February, 1842, its successor "solemnly repudiated" the bonds.[5] This, of course, occurred before Mr. Davis's first venture into the political field, and no reason appears for belief that any act or opinion or wish of his had to do with the Legislature's declaration. About eleven years intervened before the Planter's Bank bonds were repudiated. If there is any evidence that connects Mr. Davis with the second repudiation, the writer has failed to find it. On the other hand, Mr. Davis recognized more than once the validity of the Planters' Bank bonds, and his own words have been quoted by a biographer to show his opinion that provision should be made for these bonds.[6]

The intent of the remark quoted at the beginning of this paper is to exhibit Mr. Davis as a leader in repudiation and as a chief of swindlers.[7] He seems to be barred from the eminence to which the historian Roosevelt would exalt him, but it may be well to inquire whether he was in sentiment a repudiator—that

is, whether he favored direct and final refusal to pay certain obligations of the State; for such was the attitude of the repudiators in Mississippi, though, to be sure, they did not acknowledge that the Union Bank bonds constituted a valid debt of the State.

One biographer, William E. Dodd, says that Mr. Davis, "in common with his Whig neighbors, had opposed his party on the repudiation of the Union Bank bonds, holding that they were State obligations whose value ought to be determined by the courts. As the judiciary was then constituted, this was tantamount to saying that they should be paid."[8] Alluding to Mr. Davis's introduction as a candidate for Congress in 1845, Dr. Dodd says further: "To the surprise of the party leaders he openly announced his opposition to the Democratic attitude on repudiation, the one live local issue."[9] In the collection of lectures called "Southern Statesmen of the Old Régime," William P. Trent also says that in the canvass of 1845 Mr. Davis denounced repudiation, and that the "slanderous charge" that he favored it is a charge "still repeated, but on absolutely no grounds so far as I can see."[10] Another biographer (and a hostile one), Edward A. Pollard, dealing with Mr. Davis's first appearance in Congress, says: "His previous connection with the local politics of Mississippi could not have been of the slightest description. Almost from the commencement of his career he was on the theatre of national politics. This observation is interesting in view of the accusation which has become familiar in the Northern newspapers, that Mr. Davis was an advocate of that odious measure, the repudiation of part of the State debt of Mississippi, represented by the bonds of one of her banks. The libel is contemptibly ignorant in point of narrative, the main fact being that at the time the bonds referred to were refused payment Mr. Davis was in the retirement we have described, having no connection whatever with politics, and the further fact having lately appeared that a subsequent period he endeavored to raise voluntary subscriptions to pay these bonds, and thus redeem the honor of Mississippi."[11] Still another biographer, William T. Walthall, says that Mr. Davis's "supposed sympathy with the advocates of the payment of the debt by the State was actually (though inef-

fectually) employed among the repudiators as an objection to his election to Congress in 1845."[12]

A statement of Mr. Davis himself is quoted by Walthall. On the day of the general election of 1843, in which Mr. Davis was defeated as a candidate of the Democrats for the Legislature, a debate was held between him and the well-known Whig orator, Seargent S. Prentiss. Before the debate the two met in order to decide upon the questions to be discussed and to eliminate questions respecting which they did not differ. Among the subjects eliminated was repudiation, and it was left out because of agreement on the general principle that the State might create a debt and that the people were bound to pay a debt so created. Concerning the Union Bank bonds, already repudiated, there was a difference, Mr. Prentiss holding these bonds to have been issued unconstitutionally, considered the "question of debt or no debt" a question to be determined by the courts.[13] By constitutional provision, as Mr. Davis knew and took pains to mention, suit might be brought against the State of Mississippi.

This debate was important to him, since in spite of defeat in the immediate election, his ability as shown in the discussion was promptly recognized. But for the purpose of this paper the significance of the occasion lies in the public expression of his opinion respecting the Union Bank bonds. Though the general question of repudiation was excluded, the status and the fate of these bonds were too momentous to be ignored in the debate. In 1843 the Whigs vainly hoped to bring about a reversal of the Legislature's action, while in general the Democrats approved what had been done and vigorously opposed the attempt to undo it. It is clear that Mr. Davis's attitude was not the attitude of a repudiator, because, if he insisted that the bonds were illegal, he thought nevertheless that the question or questions involved should be settled by the courts. The actual treatment of the bonds shows how inconsistent this was with the aim of the repudiators. The test contemplated by Mr. Davis was a suit against the State itself. The resolution passed by the Legislature in 1842, while inviting proceedings against the Union Bank and against any person or persons who might be liable through connection with

it, denied obligation, legal or moral, on the part of the State. Nullification of the debt as a debt of the State was the essence of the resolution.

The reality of the distinction just drawn is illustrated by one attack that was made upon Mr. Davis. In 1863 Robert J. Walker found that Mr. Davis could not satisfactorily be exhibited as a repudiator if he was sincere in his proposition to abide by a judicial settlement in the case of the Union Bank bonds. Yet to discredit him seemed necessary to Mr. Walker, who as a financial agent in Europe of the United States was interested in preventing a foreign loan to the Confederate States. By reason of intimate connection in the past with politics in Mississippi, Mr. Walker should have been familiar with the movement which culminated in the Legislature's resolution of 1842, but his letters published in London failed to show any participation by Mr. Davis in that movement.[14] Containing not the slightest evidence of anything done by Mr. Davis at the time of repudiation, these letters dealt with what he said in 1849 when, representing Mississippi in the United States Senate, he felt called upon to speak for the people of the State in answer to foreign censure and to recite certain objections to the Union Bank bonds. Necessarily these objections were to a large extent identical with the objections advanced years before by the repudiators, who, however, as has been shown, were far from inviting the test that seemed logical and proper to Mr. Davis. But Mr. Walker sought to make it appear that the matter of the Union Bank bonds was judicially settled in 1842, and that "Jefferson Davis, nothwithstanding his professed desire to submit this question to the final decree of the courts of the State, persisted, as we have seen, in 1849, in repudiating these bonds, at a period more than seven years after this decision of 1842, and still persevered after the second similar adjudication of 1853." The "decision of 1842" was rendered in the case of *Campbell et al vs. Mississippi Union Bank, 6 Howard,* 625, where (as Mr. Walker neglected to inform the British public) the matter of contention was the bank's right to recover on a promissory note. Challenge of the bank's legal status led the court to examine a constitutional ques-

tion which would also have arisen (though not as the sole question) in an action against the State to test the validity of the Union Bank bonds; but of course the court did not apply its conclusions to any disputed indebtedness of the State, since no such controversy entered into the case. Indeed, the opinion contains this statement: "I have thus examined the several pleas, and have endeavored to confine my remarks strictly to the questions presented by the record, with a view to avoid even an intimation of an opinion on any question which is not direcly raised." However significant this decision was as showing the court's attitude toward a capital question, it was by no means an adjudication of the State's liability on the bonds, and therefore it was not the "final decree" which Mr. Walker himself represented Mr. Davis as professing to desire. The final decree came much later (in *State of Mississippi vs. Johnson,* 3 *Cushman,* 755), and was in fact the adjudication of 1853 mentioned by Mr. Walker, which with strange perversity Mr. Davis refused to honor some years before it was pronounced and even before the suit disposed of by it was brought; for, notwithstanding an apparent lapse of Mr. Walker's own memory, it should be kept in mind that he dealt with what was said in 1849, offering no proof of anything said or done later by Mr. Davis.

The appearance on the scene of Mr. Davis in 1843—largely accidental as it was and helped by no political antecedents—could not be expected to affect the fortunes of the repudiated bonds. If the prevailing temper could have been brought to favor submission of the dispute to the courts by way of final settlement, payment of the Union Bank bonds would no doubt have been reduced to a question of overcoming financial difficulties—that is, to a question of time, and repudiation in Mississippi might have received a complete check.

In his monumental work on Mississippi, J. F. H. Claiborne, whose life and Mr. Davis's were almost coextensive, says that Mr. Davis had never any connection with repudiation.[15] The name of Jefferson Davis is not mentioned in the book "Nine Years of Democratic Rule in Mississippi," a contemporary record in which severe attention is paid to the men prominently identi-

fied with the movement.[16] "The idea of attaching any share of responsibility to him for the repudiation of the bonds was of later origin," says Major Walthall. But for his connection with later and quite distinct events such a charge would probably not have been urged. In the writer's belief the charge, whenever made, cannot with truth be based upon any part taken by Mr. Davis in repudiation.

NOTES.

[1] William T. Walthall, "Jefferson Davis," a biographical sketch in pamphlet form published by the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, 1908.

[2] Not all authorities are in exact agreement as to the time of Mrs. Davis's death or of Mr. Davis's return from his travels. But probably the statement in the text is close to the facts.

[3] Walthall, page 9; William E. Dodd, "Jefferson Davis" ("American Crisis Biographies"), page 47; Edward A. Pollard, "Life of Jefferson Davis," etc., pages 18–19–20; William P. Trent, "Southern Statement of the Old Régime," page 266; "Autobiography of Jefferson Davis" in *Belford's Magazine*, January, 1890; Varina H. Davis, "Jefferson Davis, a Memoir," Vol. I, chap. XVI; *New International Encyclopædia* and (11th edition) *Encyclopædia Britannica*, biographical articles on Jefferson Davis; Lowry and McCardle, "History of Mississippi," page 641.

[4] According to one biographer, who also makes note of Mr. Davis's period of seclusion, he was a delegate to the State convention of the Democrats in the summer of 1843: Frank H. Alfriend, "Life of Jefferson Davis," page 24.

[5] "Mississippi, an Encyclopedic History," edited, etc., by Dunbar Rowland, article "Repudiation Resolution."

[6] Walthall, page 11; "Mississippi, an Encyclopedic History," article "Jefferson Davis."

[7] Theodore Roosevelt, "Thomas Hart Benton" ("American Statesmen Series"), pages 194–195. Here is the language immediately preceeding the statement quoted in the text: "It is a painful and shameful page in our history; and every man connected with the repudiation of the States' debts ought, if remembered at all, to be remembered only with scorn and contempt. However, time has gradually shrouded from our sight both the names of the leaders in repudiation and the names of the victims whom they swindled. Two alone, one in each class, will always be kept in mind." Mr. Roosevelt then names, in the first class, Jefferson Davis and, in the second class, the Rev. Sydney Smith, who seems to have

suffered as a holder of Pennsylvania bonds. This classification of Mr. Davis has something like a precedent in a bald allusion to "Mississippi bonds, repudiated, mainly, by Mr. Jefferson Davis" which is to be found in the autobiography of Winfield Scott. General Scott's state of mind is indicated by his mention of Mr. Davis as a "deadly enemy": "Memoirs of Lieut.-General Scott, LL. D.," page 148 (note) and page 593.

[8] Dodd, page 64.

[9] Dodd, pages 67-68. As to the Union Bank bonds the issue could have been "live" only in the sense that the Democrats were under fire because of the accomplished fact of repudiation.

[10] Trent, page 275 and note.

[11] Pollard, page 22.

[12] Walthall, page 12.

[13] Walthall, pages 10–11.

[14] Letters of Robert J. Walker on Jefferson Davis, etc., published by William Ridgway, London, 1863.

[15] J. F. H. Claiborne, "Mississippi," etc., Power and Barksdale, Jackson, Miss., 1880, page 423.

[16] Published by Thomas Palmer, Jackson, Miss., 1847. The author is said to have been Dudley S. Jennings.

BOOKS MADE IN DIXIE.

JAMES W. ALBRIGHT.

Immediately upon the breaking out of hostilities between the North and the South in 1861, it became a necessity for the South to use home edited and printed school books, that our children should cease to be taught things inimical and untruthful to the Southland. And, as during the progress of the struggle for Southern rights and independence, men of brain and courage, were ever ready to meet the demands made upon them.

Hence, Prof. Richard Sterling, president of Edgeworth Female Seminary, and Prof. James D. Campbell, his associate teacher, conceived the idea of preparing and printing a series of school books, suitable for the South and worthy of her children. Edgeworth Female College was established and maintained by the late Gov. John M. Morehead, who after his election in 1840, inaugurated the Common School System of North Carolina. He wisely selected for the superintendent of this great work another Guilford scholar, Rev. Calvin H. Wiley, D. D.

In 1861, Richard Sterling and James D. Campbell, who had prepared a series of school books, from a primer and spelling book, to first, second, third and fourth readers, formed a co-partnership with James W. Albright, who had to suspend the publication of *The Times,* a literary paper, because the South had no mail facilities, putting his printing office into a company known as Sterling, Campbell & Albright, book publishers, printers and binders. The office was in a small building now standing on West Market street, Greensboro, N. C., No. 218.

In rapid succession Messrs. Sterling and Campbell prepared the following school books:

1. Our Own Primer, for the children, nicely illustrated, pp. 48, 12mo.

2. Our Own Spelling Book, illustrated, pp. 128, 12mo. The authors say in their preface: "In spelling and pronunciation we have followed the authority of Dr. Worchester, who, in our judgment, approaches nearer the true English standard and accords better with the usage of our best native authors in the Confederate States, than any other Lexicofrapher."

3. Our Own First Reader, pp. 96, 12mo, illustrated

4. Our Own Second Reader, pp. 193, 12mo, illustrated. The authors say in the preface: "Whatever excellence or defect our books may be found to possess, we are happy to know they are purely Southern productions, both in workmanship and material. Perhaps we offer to the public the first series of readers whose compilation, paper, printing and binding, are all wholly the production of home industry."

5. Our Own Third Reader, pp. 224, 12mo, illustrated. (This book has the Bible defense of slavery, and caused the Federal troops in Greensboro to close the store after the surrender, not allowing the books to be sold.)

The Fourth and Fifth Readers were in the hands of the binders at the surrender of Johnson's Army, and never finished.

Our Own School Grammars, by Prof. C. W. Smith, A. M., a Presbyterian minister, were Primary, Elocutionary, and High School. Only the first was bound and placed on sale.

Our Own School Arithmetic, by Prof. S. Lander, A. M. Primary and School finished and sold. Mental in course of publication.

Bingham's Latin Grammar and Caesar, by Prof. Wm. Bingham, of Bingham Military School, Mebane, N. C.

The school books were known as "Our Own School Books," and bore this notice of copyright on the second page: "Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1862, by Richard Sterling and James D. Campbell, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the Confederate States for the District of Pamlico, N. C.

These books were sold in Richmond, Va., by W. Hargrave White, and in Columbia, S. C., by Townsend and North, but all

were printed in Greensboro by Sterling, Campbell and Albright, and found ready sale in most of the Confederate States.

So unexpectedly large was the demand for these school books, that it became necessary to secure a book press with more speed than could be obtained on a Washington Hand Press. But where to find one was the great question. The junior partner, Jas. W. Albright, being a practical printer, it was decided to send him to all the large cities of the South in search of a book press, and better ink and paper. He visited Columbia, Charleston, Savannah, Mobile and New Orleans, in February, 1862. A small job press, ink and paper he found in New Orleans, purchased and shipped to Greensboro. On his return he learned that a fine Adams Book Press, the finest book press known at that time, had been shipped from Charleston to Columbia, being forced out of business by the commencement of hostilities in the harbor. The press was found in a basement in a "knocked-down" condition, and the owner was unwilling either to put it up or guarantee that every part of the press was in the room. It was the last chance for a suitable press, so it was purchased, Mr. Albright taking all risks. He remained in Columbia until he saw every piece was on a car, chartered to Greensboro, which arrived in due time.

He put the press together, not without some difficulty, however, as he had never seen an Adam's book press before. And when it was in good working order it was found too heavy to be operated by hand, and another difficulty confronted the publishers. But Mr. A. P. Boren, who operated a foundry near what is now known as Pomona, had patented a horse power for grinding sugar cane and running threshing machines. He was sent for and contracted to attach a one-horse machine that would do the work. It was a success. A horse was bought and C. F. Thomas, a lad, was engaged to drive it, and the book publishing firm was in good shape to fill its orders save for a bindery. Mr. John Armstrong, a book binder of Raleigh, was induced to remove his plant to Greensboro.

There was such a demand for books that the business was vigorously prosecuted until the occupation of Greensboro by the Federal troops after Gen. Johnson's surrender, April 26, 1865.

Many thousands were printed and sold as rapidly as completed. But the store was closed, and the books not allowed to be sold on account of the defense of slavery and other Southern sentiments, distasteful to the Federal officers stationed in Greensboro.

The firm printed in 1864 a verbal primer, teaching children to read before learning their a, b, c's, but I have no copy, and do not know who was the author, but my recollection is she was a lady from South Carolina or Georgia. It failed to please the "old fogy" teachers, and met with poor sale.

The greatest difficulty the firm had during its last two years, was in getting suitable paper, as all white rags were needed for use in hospitals. Most of the paper was manufactured at the paper mills of Salem and Wake Forest, N. C., much of it from raw cotton, as the few books now in my possession will show, as the cotton was damaged by water and fire in its owner's effort to keep it from falling into the hands of the Federal troops, as they burned all the cotton they could not ship out of Dixie.

In order to have the books stereotyped, the firm sent Prof. J. J. Ayers, a Frenchman, who was a teacher in Edgeworth Female Seminary, to Liverpool, England, where he had the stereotypes made, and succeeded in getting them back on Gov. Vance's blockade runner, the "Advance," on its first successful home run. The firm sent cotton to pay for this work.

When Gen. Stoneman circled the town of Greensboro in 1865, burning several railroad stations, Mr. Campbell had the stereotypes buried in the basement of the office, fearing the fall of Greensboro. He could not realize at that time that the cherished hope of Southern Independence was so soon to be blotted out forever.

CABINET MEETING IN CHARLOTTE.

Mrs. JAMES A. FORE, Historian Stonewall Chapter, U. D. C., Charlotte, N. C.

Fifty years ago in an office which is now that of *The Charlotte Daily Observer,* Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, called together the members of his Cabinet in the last full meeting of that body. At that meeting it was finally decided to abandon the Southern cause and instructions were issued to General Johnston to surrender, and the terms were specified though these were not accepted. The surrender occurred 50 years ago to-day.

In conclusive proof of this fact, of which many are in ignorance, *The Observer* is presenting herewith a paper by Mrs. J. A. Fore, historian of Stonewall Jackson Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, and read at the State Convention in Tarboro. In reply to a letter from her calling attention to an error in the advance proofs of Appleton's Cyclopedia relative to this point, Prof. William E. Dodd admits that Mrs. Fore's contention is right. A letter of similar purport is from Junius Davis, son of a member of the Cabinet who resigned in Charlotte, spent some time here and later went to Florida. Mrs. Fore's article follows:

Miss Rutherford, the historian general of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, stated that three States were claiming the last official meeting of the Confederate Cabinet, viz: North Carolina at Abbeville and Georgia at Washington.

The historian of Stonewall Jackson Chapter determined to turn the light on the question and if possible substantiate Charlotte's claim.

There are many prominent citizens in Charlotte who know

the truth of the matter, but their testimony seemed of no more force than that of the citizens of Abbeville or Washington.

After working for days over old newspaper files, histories and making inquiries, the chapter historian decided to see what President Jefferson Davis had to say in his book—"The Rise and Fall of the Confederacy." He settles the matter absolutely for Charlotte.

It was the good fortune of the writer to find corroborative evidence in an article by Burton H. Harrison, private secretary to Mr. Davis, published in *The Century Magazine* of the date of November, 1883, and in the papers or diary left by Secretary of the Navy, Stephen R. Mallory of Confederate Cabinet, that was published in *McClure's Magazine* of January, 1901, which evidence will be introduced first.

As to President Davis' and the Cabinet's stay in Charlotte, Colonel Harrison writes: "Not far from Charlotte I sent forward a letter to Major Echols, the quartermaster of that post, asking him to inform Mrs. Davis of our approach and to provide quarters for as many of us as possible. The Major rode out to the outskirts of the town and there met us with the information that Mrs. Davis had hastily proceeded toward South Carolina several days before. He said quarters had been found for all the party and that Mr. Davis would be entertained at the house of a Mr. Bates who was a man of Northern birth and the local express agent. Just before we entered the house Mr. Davis received intelligence that President Lincoln had been assassinated and when he communicated it to us everybody's remark was that in Lincoln the Southern States had lost the only refuge in their emergency. There was no expression other than that of surprise and regret and yet we knew none of the particulars of the crime."

Mr. Davis has been accused of giving voice to exultation at the death of Lincoln and it is thought that the man Bates was the falsifier. "Presently," continued Colonel Harrison, "the street was filled by a column of cavalry commanded by Gen. Basil Duke, of Kentucky, just entering the town and to whom Mr. Davis made a brief reply to calls for a speech."

Col. John Taylor Wood, Col. William Preston Johnston, and Col. Frank Lubbock, staff officers, remained in Bates' house with the President. I was carried off by my Hebrew friend, Weill, and most kindly entertained with Mr. Benjamin and St. Martin at his residence.

On Sunday a number of us attended service at the Episcopal Church.

Mr. George Davis, the Attorney General, was entertained by Mr. William Myers, father of Mr. Jack Myers, at the old Myer's home on East avenue, and Mr. Trenholm, who was ill, at the home of Mr. William Phifer on North Tryon street.

In the material collected from different sources, there will necessarily be some repetition of the data. The historian wished to have the testimony of as many as possible of those who took part in that memorable drama of April, 1865.

McClure's Magazine of January, 1901, published the diary or papers left by the Secretary of Confederate Navy, Mr. Stephen R. Mallory, written while in prison in 1865 in Fort Lafayette, New York Harbor. Mr. Mallory writes: "On the 16th of April the President, his staff and the Cabinet left Greensboro to proceed still further. In leaving Greensboro, Mr. Reagen, Mr. Breckenridge and Mr. Mallory rode with Mr. Davis and his three aides on horse back, and Mr. Trenholm, Mr. George Davis and Mr. Benjamin, the three other members of the Cabinet, were in an ambulance with General Cooper and other military officers." Mr. Mallory states they stopped one night in Lexington and one in Concord and that they were guests in Concord of Mrs. Victor Barringer, who was exceedingly kind to them. Mrs. Rufus Barringer, widow of General Barringer, says that while there each one of the Cabinet signed his name on the fly leaf of a copy of "Rasselas," and that Dr. Paul Barringer of Virginia has that copy in his possession now.

Mr. Mallory continues: "On the following day we rode into Charlotte. Here the Confederate Government had several public establishments, many local officers and arrangements had been made for the accommodation of Mr. Davis and his Cabinet at private houses. They were received and treated with the ut-

most courtesy. The party remained in Charlotte about a week." He then gives the same account that Mr. Davis does in the "Rise and Fall," continuing that after Johnston accepted Sherman's terms in the time agreed upon, "No other course seemed open to Mr. Davis but to leave the country and his immediate advisers urged him to do so."

I shall give the extracts from Mr. Davis' "Rise and Fall of the Confederacy," from which authority there is no appeal. All writers on the War Between the States since its publication use it as the basis of their material. As he was the person most concerned in the retreat from Richmond, his word in the very nature of the case is absolutely correct.

On pages 682 and 683—second volume, he says: "After it had been decided that General Johnston should attempt negotiations with General Sherman, he left for his army headquarters and I proceeded with my Cabinet and staff toward Charlotte, N. C."

"We arrived at Charlotte on April 18 and I there received on dismouting a telegram announcing that President Lincoln had been assassinated. An influential citizen of the town (Col. William Johnston), who had come to welcome me, was standing near me and after remarking to him in a low voice that I had received sad intelligence, I handed him the telegram. The man who invented the story of my having received the news with exultation had free scope for his imagination as he was not present." This man, evidently was Bates who betrayed the guest whom he had invited to his home.

Page 688—"I therefore, with the concurrence of my Constitutional advisers, addressed General Johnston as follows." This letter is dated April 24, 1865, authorizing General Johnston to enter into negotiations with General Sherman as to terms of surrender.

Page 689—"General Johnston communicated to me the rejection of basis of agreement on the part of United States and a notice from General Sherman of termination of the armistice in 48 hours after noon of April 24, 1865. General Johnston asked for

instructions." He (President Davis) herewith sent instructions to General Johnston which he says were disobeyed.

On the same page President Davis continues: "After the expiration of the armistice, I rode out of Charlotte attended by the members of my Cabinet (except Attorney General Davis, who had gone to see his family residing in that section, and the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Trenholm, who was too ill to accompany me), my personal staff and the cavalry, representing six brigades, numbering about 2,000."

Page 694—"I crossed (the Savannah River) early on the morning of the 4th of May. When I reached Washington, Ga., the Secretary of State, Mr. Benjamin, parted from me to take another route. At Washington, Ga., the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Mallory, left me to attend to the needs of his family.

"The Secretary of War, Mr. Breckenridge, had remained with the cavalry at the crossing of the Savannah River." Mr. Reagen, the Postmaster General,was the only one of the Cabinet who was in Washington with Mr. Davis and was captured with him soon afterward.

It is established beyond a doubt that Mr. Davis and his Cabinet were here in Charlotte for eight days from the 18th of April to the 26th and that when he left here Attorney General Davis and Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Trenholm, did not accompany him, therefore, a full Cabinet could not have been held afterward anywhere. That while here the last deliberations of the Confederacy took place and that the surrender of Johnston's army, consisting of 89,272 men (see "Rise and Fall"), was decided on at Charlotte and that with this surrender the Confederate Government ceased to exist. The expiration of the armistice on the 26th of April meant the surrender and when President Davis reached Abbeville, S. C., there were only four Cabinet members of the defacto Government with him. There was no more State business transacted after leaving Charlotte.

If there had been a meeting of any importance to the Confederacy in Abbeville, S. C., Mr. Davis or Secretary Mallory would have mentioned it. The only allusion to a meeting of any kind is mentioned by Pollard in his "Life of Jefferson Davis."

He says it was composed of the five brigade generals who commanded Mr. Davis' escort, and General Bragg. At this council the disbandment of the troops was decided upon because the men were deserting at every cross-roads to go to their homes, contending that the war had ended anyway. Mr. Mallory confirms Pollard by saying, "In Abbeville the officers of the escort candidly apprised Mr. Davis that they could not depend upon the men, that they regarded the struggle as over." Colonel Harrison also states that when they left Abbeville the party only consisted of some wagons, several ambulances and only 150 cavalry, in contrast with Mr. Davis' assertion that the escort consisted of 2,000 cavalry under five brigade generals, when they left Charlotte.

While the Cabinet was in Charlotte the official meeting place was in *The Observer* building in the editorial room used by Mr. J. P. Caldwell. It was at that time the directors' room of the bank, of which Mr. Dewey was president and who lived upstairs over the bank.

Mrs. John Wilkes, who was a resident of Charlotte at that time, writes in *The Charlotte News* of June 1, 1910: "For a few days this was the Capital of the Confederate States. The last deliberations and Cabinet consultations were held in the building now occupied by the *Charlotte Observer,* then the bank."

The fact remains, however, that the last full meeting was held at the home of Mr. William Phifer in the sick room of Mr. Trenholm, who was ill on his arrival in Charlotte and was taken directly to Mr. Phifer's house and tenderly nursed by the family during the stay there.

Mr. William Phifer, in Dr. J. B. Alexander's History of Mechlenburg County, says, "The last full meeting of the Confederate Cabinet (and in the recollection of the writer all were present) was held in the west room upstairs in the house now owned by Mr. William Holt. The cause of its meeting there was the fact that Mr. Trenholm, the Secretary of the Treasury, was ill and confined to bed." He remained in the Phifer home several days after President Davis and the other members of the Cabinet left Charlotte.

The older members of this family remember well the different Cabinet officers who came singly and in twos to visit the sick Secretary.

They also have vivid recollections of the flutter of excitement created in the household when word came that there was to be a meeting of the Cabinet in Mr. Trenholm's room, just a short while before their departure for the Southwest. They remember seeing these distinguished men, bowed in sorrow come in a body and pass into the sick room to confer together on the last momentous concerns of the "Lost Cause."

Both of these places are interesting for the reason that the terms of the surrender of Johnston's army was decided on in *The Observer* building and the meeting in the Phifer house was where the notice of the expiration of the armistice was made known to the Cabinet, and the final instructions sent to General Johnston, where the further flight of the President was decided upon, and where the final good-byes were said to the two Cabinet officers who remained in Charlotte.

It is a matter of satisfaction to the people of Charlotte that President Davis, Secretary Mallory and Col. Burton Harrison have confirmed the well-known local fact that the last full Cabinet meetings were held here and that Charlotte was indeed the Capital of the Confederate States for a period of eight days.

MRS. JAMES A. FORE,
Historian Stonewall Jackson Chapter, U. D. C.

Life of Vance—Dowd. Page 469.—Speech in the United States Senate "Before its return Raleigh was uncovered and I had left to join Mr. Davis at Charlotte, where the surrender of General Johnston was authorized and the finality of things brought about."

ADDENDA.

THE HON. THEODORE S. GARNETT.

Address before Virginia Historical Society by Capt. W. GORDON McCABE.

It is only becoming that in the "Minutes" of the Society there should be some record, however halting, of those who were not only knit to us by ties of long and intimate friendship, but whose loyalty to this association never wavered when our skies were not so bright as they are to-day.

Foremost among these is Judge Theodore S. Garnett of Norfolk, the only name, indeed, stricken from the roll of Life Membership, yet a loss of such grievous import to the community and Commonwealth, to the profession and to the ancient communion to which he belonged, as well as to a large circle of kinsmen, comrades, and friends, that it is difficult to speak of this daring soldier, learned jurist and humble-minded Christian, this most lovable and most loyal of friends, save in terms which to those who did not enjoy the privilege of his intimate friendship must savor of rhetorical extravagance.

But in this presence, at least, where so many of you knew him as he was, one need not fear that imputation. The misgiving is, rather, that you will deem the outline blurred by excess of caution and repression.

Living slightly beyond the Psalmist's limit of three score years and ten, his career was a busy and beneficent one to the end, and though, speaking with rigorous exactness, it was in the main uneventful, yet not a few honors came to him as the years went by, and, as he himself loved most to remember, in "the May of youth and bloom of lustihood" he had known many a "crowded hour of glorious life," and had, on field of battle, won the plaudits of grizzled veterans ere the down was on his cheek. So strenuous indeed was his life from early boyhood,

that it is not possible to set down here more than a mere outline of its varied activities.

Briefly then, THEODORE STANFORD GARNETT, JR., was born in Richmond, Virginia, on October 28th, 1844, son and namesake of Theodore S. Garnett, an able civil engineer, and of his wife, Florentina Isidora Moreno of Pensacola, daughter of Francisco Moreno and grand-daughter of Fernando Moreno, of an ancient Spanish family, who had migrated from Malaga to Florida, and settled there, while as yet it was a province of "Old Spain."

As a lad of ten, his parents, at the time, living in the county of Hanover, he entered the famous "Episcopal High School" near Alexandria (of which he was destined in after years to become one of the "Trustees") and there remained until the outbreak of the "War Between the States."

Virginia having seceded on April 17th, 1861, young Garnett (true to the instincts of his martial blood on both sides of his house) hastened back to his country home and at once enlisted as a private soldier in the light battery that was then being formed by that gallant old soldier, Captain (afterwards Colonel) William Nelson—a battery that was destined in the impending struggle to win great glory under the name of the "Hanover Artillery."

The necessary quota of men was rapidly made up and the company, forthwith, marched to Richmond to be mustered in. There the lad's military ardor met an unexpected check. He was but sixteen and a half years old and looked much younger, so, despite his almost passionate pleading, the enrolling officer refused to accept him. In desperation, and much aggrieved, "The." (as he was always affectionately called by his intimates), along with two other youthful companions who had been similarly rejected, sought out General Robert E. Lee, who, as "Military Adviser" to President Davis, was occupying at the time as his headquarters a small one-story building that had been hastily constructed within the "Capitol Square." General Lee, always kindly and accessible to young folk, and who, besides, knew Garnett's "people," listened patiently to the boyish trio, but

proved as inexorable as the hard-hearted mustering-officer: "Go back to your homes, my boys, and wait a little. We shall need you later on," was his answer to their eager pleas—almost identical, as to words, with his firm refusal to his own son, Robert (exactly a year older than "The."), who was "wild" to enlist in the early days of '61. So, Garnett sadly went his way, and, in default of anything better, accepted gladly a clerkship in the "Navy Department," offered him by the Hon. Stephen R. Mallory, who was Secretary of the Navy in Mr. Davis's Cabinet and who had married a sister of "The.'s" mother. With this he had to be content for over eighteen months, but the longed-for chance was close at hand, and he owed it to the fact that he wrote a fine and fast and flowing hand. Stuart having asked the Secretary if he could recommend to him as clerk at his headquarters some trustworthy young man, who wrote a "rapid and distinct hand" (the latter he especially insisted on), the kind uncle, who had watched the lad fretting over "being in a bomb-proof" and who sympathized with his longing to be with his brother and other near kinsmen yonder at the front, recommended his nephew for the coveted billet, and "The.," having promptly enlisted (in June, 1863) in the "Essex Troop (Co. F, 9th Va. Cavalry), was straightway detailed by Stuart as a clerk at his headquarters. At last he had his heart's desire, nay, even more than that, for he had never dreamed of such luck as serving under the immediate eye of the great cavalry leader.

Stuart from the first took a great fancy to the handsome youngster, who was modest and anxious to please, while his penmanship, even at that early age, was distinguished for its beauty and legibility, as one may see who cares to examine the original of one of Stuart's "Official Reports" now on file in the Archives of the "Confederate Museum" in this city, which is entirely in Garnett's handwriting.

But better things were to come. In that vigorous campaign of '63, the headquarters of the Cavalry Corps, except for rare intervals, was "in the saddle," and Stuart who saw everything, observing with an approving eye the eager valor of his young scribe, who seemed to be quite as ready with sword as with pen

when occasion demanded, soon began to count on his alert intelligence and cool courage in carrying orders, and Garnett speedily became one of his most trusted "couriers."

You will find his name in the small list of "couriers" mentioned for gallantry by Stuart in his "Official Report of the Gettysburg Campaign." This eager valor in the *melee* and ready efficiency in office-work were, in no long time, to be still further rewarded, for in February of '64, Stuart recommended that he be commissioned first-lieutenant of cavalry, and on March 11th announced him in "General Orders" as his personal aid-de-camp.

From that time on, Garnett was always to be found riding hard by the bridle-rein of our "Rupert of the South," whom it is no exaggeration to declare he fairly worshipped with all the intensity of his generous boyish heart.

But alas! he was not destined long so to ride, for exactly sixty days from the time when he had been officially announced as his "A. D. C.," came that fateful May-evening yonder at "Yellow Tavern," when Stuart received his mortal wound, while barring the way to the Confederate capital with a mere handful of his veteran horsemen, who, inspired, as it were, by their youthful leader's splendid audacity, hurled back (though the odds were easily four to one) the desperate onslaught of Sheridan's bold troopers seeking to pierce the "inner lines" of the "Richmond Defences."

The city was, indeed, saved, but at a cost second only to the price paid for victory at "Chancellorsville," where (one year before almost to the day) Jackson had fallen, and Stuart had been chosen by Lee as fittest to take his place in the tumult of the wavering combat.

As his aide-de-camp, Garnett was one of the three staff-officers who bore their stricken chief to this city, where he quietly passed away the next evening.

To the day of his death, though fifty years and more had passed, Garnett could never speak, without a sob in his voice, of that last scene, when his brilliant young chief (he was but thirty-one) breathed out his heroic soul. The same was true of Major Andrew Reid Venable, another of the staff-officers who

bore him from the field, though Venable had stayed with him but a few brief moments and had then galloped back to the front.

It may interest some of you to know that this scene, so feelingly portrayed by our Virginia novelist, John Esten Cooke, in his "Mohun," is based entirely on a long letter written to Cooke (who was also on the Cavalry Headquarter Staff, but not present) by Garnett in 1868. Garnett's letter, the original of which Cooke returned to him and which, later on, he gave to his life-long friend, Joseph Bryan, President of this Society, is even more touching in its boyish grief, than the page from the "practiced" pen of the accomplished man-of-letters. "Everyone of us," he ends, "was in tears. We had lost our father, our brother, our friend, our beloved General."

On Stuart's death, Garnett's commission as "A. D. C." lapsed, but he was immediately re-commissioned first-lieutenant of cavalry in the "Provisional Army of the Confederate States" and assigned to the staff of Major-General William H. F. Lee, with whom he served during the rest of that wondrous campaign of '64, reckoned by competent military critics as the greatest that Lee ever waged.

Early in the brief, but tragic, campaign of '65, he was promoted Captain and transferred, as "Assistant-Adjutant-General," to the Staff of Brigadier William P. Roberts of North Carolina, an enterprising and daring young cavalry officer, under whom he served until the "Surrender" at Appomattox C. H.

This ended his active career as a soldier, but a soldier in heart and in outward bearing he remained to the end. His martial port, his rather swarthy complexion, inherited, no doubt, from his Spanish ancestry, his firm-set jaw, which not even the heavy beard could conceal, his quick, decisive tread and ringing voice, all proclaimed him a veteran even to the most careless eye. In truth, t'was in the blood. His mother's Castilian ancestors had been soldiers in Spain, while on his father's side his kinsmen had won distinction in every war waged since the settlement of the Colony—in the French and Indian wars, in the Revolution, in the War of 1812, and in Mexico. Above all, he was proud

to remember that in the great struggle in which he himself had borne honorable part, the name of these kinsmen had been legion —all capable and valorous soldiers—not least among them, his close cousins, General Robert Selden Garnett, who yielded up his life in the very first year of the war at Carrick's Ford, and General Richard Brooke Garnett, who fell at the head of his brigade in Pickett's immortal charge on the third day at "Gettysburg."

Yet, however martial in outward seeming, Garnett himself was, in reality, one of the gentlest, the most gracious, and most lovable of men, and though God had given him the heart of a lion, He had also given him the heart of a little child.

In the autumn of 1865, scraping together such meagre funds as his immediate family could give him, he entered the Law School of the University of Virginia. Sprung as well from a long line of jurists and statesmen, as of soldiers, it was only natural that he should turn to the law as a profession. But, beyond that, it is certain that he was influenced in his choice by the advice of his brother, between whom and himself there existed a singularly deep devotion. This brother, James Mercer Garnett, who had taken a brilliant M. A. degree at the University, had at the outbreak of the war, enlisted as a private soldier in the famous "Rockbridge Battery," and, rising to the grade of Captain of Artillery in '62, had served gallantly as Divisional Ordnance Officer on the staff of the lamented Rodes, and, after the heroic death of that officer at Winchester in September, '64, on the staff of Major-General Bryan Grimes to the end. James Garnett, in obedience to his scholarly instincts, having resolved in '65 to make teaching his life-work, had decided to re-enter the University (in which, later on, he was destined to become full professor) as a simple "Licentiate in Ancient Languages," and we may be sure that this decision had much to do with solving "The." 's knotty problem as to his own future profession.

And, just here, it is not only pertinent, but, indeed, necessary, even in so slight a sketch as this, that we should pause and consider the unique conditions that existed at the University during the two sessions ('65-'66 and '66-'67), when Garnett was attending lectures there in the Law School.

To essay this may seem to some an irrelevant excursus, but this is far from true. We must know something of his environment during those years that ushered in his formal manhood, if we would know the man himself.

As the conditions that existed were unique, equally unique was the "atmosphere" they created—an "atmosphere" which the youthful student drank in with full lungs and which inspired in him those lofty ideals as to the conduct of life that were to inform well-nigh every act and utterance of his maturer years. Never before and never since have there been two such sessions in the history of the great institution, which is the pride of the Commonwealth and of the whole South. It was a veritable era of "plain living and high thinking." The State, harried by four years of devastating war, lay prostrate and could extend but meagre help to "the child of Jefferson's old age." Everywhere were the outward signs of what is called "poverty," but it was the "poverty," which the great Greek tragedian, in a well-known fragment, calls "the stern parent who breeds the more strenuous sons, better fitted for the strife of life." Beside such "poverty"—the *"pauperies nitida"* of the Roman poet—the smug luxury of the rich foundations of this commercial age seems mean and tawdry.

Never was there gathered within "the well-remembered gates of Alma Mater" such a band of determined students, a very large proportion of them, though young in years, veterans of Lee's army, who every day went to class in their faded old uniforms, making merry over the silly order of the military satrap who at the time reigned over "District No. 1" (as "the Mother of Presidents" was then designated), requiring them (and all other old soldiers) to cover carefully the military buttons on their "fighting jackets." Richard Coeur de Lion was still "in every bush!" No doubt, the "District Commander" (they soliloquized) was an ass, to descend to such pettiness—but let it go!—as for themselves, they had no time to give to him and his covering of buttons.

The perils and privations they had undergone had sobered them beyond their years, yet, withal, they were a cheerful set,

full of health and vigor (save in a few cases) and touched with a natural exaltation at the thought that they had done their duty as good soldiers (as was attested by the many honorable wounds they could count among them), that they had stuck to "Ole Mars Robert" to the last and "seen the thing through;" and now here they were, safe and sound, with still a fighting chance to retrieve, in some measure, the educational sacrifices that they had cheerfully made for hearth and home and country.

Optimism disdained to "consider too curiously" the very palpable *res angusta.*" They wanted so little, that they felt that they still had much. Even if things were ill to-day, it should not be so to-morrow. Hadn't Horace said the identical thing nearly two thousand years ago?

* * * Non si male nunc, et olim
Sic erit.

And, so, they buckled afresh to their tasks with hearts as high as when they charged with Stuart at Aldie or went up the slopes of "Cemetery Ridge."

Never before was the tie so close between professors and students, for it was the tie of comradeship, than which none on earth is stronger. The professorial staff was, indeed, small, but it was of the first order. Many of its members had been trained in the best universities at home and abroad, and, fired by unselfish devotion to their State and a proper pride in their calling, they gave without stint the best that was in them to their pupils, quite content to share the common lack and to labor for the most meagre stipend.

Some changes had, indeed, come about in the personnel of the Faculty since the University had practically closed its doors in '62 and been turned into a hospital, but they were not many.

Albert Taylor Bledsoe, Professor of Mathematics (who had been at West Point with Jefferson Davis and been appointed by him, at the outbreak of hostilities, Assistant Secretary of War) had, it is true, resigned his chair and gone his way to Baltimore to edit the "Southern Review" and to write his famous book, "Is Davis a Traitor?," which carried consternation into the

ranks of Radical demagogues, who had been clamoring for President Davis's blood, and which, by its inexorable logic and wealth of constitutional learning, drove the reluctant law-officers of the Government to advise the dismissal of the indictments against the Confederate Executive. Mr. Davis was never tried, because the Federal Government was afraid to try him.

But Bledsoe's chair had been taken by Colonel Charles Scott Venable, a brilliant mathematician trained in Germany, whose martial face and figure were familiar on every battle-field to old soldiers, who knew him as one of Lee's most alert and daring staff officers.

Lewis Minor Coleman, Professor of Latin (the gentle scholar, whom some of us (the lingering few) still hold fast in our "heart of heart") had fallen mortally wounded amid his blackened guns in the moment of victory on the snow-clad heights of "Fredericksburg," lieutenant-colonel of the "First Virginia Artillery"—but in his place came in '66 William E. Peters (also trained in Germany), who, as colonel of the 21st Virginia Cavalry, had fallen desperately wounded in the fierce cavalry combat at "Moorefield" and been left for dead on that sanguinary field.

Yet another there is of these "fighting professors," who should find mention here—Basil L. Gildersleeve, now of the "Johns Hopkins University," the greatest "Grecian" of our time and one of the greatest scholars of any time—long since so recognized both in Germany and in England—who, still limping heavily from the grievous wound, received in "the Valley" while serving on John B. Gordon's staff, might be seen daily making his way to his lecture-room, where he expounded more brilliantly than ever to his eager class, out of his own experiences in the field, the varying fortunes of the Peloponnesian War, as set down in the matchless pages of Thucydides, elucidating many a puzzling bit of strategy by apt illustrations drawn from the recent contest, in which professor and pupils had alike borne honorable part as tried comrades. Not seldom, too, would this great scholar relax for a brief space his inexorable syntactical "grilling" and enliven the close of the lecture-hour by reading aloud

(the reading punctured by tumultuous applause) his own exquisite and inspiriting translations of the marching-songs of Tyrtaeus, the rush of whose swift anapests recalled to his delighted hearers the lilt of their own war-songs, which they had sung it seemed but yesterday to the rhythmic beat of tramping feet, as they swung down the "Valley Pike" under "Old Stonewall."

Others among the instructors had also served their State in arms, but we may not pause longer to make mention of them.

In the law-class with Garnett, what a bede-roll, had we but time to call it!

John W. Daniel, still on his crutches (as he was to the last day of his brilliant career) from the frightful wound he had received at the "Wilderness" in '64, and Thomas S. Martin, who, too young to enter the army until the last year of the war, had yet seen active service in the Cadet Corps of the "Virginia Military Institute," sat beside him on the rude wooden benches—both of them destined to represent Virginia for many years in the Senate of the United States. There too, of scarcely less note in after years, sat the brilliant Upshur Dennis of Maryland, Lunsford Lomax Lewis of Rockingham (afterwards on the Bench of the Supreme Court of Virginia), and Edward Christian Minor, who had lost his arm in a Cavalry skirmish at Luray in "the Valley"—all destined to become judges of note, who did honor to the ermine.

Other future judges there were among these class-mates of Garnett's (who himself became judge), and, in addition, a surprising number of men who in after years attained notable distinction in their profession, among them—William H. White, who, be it noted, had taken part as a "V. M. I." cadet in the thrice-glorious battle of "Newmarket") and who became, later on, Garnett's law-partner in a firm whose high reputation extended far beyond the boundaries of their native State.

One cannot resist the temptation to set down here that his most intimate friend (not however in the Law School) was the late Joseph Bryan (so long the beloved President of this Society), his old chum at the "Episcopal High School," who had

been twice wounded while serving as a simple trooper under the dashing Mosby. Another of these intimates (also in the "Academic Department") was the lovable and talented Frank Preston of Lexington, who, like Minor, had lost an arm in battle ("brave old Frank with the empty sleeve!") and who, after a brilliant record for headlong valor in the field, and an equally brilliant record for exquisite scholarship in the universities at home and in Germany, was struck down by fell disease in the full flush of his young manhood.

Was there ever a nobler, a more inspiring, chapter in the educational history of any people! It is a chapter unwritten before, so far as is known to us, and written here only in part. But, such as it is, we hold that it finds a fitting place in the proceedings of this Society, whose aim and purpose it is to preserve and transmit to posterity the veracious record of Virginia's glory, not alone in Colonial and Revolutionary times, but down through all the centuries, culminating in those heroic days of '61-'65, when our Mother attained what future ages will haply hold the supreme height of her great renown.

In 1867, Garnett took his B. L. degree and "offered for practice," as the saying used to be, in Warrenton, Virginia, meanwhile supporting himself, until the coveted clients should come, by "taking classes" in a private school. As nearly the whole adult population of Warrenton, at the time, consisted of lawyers, and as there was but a limited number of clients, Garnett in 1869 left that charming town (which has preserved more of the fine old distinctive traditions of ante-bellum days that any place known to us) and moved to Norfolk, but in the same year began practice in the near-by town of Suffolk. His practice was good and remunerative from the start, and his personal popularity such, that in 1870 he was elected "County Judge" of Nansemond. This office he held for three years, when he voluntarily relinquished it in 1873 and returned to Norfolk, where he formed a partnership with the brilliant William H. White, now "President of the Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac Railroad." There he continued in active practice until his death.

Inadequate as is this sketch, it would be still more imperfect,

did we fail to make mention of the absorbing interest that he took in all "Confederate activities." As is well known, the prime purposes of these Confederate organizations were (and are) to render substantial help to such old comrades as, incapacitated by disease or wounds, were unable to "make a living;" next, to "keep the record straight" by driving out of the public-schools the text-books dealing with the war, which at that time were crammed with the most brazen perversions of historical truth; and, lastly, to foster old ties of comradeship by monthly meetings of the local "camps" (as they are called) and by "Grand Reunions," annually, of a certain number of delegates from these local organizations.

To a man of his warm and generous temperament, who, in addition, disdained to the last to be "reconstructed," these activities appealed irresistibly, and he threw himself into them with an ardor characteristic of the man. At all the great "Reunions," both of the "Grand Camp of Virginia" and of the "United Confederate Veterans," his was always a prominent figure. He especially delighted in the "Re-Unions of the Cavalry Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia," and would lay aside his business and travel many miles to attend them. As a staff-officer of Stuart's, he knew personally all the officers and well-nigh all the men of that immortal band of "Rough Riders." And if he delighted to come, his comrades of all arms of the service were ten-fold more delighted to welcome him. He had a gracious heartiness of manner, with never a touch of condescension to the humblest of them, that made them "swear by him." He was always "Captain The.," or, oftener, "Old The.," to them, while his own affectionate greeting of these old comrades leapt from his eyes ere the lips could form the words. Not only was he one of the simplest and most genial of men, but he was possessed of a marvelous memory as to intimate incidents of the past events in which they had all shared. Besides, he was an admirable *raconteur,* modest as to the part that he himself had played, but ever enthusiastic in his generous praise of those—no matter whether officer or private—who had proved themselves good soldiers in the brave old days they had met to recall.

In the great organization, known as the "United Confederate Veterans" (which, let us thank God, unlike certain other organizations elsewhere, has kept itself, thus far, uncontaminated by politics), honor after honor came to him—unsolicited, we need not say. In 1900, he was placed in command of the first Brigade of the "Virginia Division," with the rank of Brigadier-General; in 1906, he was promoted to the command of the "Virginia Division," with the rank of Major-General; and in 1912, was still further promoted to command the "Department of Virginia," with the rank of Lieutenant-General. It may have been, as some of us old soldiers have always thought, ill-advised on the part of the organization to have created such high-sounding military titles, but, in any event, that such posts of dignity and responsibility should have been accorded him, evidences the great regard and affection in which he was held by these old comrades, who had seen him tested in the actual dust and sweat of battle.

Other honors of a different kind also came to him as the years went by. He was made Trustee (as we have seen) of his old school, and also of the "Virginia Theological Seminary"; a member of the (Virginia) "State Library Board," and was elected into the "Alpha Chapter" (at William and Mary College) of "Phi Beta Kappa."

So busy was his life as a lawyer in active practice, that the literary output he has left behind him is meagre, but he was an eloquent and persuasive speaker and his oration pronounced at the unveiling of the equestrian statue of his great chief at Richmond was of very high order of merit both from a military and literary point of view. This was expanded later into a more elaborate monograph and published in New York in 1907.

He was, of course, a member of the "Virginia" and also of the "American" "Bar Associations."

On April 27th, 1915, he passed away in the midst of his family, who simply adored him, mourned in no common measure by his community, his State that he loved so passionately, and by countless friends and comrades throughout the whole country.

By right of birth, he had inherited the highest and best traditions of Virginia's "Golden Age," and he never once, from

youth to gracious old age, forgot the *"noblesse oblige"* of his blood.

Three great influences shaped his career—his experiences in the field—the high and heroic "atmosphere" of his college life, and, above all, his unquestioning Christian faith. Of the first two of these have we spoken. Of the third, abashed in spirit, we dare not speak at all.

But fortunately there is one—his old comrade, his old pastor, his loyal kinsman—who can on this point speak with "authority." In a notice of his death, which appeared anonymously in the *"Southern Churchman"* of June 19, 1915, though known to be written by his life-long friend, Bishop Beverley Dandridge Tucker, of the Diocese of Southern Virginia—a notice of singular beauty and power—occur these closing words, which may fitly form the conclusion of this halting tribute to this noble gentleman:

"Back of all that he was and all that he did was the strength and the inspiration which come only from communion with God. He served the Lord Christ with the same simplicity and the same whole-heartedness with which he had served his State. He walked humbly with God—and he is not (that is, not here on earth), because God took him. His memory and the example of his life abide, and are a part of the heritage which comes to Virginia from a long line of true and chivalric sons."

Col. WALTER H. TAYLOR, A. A. G.

The NEWS-LEADER.

Walter Taylor was 21 when Governor Letcher ordered him to report to Richmond and assigned him to duty at the headquarters of General Lee, then commanding the army of Virginia. From that time until the day he bade his chieftain farewell in Richmond, after the return from Appomattox, Taylor was seldom separated from Lee. For two years of this time he was Lee's principal adjutant-general, in hourly communion with him. In western Virginia, in South Carolina and in the enemy's country, as well as on the battle-scarred hills and plains of Virginia, Colonel Taylor saw General Lee round the full cycle of glory from Mechanicsville to Appomattox—saw him when his plans were disarranged by his lieutenants, saw him when the machinery of his army was perfected, saw him when adversity had thinned his ranks until courage alone made them impenetrable.

It was natural that Colonel Taylor, in reality but a boy, should have seen things that others overlooked and that he should in love for his great commander have written of those incidents in volumes that will remain among the classics of Southern history. We have not the space, in these columns, to point out all the contributions Colonel Taylor made in his "Four Years With General Lee," published in 1877, and in his "General Lee, 1861-1865," issued in 1906. But some of the lights Colonel Taylor threw in these little volumes on the character and achievements of Lee are so searching and so illuminating that we cannot forbear referring to them here, now that Colonel Taylor has reported for duty in the Undying Army.

It is primarily to Colonel Taylor that we owe, first of all, our knowledge of General Lee's belief that the war would be

long. Few shared that belief in the early days of 1861. There was talk of a ninety days' march to Washington and there was positive ridicule even of a twelve months' enlistment. In his first book on Lee, Taylor explained that these views were not shared by the great commander and that Lee pleaded with all who consulted him to make enlistments for the war. Since that time, White has published extracts from General Lee's private letters that vindicate Taylor and showing that Lee thought the war might last ten years.

It was Colonel Taylor, again, who showed General Lee in his office. Fully aware of the responsibilities that rested on him and conscious that his presence was needed on the lines almost every moment, General Lee disliked—we may almost say, loathed—the routine of headquarters correspondence. Yet he bore it with all patience, even when called upon daily to review a mass of recommendations, with McClellan thundering at the gates of Richmond. In his second book, Colonel Taylor took the readers into Dabb's house on the Nine-Mile road, where Long and Chilton and himself had the front room for their office and General Lee received his visitors in the rear. Every morning, Lee would assemble his staff in a semicircle in the front room, would read over his letters and then would pass them, in turn, to each of his staff officers with brief orders for answers. And when this plan proved unsatisfactory, Taylor records with what regret General Lee told him, "Taylor, I am afraid I shall have to put you back in the office"—meaning that Taylor would have to assume the regular duties of an indoor-adjutant. How patiently Taylor discharged those duties, thousands of documents attest. His autograph is one of those most familiar to historical students and his handwriting remained until his death almost precisely what his was, when, in clear, swift script he wrote Lee's battle-orders.

Heaven smiled on Walter H. Taylor. Mercies attended his way. For in attaining that high position he merited in the esteem of Virginia he had the rare advantage of combining with distinguished heredity the inspiration of intimate contact with the noblest spirit of our age. Through life, he lived under the stim-

ulus of having known and enjoyed the fullness of the confidence of Lee.

Still more interesting were Colonel Taylor's brief narratives of the inner life of Lee's official circle, in which the greatest soldier of his day was at once leader and father, director and friend. Thus during the miserable western Virginia campaign, Colonel Taylor tells us, General Lee had but a single tent, in which he slept with his youthful adjutant, sharing his blankets with Taylor when an unexpected visitor took the scanty covering Taylor hospitably proffered. And when clashes came, as they had inevitably to come when nerves were taut with anxiety and muscles were weary with riding, Lee was always quick to make amends for any injustice, it mattered not how trivial. Here is one of the typical incidents related by Colonel Taylor in his "Four Years":

"On one occasion when an audience had not been asked of him [General Lee] for several days, it became necessary to have one. The few papers requiring his attention were submitted. He was not in a very pleasant mood; something irritated him, and he manifested his ill--humor by a little nervous twist or jerk of the neck and head, peculiar to himself, accompanied by some harshness of manner. This was perceived by me and I hastily concluded that my efforts to save him annoyance were not appreciated. In disposing of some case of a vexatious character, matters reached a climax; he became really worried, and, forgetting what was due to my superior, I petulantly threw the paper down at my side and gave evident signs of anger. Then, in a perfectly calm and measured tone of voice, he said, 'Colonel Taylor, when I lose my temper, don't you let it make you angry.'

"Was there ever a more gentle and considerate yet so positive a reproof? How magnanimous in the great soldier, and yet how crushing to the subordinate!"

On another occasion, Colonel Taylor tells us, one of General Lee's staff became offended at a gentle rebuke for some error he had made and went off in dudgeon. Soon thereafter, General Lee sent an invitation to the officer in question to "come and

drink buttermilk with him"—the strongest refreshment he ever took. The officer went, but still remained in bad temper. Lee was as polite and considerate as possible and did not despair when the officer left his presence, sulking as before. Before long, as they were on the roadside in the rain, the officer dropped back and fell asleep. When he awoke, he found that about him was the poncho of the general—placed by the general so quietly and unostentatiously that none of the other members of the staff had observed the act.

Still again, Taylor shows how in an hour of the deepest personal grief, when he expected every mail to bring him news of the death of a beloved daughter, Lee put his country first. "At the usual hour," Taylor wrote, "he summoned me to his presence to know if there were any matters of army routine upon which his judgment and action were desired. The papers containing a few such cases were presented to him; he reviewed and gave his orders in regard to them. I then left him, but for some cause returned in a few moments, and with my accustomed freedom entered his tent without announcement or ceremony, when I was startled to see him overcome with grief, an open letter in his hands. That letter contained the sad intelligence of his daughter's death." And he had not so much as opened it until he had disposed of the duties the needs of his country imposed.

Of the light Colonel Taylor threw on the Gettysburg campaign, of the evidence he presents that Lee would have preferred to abandon Richmond and fight the final campaign in the Carolinas, of the new information he gave in his early volume when errors were current and many strange myths believed, we have not space to speak. We must confine ourselves to what was perhaps his greatest service to the cause of Southern history. Needless to say, that was his careful statistical compilation of the strength of the Southern armies and of the odds against which they had fought. This task Colonel Taylor took upon himself in answer to his general's request, at a time when the old chieftain hoped to write the history of his army and was at a loss for accurate information. Taylor communicated with Chief Clerk White and with Colonel Venable, called into service

his own memory and at last made application to the federal war department for permission to examine the original returns in the adjutant-general's office. Owing doubtless to his high character as well as to the position he had occupied, Colonel Taylor received the desired permit and was the first of Southern students to delve in the then-unpublished papers captured in Richmond. The estimates he thereupon compiled remain among the most accurate we have and have been consulted by all historical students since 1877.

Colonel Taylor was not the type to vaunt himself. He never boasted of his association with Lee or, indeed, told in print half he knew of the difficulties under which the great commander labored. He was modest and unassuming, yet never hesitated, when called upon, to sustain the record of his captain alike against the venom of irreconcilable enemies and the spleen of a disappointed and senile lieutenant who owed his all to the general whom he criticized. Colonel Taylor's memory remained fresh to the last. Some eleven months ago *The News Leader* was preparing its special section on the fiftieth anniversary of the evacuation of Richmond. It occurred to us that it might be interesting to our readers to have Colonel Taylor reproduce in his autograph the letter he addressed President Davis at General Lee's direction, announcing that Richmond would have to be abandoned. We accordingly wrote Colonel Taylor a request to that effect and enclosed him a copy of the letter. Within a few days there came a typically cordial response: he would be more than glad to serve *The News Leader,* he wrote, but he had not written the letter nor, indeed, had anyone. He remembered distinctly that he had dictated the dispatch to the telegrapher at General Lee's headquarters that last day in front of Petersburg. Truly it was an unusual feat to recall the detailed circumstances of one incident among a thousand in the final downfall of the Confederate cause.

Colonel Taylor did not witness the formal act of surrender and in his reasons for not doing so one may read the gentleness of the man. General Lee had told him he was going to see General Grant and had asked him to accompany him. But or-

ders to other parts of the line carried Colonel Taylor here and there until the moment General Lee was setting out for the McLean house. Then Taylor's heart failed him. He was not afraid to meet the assembled federal generals. He had faced their fire and he could brook their triumphant smiles. He was mindful only of Lee and he could not endure the thought of seeing that heroic soul bowed in agony by the last blow of fate. But when Lee came back from that last interview in all the majesty of his tested manhood, Taylor was with him—to remain until the old warrior returned home in the glory of unrivalled achievement and unblemished honor.

In the early days of the church, fathers would point out to their children the men who, in their wouth, had seen those who had known the Lord. It was the greatest of distinctions. "I saw there," Irenaeuswrote Florinus, "when I was still a boy in lower Asia in company with Polycarp . . . how he used to speak of his discourse with John and with the rest of those who had seen the Lord." It is not ours, of this generation, to remember personally that great man who carried the Southern revolution on his shoulders. But it has been ours to see and to know and to sit at the feet of those who loved him. It is for this reason—and because the figure of Lee looms larger as the perspective of history adjusts it—that we bewail the passing, even in the fulness of years, of one whose high privilege it was to sign himself, "By order of General Lee, Walter H. Taylor, A. A. G."

JOHN WARWICK DANIEL.

By WILLIAM M. THORNTON.
Lynchburg, Va., May 26th, 1915.

We are met to-day to do honor to the memory of a great Virginian. Born and reared in this city, he made it always his home—the center of his deepest affection, the focus of his strongest activities. Here he grew to manhood; here he lived and loved and labored; here he died; and here at last he was buried. It is meet and right that here in Lynchburg should be reared the noble bronze, which shall tell to coming ages the name and the fame of John Warwick Daniel. Soldier and orator, jurist and statesman, lawgiver and senator, with a loyalty rooted like Virginia's mountains in the Virginian soil, with a patriotism broad as our Continent—this he was all to his countrymen, to all Americans. To us Virginians, to you—men and women of Lynchburg—he was more. This bronze effigy fitly figures the stately dignity and courtesy of the man, his high political seriousness, the austere beauty of a countenance like that of some Roman Patrician of the Augustan age. It tells nothing of the heart which beat so warmly in that dauntless breast; nothing of the magnetic gaze which seemed to draw other hearts into his allegiance; nothing of the mellow harmonies of that magic voice which seemed to claim us all as his friends; nothing of the proud affections which welcomed all Virginians as his brothers. Let us spend a few short minutes in saying concerning this great Virginian some of the things which no bronze can ever say.

FIRST PERIOD.

John Warwick Daniel was born the 5th of September, 1842; he died 29th of June, 1910. His sixty-eight years of life, so rich in events, in duties bravely done, in responsibilities nobly borne,

in honors worthily won and generously given, fall naturally into three well-marked periods: From his cradle to Appomattox, from Appomattox to Washington, from Washington to America's great hall of fame. Let me sketch a few pictures for you from the first of these periods.

The first picture which comes before us shows a mother, beautiful and young and tender, bending in adoration over the slumber of her first born child. It is Sarah Anne Warwick and the child is John Warwick Daniel. Too soon this picture fades from our view. The fragile young mother is called away from earth to heaven and John Daniel and his infant sister pass to the care of their grandparents, inheriting it may be a love all the richer for their orphan state.

Daniel himself paints for us the next picture in the series, a portrait of John Warwick Daniel, his grandfather, in whose affluent home his boyhood was passed.

> "A nobler man never lived—hospitable, gentle, calm, self-poised—a gentleman in honor, in manners, in innate refinement. A pure and lofty soul, he seemed to me to be everything that a man could be, to be respected and loved. Successful from his youth in business, he was rich and generous without pretension or pride. Yet when the end of the Civil War prostrated his fortune, and he became old and almost blind, his easy dignity lost no feature of its serene composure, and out of his true heart came no complaint of man or fortune."

As we view this portrait we seem to recognize the source of that peculiar charm which Daniel's colleague, Senator Lodge, so beautifully characterized—"that grave courtesy, which never wavered; those manners, serious, gracious, elaborate if you please, but full of kindness and thought for others, which can never really grow old or pass out of fashion," even in our hurried, hustling time.

The winged years sweep swiftly past and soon a fresh picture greets our view. We see on the rostrum of the Lynchburg Military College a handsome youth of sixteen years. His in-

born ,tastes for debate and declamation have already declared themselves, and John Daniel has been selected to represent his class. The world was still thrilling with the blood-stained story of Balaklava, when Daniel rose to his feet and with impassioned eloquence recited to his auditors a poem new to most of them—Tennyson's immortal "Charge of the Light Brigade."

"'FORWARD THE LIGHT BRIGADE!'
Was there a man dismayed?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Some one had blundered:
Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do and die:
Into the Valley of Death
Rode the six hundred."

Already the souls of Virginians were stirred by somber premonitions, and it is easy to realize in fancy how these splendid stanzas, hot from the heart of this beautiful young orator, may have pealed into their ears vague prophecies of the coming storm —of Jackson and the Stonewall Brigade, of Lee and the Army of Northern Virginia.

Two more years of peace were vouchsafed our country and in these years Daniel gained new and priceless visions of life and letters. From 1825 to 1828 the great Latinist, George Long, had labored at the University of Virginia to found a school of the Classical Languages and Literatures. When he resigned his chair to return to England his mantle fell on the shoulders of a young Virginian, the most brilliant of his pupils, Gessner Harrison. Thirty years of service for his Alma Mater had left Gessner Harrison poor in purse but rich in scholarship, in experience, in the love of his old students, in the esteem of his colleagues, in the admiration of men of learning, in the confidence of Virginians and of the whole South. His extended knowledge of the educational situation in the Southern States assured him that a great work awaited the man who should establish a high-class preparatory academy for students desirous of adequate

training for a course of University studies. In 1859 he resigned his professorship and organized such an academy, occupying for the first year rented quarters at Locust Grove, near Greenwood, Albemarle County, and then removing to a purchased estate called Belmont in Nelson County. Daniel with his high ambitions was at once drawn to this man, the greatest classical master of his generation in America. Entering the new academy at Locust Grove and following the headmaster to Belmont, he came under the inspiration of a teacher of rare sagacity and power, a man who added the graces of the Christian to the culture of the Scholar. We have no means after so many troubled years of evaluating the specific influences of this school upon Daniel's intellectual tastes and modes of thought. One of the school-boys of that day writes thus pleasantly about him:

> "John Daniel's principal claim to distinction at school was his wonderful dexterity in the game of bandy. He was by all odds the best player in the school. His other big activity was in the debating society, and at the end of the session he was the orator, John Selden being the essayist. Daniel had the same quality then as subsequently of carrying away his audience by his rhetoric, his splendid musical voice, and his wonderfully handsome features. He was already an accomplished elocutionist."

Another school-fellow, one of his more intimate friends, adds to the little picture some very telling strokes:

> "John Daniel was a dignified youth, but full of comradery. Yet he never allowed this to interfere with his work, being a good and close student, already ambitious to fit himself for a great career as a lawyer and orator. There was never a squarer boy; his mere presence was a check to ribaldry and blackguardism. He had the divine gift of being fair to his opponents; but he demanded a return in kind. If he had not become a great man, and better still, a greatly loved man, all schoolboy signs would have failed. I loved him then and now revere his memory."

There you have him before you a square boy, a high-minded boy, an ambitious boy, a gifted boy—ready to ripen under the fervid heat and strife of war into a valiant soldier and a true patriot.

The fateful spring of 1861 saw the storm of war burst over Virginia. Daniel withdrew from the Academy, returned to his home in Lynchburg, and enlisted as a private in the Wise Troop of cavalry, then recruiting in his native city. His knowledge of tactics gained in the Lynchburg Military College soon brought him a commission. On the 8th of May, 1861, he was appointed Second Lieutenant in the Provisional Army of Virginia, was assigned to duty with Co. C, 27th Va. Infantry, the nucleus of the famous Stonewall Brigade, and was ordered to report at Harper's Ferry to Lieut. Col. Thomas J. Jackson. There he spent several busy weeks as drill-master.

Our next picture of him comes from the historic battle ground of Bull Run. Already he had been twice hit. Once a flying fragment from an exploding shell struck his head, but his cap saved him from serious hurt. Again a spent bullet struck him full in the breast and felled him to the ground; this time it was the metal button on his coat which saved him. Presently in a fierce charge the regimental color-sergeant was shot down; Daniel sprang to his side, seized the standard, waived it aloft and with it pressed forward until relieved by command. Then a rifle bullet found him, and shot through the left hip he fell to the earth. Using two muskets as crutches he limped from the field and was later borne away and sent to his home in Lynchburg where for several weeks he remained on a bed of fevered suffering.

Another picture comes to us. His gallant conduct at Bull Run secured him well-deserved promotion. He is now First Lieutenant and Adjutant of his regiment, 11th Va. Infantry. Lee had outgeneralled McClellan, crossed the Potomac and advanced into Maryland. With his wonted audacity he had divided his little army, although in the presence of a superior force of the enemy, had sent Jackson back to reduce Harpers Ferry, and with Longstreet was awaiting Jackson's return. His

purpose was first to crush McClellan by the simultaneous impact of his two victorious corps and then, marching upon Washington, dictate an honorable peace beneath the dome of the national capitol. Suddenly after nightfall of the 13th of September, 1862, the news comes that by some fatal error on the part of Lee's staff, the copy of his general orders sent to D. H. Hill had been duplicated; that one of the two copies had been lost at Frederick, found by a Union civilian, and placed in McClellan's hands.

The emergency was frightful. If McClellan had been capable of swift and vigorous action, it would have been easy for him to occupy the mountain passes, thrust his army between the divided corps of Jackson and Longstreet, and annihilate Lee in detail. Grey troops were hurried back to Crampton's and Turner's Gaps and to the latter point Daniel's regiment was sent. The Federal assault upon this position began at seven o'clock on the morning of the 14th of September, 1862—one Confederate brigade defending the pass against eighteen Federal brigades. The Southerners were pressed slowly back and back; the general was killed; the men were utterly exhausted. But before their adversaries could utilize their advantage, Confederate reinforcements came up, darkness fell, and the day was saved.

It is in the midst of this desperate and unequal conflict that we get our new picture of Daniel. He stands in line of battle guarding the mountain pass, and as he shifts his pistol from one hand to the other the bullet from a Federal rifle perforates the hand that grasps the weapon and flattens itself against the pistol stock. Daniel slipped his unwounded hand into his pocket, drew out and opened his pocket knife; then cooly slit the skin of his hand and picked the bullet out. When the days of peace returned he had it mounted as a watch-charm and wore it for a souvenir of this heroic day. Luckily no bones were broken, but the wound was too serious to be tampered with, and Daniel was again perforce off duty for many weeks.

One more picture; the date is March, 1863. Our boy soldier is a Major now—Major at twenty in the Army of Northern Virginia, Assistant Adjutant General, and a member of General Early's staff. No Lynchburger needs to be told who Jubal Early

was; dour old fighter with his grim air and his rasping tongue and behind it all a heart compact of pure courage and kindliness and honor and truth. Daniel himself has sketched him for us—"a man of peace before the war, a man of battles during the war, a hero in fidelity and fortitude after the war, and the very incarnation of its glorious memories." They were both your fellow townsmen and you can picture them side by side, the bearded old warrior and the young staff officer with his classic face and his patrician air. Abrupt, rough, peremptory, formidable, Early whips out one of his usual oaths and orders Daniel upon some urgent duty. The young adjutant drew himself to attention, looked the old general squarely in the eye, and with perfect courtesy and calm answered,

> *"General, when you address me as one gentleman should address another, I will obey your orders; but not otherwise."*

The bullets of Bull Run and Boonsboro were nothing to this. But Early was too true a man, too good a soldier, not to see his own fault and make swift amends. The relation of general and staff officer grew into a devoted friendship, and in that splendid eulogy pronounced by Daniel above Early's open grave we hear the voice not of a subordinate recounting the exploits of his honored chieftain; not of a comrade, sharer of ten thousand glorious memories; but the voice of a loyal and loving son, who heaps laurels and rains tears upon his dead father's beloved form.

We must hurry on down the long gallery of these heroic scenes; time presses and I can make room for but one more picture from this period of Daniel's life. We pass Fredericksburg, Winchester, Gettysburg; splendid settings as they were for the valorous deeds of Early and Early's Division, they may not detain us. The time is the springtide of 1864; the place the Wilderness of Spotsylvania. Amid these dim thickets, where the battle-smoke and blood-reek of Chancellorsville seemed still to linger, Lee and his immortal Army of Northern Virginia were at grips with Grant, the most formidable of all his adversaries.

It was the campaign in which Lee's gaunt grey line faced by overwhelming forces killed and disabled more of their enemies than the total of their own numbers. Here on the 6th of May, 1864, Daniel saw a Southern colonel shot dead and his regiment thrown into confusion. Prompt action was needed; Daniel spurred his horse to the front, reformed the broken lines under a terrific fire, and was about to lead them again into the fight. Just at this critical moment a hostile bullet struck him down; the dauntless young Virginian dropped from his saddle, his thigh bone shattered and the femoral artery severed by the ball. He dragged himself for shelter behind a fallen log and there, with no surgeon in reach, he found himself hopeless of rescue and fast bleeding to death. With rare presence of mind he unwound from his waist the silken sash that showed his military rank and improvised a tourniquet for the injured limb. His life was thus saved, but his soldier's career was closed. No more campaigns, no more battles, no more promotions; but out of those heroic days he brought what he deemed the most honorable of all his titles—Major in the Army of Northern Virginia. Then Appomattox came and the first period of Daniel's life was ended.

SECOND PERIOD.

Peace once more; arms stacked and battle-flags furled; Virginia one great impoverished, hoof-beaten desert; but still men called it Peace! The Veterans of the Army of Northern Virginia were summoned to take up life anew—to mould the shattered fragments again into strength and wholeness. A few, desperate of the future, sank into despondency and inaction; that was not John Daniel's way. A few abandoned Virginia and made for themselves new lives in sister-states or foreign lands; neither was that John Daniel's way. Lee had declared himself resolute to

> "abide the fortunes and share the fate of my own people."

and Daniel thought like Lee. Inherited aptitudes and family traditions marked out for Daniel his one sure path. That path

he followed for his country's great good and his own great glory.

John Daniel was the son of an able lawyer and distinguished judge. William Daniel, Jr., after a brilliant career at the bar, revealing lofty standards of character and rare abilities, was elected in 1846, at the age of forty years, to a seat upon Virginia's court of last resort, the Supreme Court of Appeals, and there served his State with diligence and distinction until in May, 1865, the Federal President abolished the self-organized government of the Commonwealth and set up Francis H. Pierpont as provisional governor of Virginia.

John Daniel was also the grandson of a great lawyer. William Daniel, Sr., was a man of distinction and power, the friend and associate of James Madison, one of the Judges of the Circuit Court of Virginia, and as such a member of the General Court, which until 1851 exercised the functions of our present Court of Appeals. His luminous and vigorous opinions are still quoted, and his name stands high in the judicial history of Virginia for clear vision and incorruptible integrity.

With such forbears John Daniel seemed predestinated for the profession of the lawyer.

By the autumn of 1865 the University of Virginia had been rehabilitated out of the private means of its Faculty and on the 1st of October it was again opened for students. More than two hundred men presented themselves for admission, most of them Confederate Veterans, and among these came John Daniel, limping on his crutch. The head of the Law School of that day was John B. Minor, the man of whom Daniel said in after years,

> "I do not believe his superior as a law-teacher ever existed. Patience, prudence, and punctuality; concentration and continuous attention to the business in hand; infinite tact and painstaking; sweetness of temper, mild and winning manner, unfailing courtesy and consideration, and modesty withal—with what long and laborious fidelity has he exercised these virtues."

Such was the man at whose feet John Daniel sat during the session of 65-66. The methods of instruction developed by Professor Minor exerted a powerful influence on Daniel's professional life. I am told by competent authority that his own writings are penetrated through and through with the high philosophy of jurisprudence, and one of his dictums was the simple summary of his old teacher's practice:

> *"Take care of the principles and the cases will take care of themselves."*

In the fall of 1866 John Daniel entered upon the practice of the law in partnership with his father, who survived until 1873. He was in the prime of his intellectual powers, being only twenty-four years old; and although his wounds never ceased to ache, they had not then impaired his general health or abated his natural vigor of body or of mind. He was endowed by nature with rare eloquence, beautiful features, a youthful figure of slenderness and grace, a melodious voice, dramatic action, and that inward fire of regulated passion, which radiates heat through the eye, the countenance, the gesture of the genuine orator and kindles into flame the emotion of his audience. The influence of good teachers, of a cultured home, of a social order not oblivious of the things of the mind, not yet infected with the virus of materialistic greed, had taught him to know books and to love them, had given him fellowship with those who live the life of the spirit. The experience of four years of war, of camp and march, of tented field and battle-line, had taught him to know men and to love them, had given him fellowship with those that tread patiently the dusty highway of our daily life. Fresh from the teachings of a man whom he described as among the

> "masters of him who seeks himself to master the jurisprudence of the English speaking family,"

and penetrated with the lofty conceptions of legal ethics illustrated in the lives of his own progenitors, he entered upon the profession of his own choice with those exalted ideals which touched to noblest issues the conduct of his entire public career. Listen for a minute to his creed:

> *"The great lawyers, whether at the bar or on the bench, have been the men who stood for great moral principles and impressed them into the spirit of the law. The law indeed is the public conscience, uttered as the public will, and sanctioned by the public power. It deals with rights in order to defend and preserve them. It deals with wrongs in order to repair or prevent them. It ends in justice and justice means peace and honor."*

It is Daniel's highest distinction that his life, both professional and public, conformed to this exalted creed. Not without insight did his great colleague, Senator Root of New York, pay to his character this eloquent tribute:

> *"Above all the men whom I have ever known he created an atmosphere, which lifted up those about him to the high plane of his own noble purpose."*

One more thing must be said of Daniel; despite his affluent eloquence he was an indefatigable, a prodigious worker. Too many men endowed with gifts like his, facile and fluent speakers, trust to their gift and neglect that arduous toil, that profound study which can alone give to their utterances permanence and value. Into this error Daniel never fell. He bestowed upon his cases before the courts that detailed analysis and searching investigation which made him master of all their complexities, and rendered him well-nigh irresistible, whether as advocate or jurist. He prepared himself for his debates in the Senate with the same scrupulous care, and with the same deep and prolonged meditation; and the result is that his orations before that great body are documents not for to-day only but for all time.

> "He did not speak on many subjects," said Senator Lodge. "He was not an incessant talker. But upon any topic which engaged his attention he spoke copiously and well, and never failed to show that he had thought much and independently upon the questions involved. He liked large issues because they offered the widest opportunity for speculation as to causes and for visions of the future.

This reach of mind made him an American in the largest sense, and showed clearly in that note of intense patriotism which sounded so strongly in his formal addresses."

Only such an assiduous worker as Daniel could have found time in the thick of a large and growing practice for the composition of the two works, which he added to the literature of his profession. The first of these on the "Law of Attachments under the Code of Virginia," published in 1869, less than three years after his entrance upon the practice, while little more than a useful compilation, met a genuine professional need and has ever since been constantly used as a standard authority before the Virginia courts. The second work, a masterly treatise on "Negotiable Instruments," published in 1876, was the fruit of eight years of arduous and unassisted labor. Daniel went back to his studies to the original authorities and the records of the courts, pursuing his researches in the great law libraries not of Virginia only, but of the other States of the Union as well. The work is ranked by competent jurists among the few great philosophic dissertions on the law contributed by America to legal literature. It has passed through five editions and remains to-day the great exposition of its theme—without an equal, without even a rival. Men who know Daniel by this book only, regret that he abandoned the law for the seductions of politics, and believe that if he had been faithful to his first mistress, his fame as a jurist would have surpassed his renown as a senator.

It was not to be expected, however, that a man with Daniel's forensic powers, living in an epoch when all the defenses of civilization in the South seemed to be threatened, summoned by his fellow-citizens to lead them in a moral war for social and political independence, could withhold his hand. He served in the House of Delegates of Virginia from 1869 to 1872 and in the State Senate from 1874 to 1881. The problem of the readjustment of the State debt had by that time become the vital problem of Virginia politics. The readjusters among the Democrats, making common cause with the Republicans, promulgated a plan for the forcible scaling down of the bonded debt of Vir-

ginia, and selected as their candidate for Governor a Virginian of ancient lineage, brilliant talents, and aggressive eloquence—William E. Cameron, of Petersburg, Virginia. The regular Democrats turned to Daniel, who under the compulsion of a profound sense of duty accepted the leadership of a forlorn hope. The campaign which followed was the most thrilling in the political history of Virginia. The ablest men in the Commonwealth threw themselves heart and soul into the struggle, and Daniel led his forces with knightly courtesy and magnetic eloquence. Men crowded in thousands around the platforms from which he spoke, and hung entranced upon his golden periods. He was no match for Cameron in the rough and tumble contests of the stump, nor did he attempt to meet his keen and aggressive adversary on the low plane of sophistical argument and equivocal honesty. Daniel lifted the debate into the high air of spotless honor and stainless rectitude, and so conducted it as to win not the votes of his countrymen in the pending election but the deathless allegiance of their consciences and their souls. The result of the conflict is known to all men; Cameron became the Governor of Virginia; Daniel became the leader and commander of the Virginians. From that day forward there was no office of the Commonwealth—whether of trust, or honor, or emolument—which John Daniel could not have had for the asking. From that day forward there was no platform in Virginia which the Lame Lion of Lynchburg could tread without evoking a storm of loving applause.

Even before the end of Cameron's term Daniel's reward came to him. He was elected to Congress in 1884 and served in the House of Representatives from 1885 to 1887. In 1886 he was promoted to the United States Senate and was re-elected in 1892, in 1898, in 1904; and last in 1910, the year of his death, he was chosen by unanimous vote for a fifth term of six years. When he died he was the ranking Democratic member of the Senate and in that august body there were only four men who could show a longer period of continuous service. No other Virginian in all history had ever approached this record. What State has ever more richly recompensed the defeated advocate

of a lost cause? It is pleasant to record here a brief extract from the beautiful eulogy which appeared in the *Norfolk Virginian* the morning after Daniel's death, and to know that this just and eloquent tribute came from the pen of his old-time adversary, ex-Governor William E. Cameron.

> "Daniell's brilliant record as a soldier, his commanding figure and classic face, his mellowness of tongue and grace of gesture, and a gift of oratory which lacked no essential quality of natural grace or cultured finish—all these bespoke for him initial popularity; but neither one nor all of these pleasing attributes would have sufficed to establish or protract his primacy in the public heart through the trying political vicissitudes of so many eventful years, had he been wanting in those elements of character that owe nothing to chance and yield nothing to change—courage unfaltering, truth unquestioned, honor beyond taint or temptation, and a civic conscience as sensitive as that which guided and guarded the conduct of the private gentleman."

Words like these are no less honorable to him who writes than to him of whom they are written. It was Daniel's merit to accept defeat without rancour. It was Cameron's distinction to recognize the essential greatness and nobility of his adversary.

THIRD PERIOD.

Twenty years of arduous professional labor had done much to prepare Daniel for the wider field of action upon which he was now to enter. His knowledge of law, of history, of politics, of government had been enriched by wide reading and profound meditation. The youthful exuberance of his rhetoric showed already marks of the pruning knife, and his orations began to approach that mould of monumental dignity and beauty, which arrested attention and won adherents even in the Senate of the United States. I fancy that John Daniel would have named Thomas Jefferson as the greatest American statesman; certainly

his own political instincts and ideals were largely those which Jefferson had caused to prevail. Like Jefferson he trusted the people of his country, because by close intimacy and wide experience he had found them worthy of trust and believed them also worthy of freedom and political power. His abiding faith in the honesty of his fellow-citizens, his rooted belief in their common sense, his trust in the appeal to the educated reason of the voters, his assurance that human society is capable of indefinite advancement in virtue and uprightness, his firm conviction that majorities rule not by might alone but of right as well, made of Thomas Jefferson the typical American and the like qualities made of John Daniel the typical Jeffersonian Democrat.

As his colleagues said of Daniel, he was not an incessant talker; but when he talked the Senate listened; for he never spoke unless he had something to say. He dealt as a rule with great questions and spoke only after careful preparation and prolonged meditation upon his theme. These questions he handled in such masterly fashion, with argument so convincing, with eloquence so persuasive, with a temper so lofty and serene, that his discourses will long remain documents worthy of admiration and study. His argument against the Force Bill of 1890, his exposition of the Monroe Doctrine upon the occasion of Cleveland's Venezuelan Message, his plea for Congressional recognition of the Belligerency of Cuba are permanent additions to American political literature. In each case he dealt with a problem of great and abiding interest; in each case it was necessary to set forth in clear order a vast complex of facts and to carry a long train of intricate argument to a convincing end; in each case it was Daniel's aim to crystalize his conclusion in some memorable phrase, which should make permanent lodgment in the minds of his hearers. It is only by careful reading of these documents that we come to appreciate their luminous clearness, their energetic forcefulness, their perfect artistry. Here are a few samples of his method; but remember that they are samples only and give you no adequate conception of the vigor and the beauty of the whole.

Of the Force Bill:

"Behind this bill crouches the empire. * * * It is not by anything I say that I hope to affect a vote. But these sacred principles of American liberty neither came from me nor derive any sanction by me. They are my right, they are my people's rights, they are my country's rights. They have flowed down from the headwaters of the Anglo-Saxon race; they have been achieved by the battles of a thousand years; and that for which our country is most famous is the fact that it has been the sternest and the truest of that race in their defense."

Of possible war with Spain:

"It is said that this means war. I deny it. I do not wish to see the American people involved in war. I look upon war as one of the greatest calamities that can befall the human race. But there is one other much greater calamity, and that is for the high public spirit of a nation to be so deadened that it can look upon plunder and pillage and murder and arson with indifference and can stifle the truth for venal considerations. It is worse than war for the public spirit of that nation to be so deadened that it hesitates or delays one instant to go forward and to do any act of high and great justice because of fear of war."

Of the Monroe Doctrine:

"With us are the Law and the Prophets, and behind us are the intelligent, patient, and patriotic masses of a great people, whose approval of American principles is unmistakable. I fully agree with those who caution us against inflammatory and irritating speeches. * * * But common sense looks at facts as they are, and it is a fact so plain that he who runs may read that this nation will not recede from the Monroe Doctrine. It is not to

> be expected of us who have time-honored principles to vindicate, an obvious and wise policy to subserve, and a noble aspiring nation to uphold in its dignity as the paramount power of the Western Hemisphere, to speak in whispers, to start at shadows, or to mope in pusillanimous silence when the corridors of the Capitol are ringing with denunciations of our course, and with ill-conceived belittlements of our fixed faith."

Not the least interesting outcome of Daniel's senatorial career is the steady development in his own nature of that spirit of high-hearted Americanism which made him in his later years a great national figure in our public life. So gradual was the change that it may be doubted whether he himself was conscious of that tidal stream in his own soul, which bore him forward into new seas of emotion and belief. It is when we read his public utterances in their chronological order that we come to see how far the Federal Senator has voyaged from the port whence the Confederate Major first set sail. It would be too long to trace out his route in its completeness; we can spare time to look at only a few of the landmarks left by him along the shore.

Here is Daniel the law student of 1866, Final Orator of the Jefferson Society of the University of Virginia, as he makes his valedictory to his fellow-students:

> "From first to last Virginia was foremost in *the picture by the flashing of the guns;* and though her fair domain has been reddened with the heart's blood of her children and blackened with the ashes of happy homesteads, we rejoice to-day as we rebuild our ruins and scatter roses o'er our brothers' graves that all have preserved unstained their sacred honor."

Here is the Daniel of 1877, now a member of the State Senate, speaking from the same platform and once more to an audience of students:

"Revere the Past; but remember that we cannot live in it. As Christ said of the Sabbath, so may we say of the Past—it was made for man, not man for it. * * * We failed to conquer the form; be it ours to strive to conquer the souls of our Northern brethren, with a sublimer faith, a more gracious courage, a broader magnanimity. Magnanimity of the conqueror is a generous concession; magnanimity of the conquered is an heroic achievement. The form of Saxon Harold was conquered at Senlac; his soul lives and conquers still in the blood of our conquering race."

In 1890 he delivered before the General Assembly of Virginia and by their invitation a discourse on the life and character of Jefferson Davis. He discussed the legality of Secession and the causes of its overthrow:

"The United States have been unified by natural laws, kindred to those which unified the South in secession, but greater because wider spread. Its physical constitution answered in 1861 for the Northern mind that written constitution to which the South appealed. The Mississippi river, natural outlet to the sea for a new-born empire, was to it a greater interpreter of that constitution than the opinions of statesmen who lived before the great republic spanned the Father of Waters. * * * We are not of the North but of the South; yet now like all Americans we are both of and for the Union, bound up in its destinies, contributing to its support, seeking its welfare. As he was the hero in war who fought the bravest, so he is the hero now who puts the past in its truest light, does justice to all, and knows no foe but him who revives the hates of a bygone generation."

Six years later he is addressing the Senate of the United States on the occasion of President Cleveland's Venezuelan message.

> "The British Minister, George Canning, boasted in 1823 that he had *called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old.* If those who sympathize with Great Britain in this generation possess Canning's prescience, they must know that this Republic will not permit those balances to be disturbed by the weight of an iron hand, nor that New World to be made the prey of European adventurers; they must know that America's answer was final; they must know that if all Europe were to form itself again into a new conspiracy of kings to make spoil of any portion of the American continents, under any kind of cloak or pretext, and were to lay hands of violence for that purpose upon any, even the weakest of our neighbors, the United States would rise and face embattled Europe as one man, American sailors would scourge the sea from pole to pole, and six millions of American soldiers would spring to their guns."

Again in 1900 Daniel was the spokesman of the Senate at the joint assembly of the two houses of Congress, met to celebrate the centennial of the first session of that body.

> "Great peoples are made of the mixture of races, like the beautiful bronzes which are composed of many metals. The brightest and bravest blood of the world's great races is mixed in our blood. This is the only great nation that ever passed through its formative conflicts without inflicting in a single case the penalty of death for a political cause. Does not this fact alone speak volumes for free thought, for free speech, for the government of the people, for the high character of the American? If we have had strife it has been the proud and lofty strife of the brave and the true, who can cherish honor, who can cherish principle, who can cherish love, but who cannot cherish hate. And be this never forgotten; our only strife was over the heritage which empire foisted upon our ancestors against their will and which the republic has

> removed forever. Great problems lie before us—Race Problem, Trust Problem, Philippine Problem. We may well view these and others with deep solicitude and anxious reflection. But if our problems be mighty, they grow out of our might and have the mighty to deal with them. They come to those who have never been confounded by problems and have never dodged one; who have solved problems just as great or greater than any now presented; who have left them all behind with monuments of their solution builded over them."

These citations have been chosen to illustrate the gradual evolution of Daniel's conception of the problems of American statecraft. They exhibit also, better than any formal analysis could do, the slow transformation of his oratorical style. That style remained to the end affluent, ornate, earnest, serious; the part of the jester, the part of the wit, the part of the cynic, the part of the buffoon—these were not Daniel's parts. But we may see how year by year useless ornament was pruned away; how year by year his periods were packed closer and closer with thought; how year by year he seemed to lift his auditors to higher planes of feeling and meditation. What had been florid became simple; what had been intricate became direct; what had been abstract became concrete. It would be too long to apply a like analysis to his splendid eulogies of the great Confederate leaders—of Jackson and Lee and Davis and Early; or to his addresses on the historic events and figures of the earlier epoch of the American republic—the Battle of King's Mountain, Washington, Jefferson, Pocahontas. To signal out one or another for special praise would be invidious when all are of merit so distinguished, jewelled with passages of consummate beauty, and glowing throughout with an inward radiance of tender loyalty and devoted patriotism. It is commonly said that Daniel himself ranked his discourse upon the Battle of King's Mountain and his oration on Lee as perhaps the happiest of his formal addresses; those who care for such distinctions will find much in these splendid examples of his eloquence to justify

their claim to pre-eminence. But if after reading Lee you turn to Washington, or after reading the Battle of King's Mountain you turn to the Gettysburg Campaign, you may yourself be tempted to reverse your own verdict.

When we pass from the study of Daniel's career in detail to the contemplation of his genius and character as a whole, when we ask ourselves what was the true secret of his power, we are at once confronted with a fact of deep significance—*his profound unlikeness to the men of his own generation.* Call the roll of post-bellum governors, congressmen, senators from Virginia; you will find none like Daniel. Summon memory to bring back the great figures who have filled the stage of our national history during the decades of his public life; you will find not one like Daniel. His heart was warm and kind, his nature affectionate and tender, his spirit attuned to the sincerities of friendship; and yet there was in him a certain aloofness, a certain remoteness, a certain withdrawing from the familiar contacts of life. Men said that he was not a mixer; and yet he was pre-eminently a mixer; nearer to the plain common people than to their leaders; nearer to the farmer between the plough handles than to his colleague in the Senate; nearer to the man in the street than to the judge upon the bench or the governor in his chair of office. Men said that he was not a machine politician; but in truth no man believed more thoroughly in political organization, no man followed more loyally the party flag: only he was closer in spirit to the voter than to the candidate, nearer to the worker at the polls than to the manager of the campaign. Men said that he was impatient of detail and indifferent to private and personal interests; yet his legal treatises, his debates in Congress, his public addresses demonstrate a passion for detail, and his ardent eulogies of his comrades in arms show fathomless depths of sympathy and appreciation for his fellowmen.

The differences which marked him off from the other statesmen of his own epoch showed plainly in the subjects which attracted his interests and excited his enthusiasms. With but two exceptions Daniel's problems were the problems of an earlier

age. The problem of enlarging the power and distinction of the nation without infringing upon the rights of the States to the amplest measure of local self-government; the problem of guaranteeing to our sister republics in the two Americas the blessings of representative government, unhampered by European control; the problem of extending throughout both American continents the reign of righteousness and peace, of prosperity and order, of free speech and popular government—these problems, and problems like them were the problems which came near to his heart. Daniel's problems were the problems of the Fathers of the Republic; the problems of Washington and Jefferson, the problems of Madison and Monroe, the problems of the nation rather than of a party. He conceived them as they might have conceived them, he attacked the solution as they might have attacked it. In this kinship of the great men of a great past we find the true secret of Daniel's strength. Listen for a moment to the noble profession of his political faith:

> "There is something in this country greater than party. There is something higher than a Convention Platform. It is principle and country and kind. Thank God we are people of one language; of one law; and of a spirit that sticks to right and will do it—as God grants us to see the right—regardless of consequences to ourselves."

The burning questions of our modern politics seemed alien to Daniel and as a rule he eschewed them. "Race problem, Philippine problem, Trust problem," he says in one of his orations; "What will you do with them? This is not the time, nor am I here to answer." Twice and twice only he attacked with his full force a modern question; and on both questions the historic evolution of economic laws has put him in the wrong. The one was the question of Fiat Money, as it is called; of an irredeemable national bank-note currency. The other was the question of National Bimetallism, of the free coinage of silver. Under peculiar industrial conditions and for a brief period, from

1851 to 1872, International Bimetallism seemed to be a defensible proposition. After 1872 it steadily lost ground; the logic of facts, more potent than the logic of the schools, was against it; in 1878 the last five-franc piece was coined by the Latin Union and International Bimetallism came to its predestinated end. National Bimetallism never enlisted one competent defender; yet for fifteen more years this fiscal nightmare tormented America, and it was not until the closing of the two great markets for silver (the United States and British India) in 1893 that it received its *coup-de-grace*. Daniel was weak where Jefferson was weak; as Jefferson failed to grasp the merit of Hamilton's financial measures, so Daniel failed to read correctly the fiscal history of the modern world. Some men say that Daniel in the end recanted; I cannot find that he ever recanted; he simply saw that the battle had gone against him, and kept silence. He himself declared in after years that he fought the Free-Silver fight to the last ditch.

This noble monument which we unveil to-day is therefore more than the memorial of a great and good man. It is the memorial of the end of an era. It is the effigy of the man who interpreted that era to the modern world with an eloquence, a beauty, a sweetness, a nobility that men who knew him can never cease to remember and to reverence. His aspect was that of an earlier world—the aspect of a patrician, serene and calm and almost beautiful. His courtesy was that of an earlier world—grave, gracious, with a certain sweet sincerity and yet also with a certain proud reserve. His eloquence was that of an earlier world—copious, ornate, solemn, touched always with emotion, flushed often with passion, appealing at once to the head and to the heart. His modes of thought were of that earlier world—deductive rather than inductive, "seeking the fountain rather than following the stream," ideal rather than practical, the thoughts of a philosopher rather than the thoughts of an empiric. His patriotism was of that earlier world—he loved Virginia best, and in our common country he but loved a greater Virginia. The axioms of his personal life were of that earlier age—a loyal friend, a chivalric foe, a devoted son, a tender

husband, a solicitous father; he painted his own portrait when he described the man who could cherish honor, who could cherish principle, who could cherish love, but who could not cherish hate. This august bronze will figure for coming generations, for your children and your children's children, not Daniel alone but that earlier age of which Daniel was the essential product and the latest flower. When the time comes to assess his value as a statesman, to weigh and to measure his gifts and his genius, he must be compared not with the men of his own epoch, but with the statesmen of that earlier day. If the speaker were required to assign to John Warwick Daniel his just place in that great company, he would rank him below Daniel Webster, or Henry Clay, or John C. Calhoun; but higher than John Randolph of Roanoke, higher than Alexander H. Stephens, higher than Jefferson Davis.

The private life of a great publicist is for his family, his home, his intimate friends—not for the public. Yet concerning Daniel there are things which may be said without transgressing the bounds of decency and for our learning these things ought to be said. When we think of Daniel there are two things never to be forgotten. With genius and opportunities which might have commanded rich recompense and laid the foundation of a great fortune, he gave his days and nights of toil freely to his country and lived and died a poor man. With honorable wounds, which never ceased to ache and which at last broke the strength of even his stalwart frame, his labors were unceasing, his industry unremitting, neither pain nor weariness could still his active brain or deaden the generous beating of his knightly heart. On an occasion like the present Daniel himself summed up that which may decorously be said. Let us use concerning him the eloquent words which he used over the ashes of the martyred McKinley:

> "I do not seek to canonize him as a saint or exalt him as a demigod. He was neither; such ranks do not belong to me. He doubtless had his faults; at least this I assume, for he was a man, and *there is none perfect—no*

not one; but he was a Christian and a gentleman. He made mistakes and errors as have done the great and the small, the good and the bad, the wise and the foolish; but benignity beamed in his countenance, charity was in his heart and in his hands, and if none threw stones save those who had lesser faults than he, stones would lie still and hands hang down. In the sum of his qualities there was a noble aspect, a genial influence, a friendly attractiveness, an upward and onward exhortation. There was also a subtle magnetism—a nameless something that drew men to him, and made good women honor and love him. He loved his fellowmen; there was the true touchstone of his nature. He said all he could to cheer them; he did the best he could to serve them. This to my understanding is what is meant by true glory."

MISS KATE ROWLAND.

Miss Kate Mason Rowland, the author of several historical works, a loyal daughter of the Confederacy, died in Richmond, Va., June 28th, 1916, seventy-seven years of age.

Miss Rowland was the daughter of Major Isaac S. and Mrs. Catherine Armistead (Mason) Rowland. She spent her early girlhood in Detroit, Mich., coming with her family to "The Cottage," on Seminary Hill, near Alexandria, where they lived until forced by the War between the States to move to Richmond. Here she often nursed the soldiers with her aunt, Miss Emily Mason, and became so wrapped up in Confederate work that thenceforth it was the one object and interest of her life.

Not only was Miss Rowland beloved by the soldiers, but she contributed valuable Confederate articles to magazines, edited "The Diary of Julian Le Grand, of New Orleans," and was an authority on Southern history, as well as on genealogy. As a genealogist she was an authority widely sought.

Her works on "The Life of George Mason" and "The Life of Charles Carroll of Carrollton" and other books are considered invaluable contributions to the history of those times. She contributed in recent years to the Southern Woman's Magazine and other publications.

Relative Became Governor.

Miss Rowland was the great grand-daughter of Thompson Mason, brother of George Mason. She with her aunt, Miss Emily Mason, and her uncle, Stephens Thompson Mason, formed an interesting trio. Her uncle was appointed governor of Michigan when it was a territory. He was then about twenty years old. Michigan became a State within his term of office. He immediately resigned, saying he had no right to the position

after the State had the right to vote. He was unanimously elected by the people and was so useful as a governor and so well remembered that a few years ago a handsome monument was erected to him in Detroit.

Miss Emily Mason was a devoted worker for the Confederate soldiers and nursed in a large hospital known as Camp Winder. The soldiers she had nursed were so grateful that after the war they presented to her a sum of money with which she purchased a home, "Westwood," in Maryland. She devoted herself to the education of Southern girls after the war.

LEADER IN U. D. C. WORK.

Miss Kate Mason Rowland began the United Daughters of the Confederacy movement in several cities and held several offices in this work. She was an enthusiastic worker in every Southern organization with which she was identified. She received the degree of LL. D. from William and Mary College last month. She was the only woman in Virginia to ever receive such a degree from a college in this State.

Miss Rowland was a member of the Virginia Historical Society for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities, the Confederate Memorial Literary Society, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Thomas J. (Stonewall) Jackson Corporation, and other organizations. She is survived by a nephew, Stephens Thompson Mason, a prominent lawyer of Detroit, and other relatives.

THE FAILURE OF THE CONFEDERACY—WAS IT A BLESSING?

Rev. J. H. McNEILLY, D. D., in the "Confederate Veteran."

THE REASON FOR GRATITUDE.

The grounds upon which we are called to be thankful for the success of the Union and the failure of the Confederacy are mainly reducible to three. They are: (1) The abolition of slavery; (2) the overthrow of the doctrine of State sovereignty, involving the right of secession; and (3) the wonderful material development of the South. The first is moral and social the second is political and civic; the third is economic and industrial. And it is assumed that each of these is a real blessing to the whole country and that none of them could have been realized if the Confederate States had been successful.

We shall, therefore, consider these consequences of the war as accomplished facts and examine the question whether they are really the blessings they are held to be, and especially whether they are blessings sufficient to compensate for the cost of them. And we shall also consider the probable effect of Confederate success on the condition of the negro, on the relations of the State to the general government, and on the development of the resources of the South; also the effect on the character of the people of the South.

WAS EMANCIPATION BEST?

By Northern and British writers and speakers the emancipation of the negroes is emphasized with endless glorification as the grandest and most beneficial result of the war. It is considered as a moral, political, and economic blessing, which re-

moved a stain from our civilization, a curse from our life and character, and a hindrance to our prosperity.

For the negro it is claimed that he is delivered from a cruel and unjust bondage which degraded his nature and treated him as a brute. And it is said that now he is free to develop his manhood as he may choose, a right justly due every human being.

For the white man it is claimed that he is relieved of a great burden of responsibility and from the constant temptation to oppress a weaker race and, above all, that he is delivered from a system sinful and demoralizing in its nature.

Now, in considering the benefits, real or imaginary, of emancipation, we are not dealing with slavery as it has existed among other peoples and as enslaving other races. But we are dealing with the slavery of the negro as he was part and parcel of a domestic system and as he was held to service by a white race of high Christian character. While there were cruel and unjust masters, they were the exceptions; and while there were features of the system that allowed cruelty and hardship, yet the effort was general to mitigate these evils. We are to remember too that the harsh features of the system were exaggerated by prejudice and falsehoods often uttered by those whose own sections maintained a system of so-called free labor more oppressive and degrading than was ever known in the South.

Still every candid Southern man will freely admit that there were serious evils connected with the system and that the best condition for a human being who is fitted to exercise it is liberty, and the desire for liberty is one of the noblest sentiments of man's heart. None were more anxious than many slaveholders to remedy the evils and to make the bondage a blessing to the slaves.

But the question that pressed upon the South when emancipation was urged as the remedy was complicated by conditions. Were the evils so inherent in the system that they could be eradicated only by destroying the system itself? Could the natural desire for freedom be met and satisfied only by freeing the

negroes absolutely from all control by a master? Considering the nature of the negro, could his highest and best characteristics be best developed in freedom rather than in some form of subjection to the white man? On the other hand, would emancipation as demanded by the abolitionists bring with it greater evils to both races than a system of slavery with the confessed evils eliminated? Would it be possible for two races as widely different as Anglo-Saxon and Ethiopian to live together on terms of political equality under the same government without a constant war of races? The whole question of the relationship of the two races was one of the most difficult ever presented to a Christian people. And it was a question not to be solved by appeal to general principles of abstract right; but it required consideration of actual conditions for which we of the South were not responsible, conditions which were brought about by the action of the North as much as of the South and inherited by us.

The problem was far more momentous for the South than for the North. If the negroes were emancipated, they would necessarily remain in the South as a mass, and their numbers would bear a very considerable proportion to the number of whites. Admitted to equal political privileges, they would not only threaten the supremacy of the white race in the government, but they would imperil the civilization and material progress of the country. It would be exceedingly difficult to preserve purity in public and official life, for which the South had been noted, and at the same time to secure to the inferior race all the rights, privileges, and development to which it would be entitled as partaker of a common humanity. For this mass of ignorant negroes would be the ready tool of the demagogue and the corruptionist.

ABOLITION AGITATION.

This was the problem that required for its solution all the wisdom, firmness, patience, and kindness that could be exercised by the men of both sections. But the Puritan conscience of New England has accepted a theory of human rights which

regarded slavery as "the sum of all villainies," a heinous sin against God and a crime against man. There began in that section and was carried on a crusade of the bitterest abuse of slaveholders, of vituperation and calumny against the institution of domestic slavery in the South. Yet New England traders had been the most active agents in introducing slavery in America in the early history of the country. Of course this bitterness aroused resentment, and it became impossible to settle the questions involved in the calm light of reason, and the result was the most terrible war of modern times and the abolition of slavery. It is complacently claimed that half a century of emancipation has shown that the fears and hesitancy of the Southern people were all unfounded and that the evils of freedom for the negro were imaginary. Indeed, it is held that the freeing of the negroes and the removal of the "curse of slavery" from the country justified all the sacrifice of life and treasure which the war cost and that the sufferings and humiliations of the South as a consequence of emancipation were the just punishment for its sin in holding human beings in bondage.

Is it demonstrated that the apprehensions of Southern men were foolish excuses for their holding on to their slaves? The end is not yet. Confessedly the negro problem is still one of the most portentous ever faced by any people. And while every lover of his country will pray for a safe and just solution, yet I believe that Puritan fanaticism has by the success of the Union armies placed the South over a volcano which may explode at any time and hurl forth its fiery lava streams and its poisonous gases to spread over and destroy the last traces of our kindly civilization and desolate our fair land with the horrors of a war of races. Or. more terrible still, it may result in the degeneracy of the white race by mingling its blood with the inferior race, which would be the legitimate outcome of the fanatical theory of rights.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S INTERPRETATION.

As to the true interpretation of God's purpose in the war and in our defeat, it is held by the abolitionists that Mr. Lin-

coln expressed it most clearly in his second inaugural. In that address with rather hysterical rhetoric the President said: "If all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk and every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said: 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'"

This charge that the wealth of the South was the fruit of the unpaid labor of the negroes was one of the oft-repeated indictments of our system of slavery. Yet a New England author of ability, a professor in a great university, who quotes this utterance with approval, has the candor to say in another part of his book: "A very considerable portion of free laborers have never been able to earn more money or to acquire more property than is demanded by the actual and pressing needs of daily existence common to all mankind—the need of food, clothes, and lodging. Now, there can be no question that in return for their services the Southern slaves generally had these needs supplied. They were fed, they were clothed, they were lodged. What is more, they were lodged, fed, and clothed, to all appearances, rather better than they could have lodged, fed, and clothed themselves on any wages which they could have earned." (Prof. Barret Wendel's "Liberty, Union, and Democracy," pages 154, 307. Scribner's.)

I believe that a fair examination would show that no working class the world over was better paid for unskilled labor. Several years ago, while on a visit in Belfast, Ireland, I was entertained by a noted abolitionist. He asked me to tell him what the negroes had to eat and to wear. When I told him, he seemed astonished and said: "No common laborers in this country are so well provided for." I had occasion also on my travels in Europe to see something of the mode of living and the general lack of comfort among the peasantry, especially in Southern Europe, and it was my conviction that the slaves of the South never lived so poorly. A negro would have starved on the wages of these laborers in Italy.

WHAT HAS EMANCIPATION DONE FOR THE NEGRO?

Nearly half a century has passed since Mr. Lincoln issued the Emancipation Proclamation, which was welcomed by the abolitionists as a long-delayed act of justice to a downtrodden and cruelly oppressed race. The result of the war confirmed the Proclamation and placed in the South four millions of citizens whose only means of support was their daily labor, and the only constraint that had required and directed that labor was removed. The freedman was at liberty to work or not at his own sweet will; and, like children, their will was oftener to play than to work. Their condition, of course, appealed to the heart of philanthropy, and throughout the North there was a sincere desire to help and an honest effort to fit the new citizens for citizenship.

Unfortunately, the prevailing type of philanthropy sought to compensate the negro for his long years of "unrequited toil," and so made him feel that, as his labor had made the wealth of the South, he was entitled to possess it without further "toil." There was much of this philanthropy that had ears only for the extravagant falsehoods about the horrors of slavery, but had no eyes to see nor tears to shed over the injustice and oppression in the mines and mills of the North, making white women and children more abject and miserable slaves than negroes had ever been. And as a consequence the Southern people, who were best fitted to help the freedman, were treated as enemies to him, and they also came to look on all Northern philanthropy as only hypocrisy.

Under these conditions let us note what has been done. The political benefactors of the negro gave him the ballot and secured for him theoretical equality and civil rights under the laws. This has been supplemented by large and much-heralded gifts in money by Northern men for educational purposes. They have also taught him that they are the saints and his best friends and that he is their equal socially. They for a long time from a distance coddled him with their tender solicitude for his rights.

Some even went so far as to hope for the day when "black heels should trample on the necks of haughty Southern white people." In a word, the victorious North, trying for years to compensate the negro for imaginary wrongs, would bestow on him, even force on him, without regard to his fitness or capacity, every right and privilege which the white man enjoys.

On the other hand, the Southern States have shown themselves real friends by expending over one hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars on the education of the negro, and that money was raised by taxes freely levied on themselves by an impoverished people. While they have resisted with indignation any assertion of social equality or intermingling of races and are determined that the political control of the government shall be in the hands of white men, yet they have given the negroes every facility for work and for gaining property.

RESULTS.

What have been the results on the condition and character of the negroes as a race? Has their physical and moral improvement been commensurate with the vast sums spent on them by philanthropy and by legal enactment? The half century of freedom has been a period of wonderful advancement, of achievements in the arts and sciences, in discoveries and inventions, of marvelous progress in wealth and material prosperity. This is very marked in the South, and it is largely attributed to the deliverance of white and black from the "curse" of negro slavery. It is assumed that it could never have come to us if the Confederacy had succeeded.

Far be it from me to imagine what many negroes have accomplished or to question the sincerity of the efforts made by Northern people in their behalf. I can rejoice in the educational facilities that have been provided, and I can honor the work of such leaders of their people as Booker Washington and W. H. Councill. But the question is, Are they as a race as well off physically, morally, and spiritually as they were in slavery? And would the actual benefits that have come to indi-

viduals not have come to the race under the conditions established by the success of the Confederacy? It seems to me that the vast majority have not shared the material advantages of the new order and are not as comfortable physically as they were under the old system of "unrequited toil."

It cannot be truthfully charged that this backwardness is due to the Southern white man's unfair dealing with or oppression of the negro; for it is notorious that the doors of opportunity to make a living are more open to the negro in the South than they are in the North, and there has been no bar to any decent, industrious negro gaining and owning as much property as he can honestly gain. Moreover, the disposition of our people to help the weaker and backward race has been shown in their refusal to cut down the appropriations for negro schools to the amount of taxes paid by the negroes themselves.

LEGAL RIGHTS.

Much is made of the fact that certain rights are guaranteed now to the negro by the law of the land. Civil rights bills, constitutional amendments, are emphasized as evidences of race progress. But it is true everywhere, North as well as South, that when two widely different races live under the same laws, whatever rights the law may accord the weaker, it can actually exercise these rights only as the stronger will allow, and in any case of conflict the weaker is helpless. The dealings of the white man of the United States with the Indians is a case in point. No treaty nor legal enactment has prevented the paleface from appropriating the red man's lands on his own terms. I do not say it is right; but it is a fact.

Now in the case of the negro the law of the land has supplanted the old relations; and the fact that he stands as an equal before the law seems to release the white man from the higher law of *noblesse oblige,* which was largely recognized by the slaveholder in the former days. Then cruelty to helpless and dependent negroes was counted dishonorable and cowardly, and public opinion condemned it. Moreover, the higher law that

exacted kindness to the weak was re-enforced by the sentiments of affection subsisting between master and servant.

Now the tendency of the present generation of negroes is to look upon the Southern white man as an enemy and to assert their rights aggressively, if not insolently, being too often put up to it by politicians or pseudo-philanthropists. One must recognize the danger when race prejudice is aggravated by contempt on one side and hatred on the other.

SPIRITUAL CONDITIONS.

But whatever may be the material results of emancipation, a more important question is, What has been its effect on the character and spiritual condition of the race? I believe that, however great may be the evils of man's earthly condition, whether as slave or as freedman, there is a remedy in the application of the principles of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. If his Spirit control, whether white man or black, it is the power to solve difficulties and bring harmony between races.

But here the difficulties are multiplied and the questions complicated by the defects of the religious teachings and influences which direct the spiritual life of the negro. Believing that spiritual interests are of chief importance to the real welfare of any race or people, we inquire whether the negro has been helped or harmed spiritually by emancipation. Has his character in the sight of God been elevated or depressed by the religious instruction and training he has received as a freeman? Is he a higher type of man now than he was as a slave? It is true that probably one-third of the race are members of their own Churches; and as a rule, and naturally, they prefer the ministrations of their own preachers, however ignorant, to the service of Southern white ministers.

I recognize with thankfulness that many of their religious leaders are men of piety and learning, and I believe that we, the Southern whites, should do all we can for the spiritual progress of the mass of the negroes. But the question we are consider-

ing is, Was emancipation best for their spiritual interests? And if the Confederacy had succeeded, would not those interests have been better cared for? While there are many sincere Christians among them whose lives are consistent, yet generally the profession of religion with them has small influence on their lives and characters. The tendency to return to the dark superstitions and the strange rites of their barbarous ancestors seems to be marked where they are left to their own exercise of their religious ideals and are separated most from the influence and contact with the white people.

THE OLD-TIME RELIGION.

In the thirty or forty years just before the war the negroes had the ministrations of able white ministers on the great plantations and in the families of their masters. The Southern Churches of all denominations recognized their responsibility for the spiritual instruction and training of the slaves, and as a consequence the system of plantation missions of the Methodist Church from 1829 to 1865 led probably a million slaves to Christ as a Saviour. Other Churches were diligent in the same work, the Baptist Church and the Methodist Church at the close of the war having each about a quarter of a million communicants. The amount expended by the white people of the South in this period for negro evangelization was about four millions of dollars. The present generation of the South seem ignorant of what was done by their fathers for the bringing of the slaves to Christianity. It is probable that the real spiritual condition of the half a million slave communicants was superior to that of the three millions of freedmen Church members of to-day, with the wild orgies and superstitious rites of so many of them.

There is no doubt in the mind of the Southerner who knew the old order that in the elements that go to make high and true character the present generation of negroes, with their pertness, conceit, idleness, shirking of responsibility, lack of trustworthiness, is distinctly inferior to the old-time slave, with his affection for his "white folks," his pride in the family of which he was

a part, his faithfulness to a trust, his loyalty and devotion to the interests of the family, his instinctive sense of propriety, and his fine manners. The "mammies" and "daddies," the "uncles" and "aunties" of those days deserved all the confidence and affection given them by every member of the household.

As a general rule, the slavery of the South was a life of patriarchal simplicity, with contentment and peace, free from the sharp competitions of trade and the struggle for a living. I seriously doubt if any advantage of freedom as now exercised, with its anxiety for food and raiment and shelter, can compensate for the loss of the old-time relationship. Now it is jealousy and suspicion, breaking out in frequent conflicts with assassinations and lynchings.

PRESENT CONDITIONS.

Emancipation is an accomplished fact, and there is no desire on the part of the Southern people to reduce the negroes to bondage again even if such a thing were possible. The theory of liberty or of human rights which the abolitionists asserted as a ground for emancipation triumphed. That triumph forced on the country the most difficult and dangerous of all political and social questions, the adjustment of the relations of two races as widely different in physical, mental, and moral characteristics as it is possible for human persons to be.

After all the years of endeavor and the trying of all kinds of nostrums, constitutional amendments, military interference, educational foundations, Church amalgamation, the Northern people, who are honest and who assumed to be the divinely appointed guardians of the negro, are beginning to realize their failure; and after having forced the issue on the South, after deceiving the negro with their false professions of love for him, after filling his mind with false ideas of his rights, after teaching him that as the ward of the nation he was entitled to a support, after destroying his confidence in the Southern white man, they now complacently announce that it is the South's problem, and it is magnanimously turned over to her to settle.

We should be glad to have the intermeddling cease and to address ourselves to the question. But there are two influences that refuse to keep their hands off. One is the Puritan conscience that insists on its theory of liberty and human rights being preserved intact; the other is the Northern politician to whom the negro vote is a political asset that must under no circumstances be eliminated; and to both the Fifteenth Amendment is the sum of righteous philosophy and the palladium of political liberty. Between them they have taught the masses a theory of liberty which is the source of the anarchy that is growing all over our land.

Surely we have no reason to rejoice that the triumph of the Union armies freed the negroes and laid upon us these dangerous and difficult questions to settle.

DESTRUCTION OF STATE SOVEREIGNTY.

A second result of the war for which we are expected to be thankful was the destruction of the sovereignty of the States, with its necessary consequence, the right of a State to secede from the Union when she judged that to be the only remedy for the violation of her rights. This right of secession had been time and again asserted and threatened by New England before the war, and it was claimed as a protection against alleged Southern aggressions. Yet when the war came on and ever since the action of the Southern States in seceding has been denounced in unmeasured terms of abuse by all classes in the North, from politicians to preachers, by teachers, poets, historians, essayists, editors, orators, as a wicked and causeless rebellion, an attempt on "the life of the nation," an effort to destroy "the best government the world ever saw," and to cause "government of the people, by the people, and for the people to perish from the earth."

Unquestionably the triumph of the Union forces and the overthrow of the Confederacy established the Federal government as the ultimate authority in any controversy as to the

rights of the States against the central government or against each other. And in accepting the arbitrament of war the South surrendered the right of secession. She bowed to superior force and became part of a nation rather than of a federated republic. And we are told that this victory of centralization is a blessing to the South as well as to the whole country.

THE ORIGINAL PLAN OF THE UNION.

It is said that the war settled the interpretation of the Constitution on a point that had been in dispute since the foundation of the government—that is, whether a State was to be the ultimate judge of the remedy for a violation of its rights by either the central or the other State governments or that the central government must decide whether rights have been violated and what is the remedy. Now, as a fact, that point was never in dispute until long after the adoption of the Constitution, when certain sectional interests found that they could best promote their power by insisting on the centralizing theory, which was always repudiated by the South.

If there is any historical statement true beyond question, it is that the fathers and founders of the republic and the framers of its Constitution intended strictly to limit the sphere and powers of the central government and to guard most carefully the rights of the States. The Federal government was the agent of the States for the purpose of carrying out the terms of the compact which constituted them a Union. The Constitution was the bond of union, and it defined the powers granted to the agent with the express stipulation that all powers not granted were reserved to the States. In the convention that framed the Constitution the debates turned largely on the relations of the Federal to the State government, and the fear was great of a centralized authority that should ultimately encroach on the rights of the States and deprive them of their autonomy. This fear caused several of the States to hesitate long before adopting the Constitution. New York and Virginia made it a condition of entering the Union that they could secede if they found that

their interests demanded it, and North Carolina and Rhode Island remained out of the Union for a considerable time after its establishment between the other States.

It is true that Daniel Webster in his great debates with Hayne and Calhoun, in 1832-33, denied that the Union was a compact, and he was by the North acclaimed the victor in those great debates and dubbed "Expounder of the Constitution." Yet nearly twenty years after, he acknowledged his error, and his latest biographer, Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, declares that the force of the argument was with his great opponents, thus confessing that each State adopted the Constitution as a distinct, separate sovereign party to a compact between the States which granted the Federal government as their agent certain portions of their sovereignty. And it could only exercise sovereignty in the limited sphere which they granted it. But lo, the change! As a result of the war and of a long series of encroachments the Federal government has become supreme, and the State can only exercise such sovereign powers as it may allow to them.

The South resisted these encroachments, and she fought for the Constitution as it was orginally adopted and for the rights of all the States. She was defeated, and her defeat meant a radical revolution in the nature of our government from a Federal republic to a centralized nation. And this fact is recognized by the Northern speakers and writers generally, who emphasize and glory in the fact that this is a nation. It reminds one of the demand of the children of Israel three thousand years ago for a king that their distinct tribes might be "like all the nations." (1 Samuel viii.) And it may profit us to read the warning of the ancient prophet who foretold the oppressions to which the centralized power would subject the people.

Before we boast of the change that has been accomplished with us, we should remember that the history of liberty shows it in constant conflict with centralized power. When our armies surrendered, we accepted in good faith the new government that was forced upon us, and we have been and are loyal to it as that which in the providence of God is now the established civil and

lawful government, and it is our duty to labor for its peace and prosperity. But when the Confederate flag was furled in defeat it was the winding sheet of the republic of the fathers.

A ROPE OF SAND.

It has been objected to the theory of State sovereignty and the right of secession that it makes the government a rope of sand; that if each State has the right to determine for itself what are radical and fundamental violations of the compact and also what is the only remedy even to the point of seceding, then the Union would be dissolved at the whim or caprice of any State which imagined it had a grievance. But what we are asserting is not that there was no danger of friction; only this was the theory or the plan that was actually adopted, and on the faith of this theory of State sovereignty the States entered the Union. If they exercised the right and did secede, there was no authority to coerce them to remain in the Union. And while encroachments by the Federal government or violations of the compact by the State justified secession, the attempt to coerce was a deliberate trampling underfoot of the Constitution.

Yet as an actual fact the prosperity of the country in every line until the war was the wonder of the world, and the government was controlled by States' rights men. The denial of the original theory of the Constitution as a compact between sovereign States has been the fruitful source of aggressions on the rights of the States. If the general government and the States had thoroughly recognized that violations of the sovereign rights of any State would result in the withdrawal of that State from the Union and that each State was the ultimate judge to determine when secession would be justified, then there would have been greater care to avoid even the semblance of violations. And, on the other hand, in the very nature of the case, secession would be the last remedy resorted to. Only when its grievances became unbearable, its rights persistently denied, and the advantages of Union nullified by injustice would any State with-

draw, and that because there was no other way to preserve its honor and its rights—indeed, its life.

This was the point to which the Southern people had come. They had submitted to aggression of the central government, to flagrant denial of their constitutional rights by the Northern States, to abuse, misrepresentation, and denunciation by a large number of the Northern people. They had seen a sectional party organized on the platform of opposition to their social and domestic life and system of labor and pledged to deny them equal rights in the territories gained largely by their valor and statesmanship. They saw that party grow in power until it controlled the Northern States and under forms of law gained control of the central government by the election of a sectional President. They felt that submission had reached the limit, and the only remedy was to withdraw from a Union which had become a menace to their dearest rights.

That they did not misunderstand the purpose of the party in power is evident from the honors paid to the memory of John Brown, who was hanged for invading the State of Virginia and striving to arouse the slaves to insurrection. There was mourning, with draped churches, in many Northern communities the day he was hanged. His execution was compared to Christ's crucifixion. During the war the Union soldiers chanted his dirge as they marched through the South, pillaging and burning as they marched. After the war the bodies of his associates were disinterred and buried with the honors of war by United States soldiers, by order of Mr. Root, Secretary of War in Mr. McKinley's Cabinet. John Brown's home was made by the State of New York a shrine of patriotism, and President McKinley was present at the dedication. The State of Kansas dedicated a park to his memory at Osawatomie, the scene of some of his abolition outrages. Ex-President Theodore Roosevelt was the orator of the occasion and glorified the murderer and assassin as a hero entitled to the nation's gratitude.

Under all the circumstances, to ask the Southern people to rejoice in the dishonor done to their States is to ask them to

stultify themselves and to acknowledge that the fathers of the republic were lacking in wisdom and patriotism in reserving sovereignty to the States. It is asking us to confess that the abolitionists were right in refusing to be bound by the Constitution and in denying the equality of the Southern States.

THE COURTS AS ARBITRATORS.

It is claimed that State sovereignty was not abolished by the war; but only the Supreme Court of the United States was made the final judge of the complaint of any State against the general government and of the remedy instead of the State itself being the judge. And so it is held that sovereignty remains to the States in the sphere reserved to them originally—that is, in all local matters. But the question comes at once, when a controversy arises as to what interests are purely local, Who is to settle it? The answer is, The United States Supreme Court. But that is simply a branch of the Federal government, and it thus turns out that one of the parties to a compact is the sole final judge of the terms, meaning, and application of the compact. Thus by a decree of a Federal court the Federal government can interfere in a State's local affairs. As a fact, the machinery of a State government has been stayed or suspended by the mandate of a Federal judge, and the United States Supreme Court can set aside the decree of a State Supreme Court on a claim of Federal jurisdiction. It is idle to talk of State sovereignty when there is above it a power which can determine when or whether that sovereignty shall be exercised.

But there are cases wherein great injustice may be done to certain States by the action of the Federal government, and yet the Supreme Court cannot interfere or act in the premises. A territory may have every qualification for Statehood, and yet a partisan majority in Congress may refuse to grant it for political or partisan reasons. Or a territory may lack every qualification for admission as a State, and yet Congress may grant Statehood to meet some partisan exigency. This state of things has occurred. The celebrated Missouri Compromise was the uncon-

stitutional condition on which that great State could enter the Union as a slave State; and Nevada, a mining camp, a mere pocket borough, was admitted in 1864 to all the privileges of Statehood with a population less than forty thousand. Yet what power could force Congress to do justice in either case?

MR. JEFFERSON'S FEARS.

Thomas Jefferson was, among the fathers of the republic, the great apostle of States' rights. He expressed the gravest apprehension of danger to our form of government from the encroachments of the Federal judiciary as the most insidious peril to which it would be exposed. It is a matter of history that the centralizing theories of Jefferson's brilliant rival, Alexander Hamilton, received their most effective support from the decisions of our greatest chief justice, John Marshall, who was a Federalist.

Indeed, it has been freely charged that the party of centralization, which has been in power most of the time since the war, has been greatly aided in its efforts by Supreme Court decisions which were secured by executive appointment of judges known to favor the largest extension of Federal authority. In recent times President Roosevelt and his able Secretary of State, Mr. Root, have intimated in public speeches that State opposition to any policy contrary to its rights can be set aside by means of the Supreme Court's interpretation of the Constitution. This means that the court makes the law.

It is said that the supreme judges, as they are appointed for life and are independent of political changes, are impartial and would hold the balance fairly between conflicting claims of Federal and State jurisdiction. But history of the judiciary both in England and in the United States shows that where political questions are at issue the judges are apt to be influenced by the interests of the political party appointing them. In the disgraceful rape of the Presidency in 1877, which trampled on the rights of three Southern States—Louisiana, South Carolina

and Florida—the electoral commission which seated Mr. Hayes was composed of members of the Senate, of the House of Representatives, and of the Supreme Court, and in every case each question that came up was decided by a strictly partisan vote, and the judges went with their party associates.

DEVOTION TO STATES' RIGHTS NOT ENMITY TO UNION.

The most devoted advocates of States' rights were not enemies of the Union. On the other hand, they believed that a strict observance of the limits of the Federal authority as prescribed by the Constitution and insistence on the reserved rights of the States was the only effective way to preserve a Union worth having—a Union adapted to the administration of government over such wide and diversified territory, such varied interests, and such differing populations as the United States; a Union that would secure equality of political rights for the States against the irresponsible tyranny of a fanatical popular majority which might seek to oppress any State or section.

It has been the fashion with writers of the New England school to characterize the great South Carolina statesman, John C. Calhoun, as the archenemy of the Union, and some even charge him with conspiring for its overthrow even while they admit his honesty and personal purity. Yet his assertion of State sovereignty was inspired by love for the Union as much as by his desire to protect his State from unjust legislation by a factional majority in Congress.

The difference between Mr. Webster and Mr. Calhoun was shown in the different order in which they expressed their views of duty to the country. Mr. Webster said, "The Union and the Constitution"; Mr. Calhoun said, "The Constitution and the Union."

NEW ENGLAND'S DISLOYALTY.

It is one of the ironies of history that the section which has been in recent years loudest in its boast of loyalty to the Union

and in its denunciation of States' rights was the first to assert the doctrine and invoke its protection when it believed its material interests were imperiled by the act of the Federal government. The Louisiana Purchase in 1803 was opposed with the threat of secession by the New England States. The War of 1812 with England, called our second war of independence, aroused such feeling against the general government that not only did New England governors refuse to furnish their quota of troops, but the notorious Hartford Convention, which, according to the testimony of John Quincy Adams, was planning a dissolution of the Union, failed of its further sitting only because of the close of the war. Again, when war with Mexico was declared, the same John Quincy Adams wrote that it was just ground for a dissolution of the Union; and in 1845 the legislature of Massachusetts indorsed his position by official action, asserting her sovereignty.

Yet when South Carolina interposed her authority as a severeign State to protect her people against the unjust and oppressive tariff measures of 1832, she was denounced by the New England States as guilty of treason. President Jackson's intense love for the Union was used to advance New England's interest against the South with threats of force to coerce a sovereign State, and war was averted only by a modification of the objectionable measures. To this day Northern writers and speakers tell of South Carolina's backdown and glorify Jackson's patriotism, although the truth is that there was no backdown, and the President trampled on the principles of his own party.

Surely it comes with poor grace from Northern people to condemn South Carolina as the enemy of the Union when many of their States, especially those of New England origin, passed personal liberty bills intended to nullify not merely an act of Congress, but one of the plainest provisions of the Constitution. Yet by a perversion of history and deliberate concealment of facts New England is held up as the pattern of loyalty to our "glorious Union."

CONSENT OF THE GOVERNOR.

The defeat of the Confederate States and their enforced submission to the government of the United States was the setting aside and subversion of one of the foundation principles on which the Union was originally constructed. That principle was distinctly announced in the Declaration of Independence as a justification of the secession of the colonies from the mother country. It is thus expressel: "All men are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. To secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. Whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it and to institute a new government, laying its foundations on such principles and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."

Now, there is no fact more certain than that the secession of the Southern States was the free act of the vast majority of their citizens, who had become satisfied that their most sacred rights were imperiled and would be denied by the Federal government administered by a party which was put in power by the votes of a section of the country and that party avowedly hostile to the institutions and the real interest of the South. They solemnly and formally wihdrew their consent to the Federal compact and repudiated the authority of the United States government, and they in the same open and formal manner instituted another government which would protect them in all their rights.

Yet by brute force of overwhelming numbers and resources, in direct violation of the Constitution, the United States government compelled them, after the most heroic resistance, to submit to an authority which they felt to be tyrannical, unjust, and oppressive. Then came the period of Reconstruction, which denied any right to the Southern States to a voice in govern-

ment, a depotism as cruel as that of Russia over Poland, and to-day the States originally sovereign have only such rights as the Federal government allows them.

NATION VERSUS FEDERATION.

The controversy between the sections was as to the nature of the government established by the Constitution. The one contended for a consolidated nation with centralized power supreme in authority over the whole country; the other claimed a federated republic of sovereign States with a central government of strictly limited authority and power.

The national idea conquered, and we are told that we should be thankful that we are a nation in the fullest sense, not only as distinct from other nations, but in the concentration of supreme power in the central government. And we are told that this is best for the protection and development of our people, as we can bring all the resources of the nation to bear on the great enterprises which modern life and progress demand. We are told that this is the unifying of the people, whereas State sovereignty tended to separate them.

Without going into a discussion of the merits of the two systems, we may note the fact that unchecked power always tends to oppression; that it is easy to get the aid of a consolidated power for the unjust advancement of individual interests; that instead of unifying, this concentration tends to divide the people into classes, each of which seeks the control of government; that, therefore, its tendency is to foster graft and corruption. We have only to look at the facts to see these tendencies illustrated and realized. We have a tariff dictated by the commercial or manufacturing interests and working for the benefit of the few who have by means of it accumulated vast wealth. We have a pension system which makes Congress bow to the demands of the old soldier vote and which has since the war taken over four thousand millions of dollars from the people and which is a promoter of gigantic frauds. We have the camps of capital and labor arrayed against each other and an economic

tyranny that makes slaves of multitudes of laborers, their wives and children. We see an army of tramps in a land where before the war a tramp was a curiosity. We see the unequal and unjust distribution of our national wealth. All of which may well make us ask, Is the unchecked power of a centralized nation a blessing?

THE SOUTH'S MATERIAL PROGRESS.

A third ground on which we are asked to rejoice in the defeat of the Confederacy is the wonderful development of the South's material resources since the war and the consequent great increase in wealth. It is claimed that this progress is the results of the substitution of free for slave labor and the establishment of the supremacy of the central government unhindered by interference of the State authority.

There has been, no doubt, a vast increase of wealth attending the revolution in our economic system and the introduction of commerce and manufacture instead of the old, almost exclusive, devotion to agriculture, and of course there has been also large increase in the appliances for comfortable living. But we may well doubt that this has been brought about by emancipation and centralization rather than by the action of world-wide forces acting in all civilized countries and which would have brought about the same results under the old order in the South.

No one will deny that temporal and material prosperity is a legitimate object of pursuit. The eagerness with which men universally seek after wealth is a natural desire, indicating that it may be a great blessing in adding to human happiness and increasing man's effectiveness for good. But the earnestness and frequency of our Saviour's warnings against the perils of riches show that they may become a curse both to the individual and to society. They may be won at the sacrifice of far higher interests, and they may foster evils far worse than poverty. Not vain is the solemn question: "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Rome was greater in the days of her poverty, struggling for her right to be a

nation, than when the nations poured their treasures into her lap as mistress of all the world. Little Holland's tragic conflict for existence against the mightiest empire of the world has stirred the admiration and inspired the emulation of men for three centuries. She had the same problems after gaining her independence that our own country had—a contest between centralized power and States' rights. Centralization won. But who would honor her in the luxury of her wealth rather than in the days of her poverty and sacrifice, when her treasures were men rather than gold and silver and costly merchandise?

History emphasizes the teaching of Revelation that there are higher values for a people than earthly possessions and that abundant riches may be the ruin of a nation. That which makes a State great is not the magnificence of luxury, not splendid cities nor mighty armaments, "but men who their duties know, but know their rights and, knowing, dare maintain." It is folly and effectation to profess contempt for wealth. Yet when it is gained or used to the sacrifice of manhood, then it is contemptible.

> "Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates, and men decay."

Mere material prosperity is no proof that a cause is just or that its triumph is a blessing. Some of the most despotic and tyrannical governments have shone with all the splendors that vast wealth, elegant culture, treasures of art could bestow. Before we can determine whether wealth is a blessing, there are certain questions to be answered. By what means was that wealth gained? What was the cost of it in human toil, sacrifice, life? To what use is it applied—to whom does it minister? What is its influence on the life and character of the mass of the people? What is its effect on the social and political order, on government and society? How distributed? In estimating the real benefit that has come to the South and, indeed, to the whole country by the immense and rapid development of our material economic resources these questions must be met and answered;

and we are to consider not the immediate effect only, but the tendencies and whither they lead.

CHANGED CONDITIONS.

There can be no question that the conditions of life and labor have been radically changed, not only in the South, but in the whole country, and more completely in the South than in any other section as a result of the war; and the immense accumulation of wealth has largely affected the character of the people. To realize the greatness of the change it is needful to be reminded of the conditions in the South before the war, when the labor system embraced not only white men, but also four millions of slaves of the black race.

Before the great revolution the South was almost exclusively devoted to agriculture. In the farming States the slave population was scattered on farms of a few hundred acres and cultivated by comparatively few slaves, from five to fifty. In the planting States the plantations of cotton, tobacco, rice, and sugar covered a thousand acres or more, and the slaves were numbered often by hundreds.

It was the effort of every family claiming respectability, whether slaveholders or not, to own its own home in the land. The old Bible idea prevailed: "The profit of the earth is for all: the king himself is served by the field." (Eccles. 5:9.) The peculiar institution of domestic slavery was especially adapted to an agricultural life. There was a patriarchal flavor and simplicity about the institution that waited on the process of the seasons and that looked to and was dependent on the providential coming of the sunshine and the rain, which put that life out of touch with the rush and eager competition of the other portions of the country. There was a fine leisureliness that was mistaken for indolence. The conditions of comfort and happiness were very general among people of all classes. It was a life of industry, yet free from the strenuous striving of other sections; and it yielded a competency, but no great material

profits. There were few great fortunes, and the returns from the large plantations were hardly more than sufficient to feed and clothe the workers. There was never a more contented and care-free body of laborers than the slaves, as a general rule.

The condition of the South was constantly by Northern writers contrasted with that of the North, much to our disadvantage and to the condemnation of slavery as an economic hindrance to our progress. New England was held up to us as a shining example of what free labor, with commerce and manufacturers, could do for a community. With complacent egotism they boasted of their superior culture and sneered at our backwardness, and since the war with condescending approval, they take to themselves the chief credit for our prosperity. We are urged by these orators, who rejoice in our defeat, to follow the pattern set for us by New England, that we may reach the fullness of material success. Of course we recognize, without envy or jealousy, whatever is good or great in the history of the people of that section, who have triumphed over unfavorable conditions and have made the most of commerce and manufactures, to which they were driven by the necessities of adverse soil and climate. We recognize, too, the value and importance of the mining and manufacturing industries to the whole country for its development. We see the broadening influence of mingling with other sections and peoples in the exchange of commerce. No one would be so foolish as to deny that wealth brings comforts and opportunity for larger culture, and so may be a great blessing.

UNDEVELOPED RESOURCES.

It is true that the development of the economic resources of a country is a great benefit to its people and to the world; and this development includes not only the discovery and use of its materials of wealth, its products of field and mine and stream, but also the training of the people themselves in various lines of industry to work up these resources most effectively for the comfort and progress of all.

It is true also that immense sources of wealth in the South lay undeveloped, even untouched, because of our system of labor. That system was a fact which came to us from the action of former generations, North and South. Four millions of negroes were among us; people of a race not only different from us in native and acquired character, but tlso inferior in every quality of effective manhood. They were to be fed, clothed, housed, directed in labor, cared for in sickness. The primal law applied to them, as to every race of men: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." The negro must work for his living or become a burden and a menace to the land. He was peculiarly adapted to agriculture, especially in a climate like ours. In the existing conditions the only way to make him an effective member of the community was by a system of slavery. In other words, it was a question whether at that time the negro could earn his living in any other way than by agriculture, under the authority, control, and direction of a master. And, in spite of the constant charge of "unrequited toil," no laboring class was ever more liberally paid, as far as material wages are considered. While many negroes since emancipation have secured property, the race as a whole has not made a comfortable living for itself, and it has had the help and encouragement of the best white people of the South, as well as the gifts of the North.

If the South had been left to deal with the system unhindered by Northern interference, it might have trained the race to diversified industries and to become skilled laborers in the mechanical arts; for numbers of slaves were good carpenters, blacksmiths, bricklayers, masons, etc. Still, after nearly fifty years of freedom, comparatively few are employed in the great manufactories, and they are confined mostly to digging in the field or in the mine. But before the war the pressing need was to make a living for this vast mass of unskilled laborers, and agriculture was the easiest, if not the only, way.

THE INDEPENDENT LIFE.

Another reason for the neglect of manufacture and commerce was that the Southern people by generations of experi-

ence preferred the freedom and independence of outdoor life. The farm would always give a living, and there was in the life relief from the care and anxiety which so largely attend the life that depends on one's own skill or craft. The people of the South lived much in the open air. Their climate invited to that. They hunted and fished. Even the work of the slaves was light compared with that exacted from the white laborer of the North. So it came that the South preferred this liberty with far less wealth rather than the toil that strives for wealth by exploiting natural resources.

Now, the results of the war have changed all this. Labor is free. Manufactures flourish in the South. Our people are active in commerce. The treasures of the hills, the forests, the fields, and the streams are discovered and utilized as never before. The question comes, Are we a better and a happier people? Are these advantages in any measure offset by disadvantages which are also the results of the war? Have we purchased these great benefits at too great a price? Did the manner of this development of material resources also introduce evils that in the long run will nullify the benefits? To many it appears as if emancipation and the removal of the checks on centralized power will ultimately bring a slavery of the masses more despotic than any African slavery ever was in the South, a slavery whose yoke can be thrown off and its fetters broken by some such terrible tragedy as the French Revolution at the close of the eighteenth century.

CENTRALIZED WEALTH.

The real prosperity of a country is not so much in the accumulation of stores of wealth and in the development of its varied resources as in the equitable distribution of the means of comfortable and worthy living among the masses of the people. But as the result of the war we see vast aggregations of wealth concentrated in the hands of a few men. By their combinations they control the industries of the country. They largely own the sources of wealth and the means or tools for

their development. They own the mines, the factories, the railroads. The banking capital of the whole country is in the hands of a few; so that the census of 1890 shows that nine per cent. of the population owned seventy-one per cent. of the wealth, and sixty-three per cent. of the population owned nine per cent. of the wealth. It is probable that the disproportion is greater now. These few can dictate the wages of labor and also fix the prices of the necessities of life and so determine the cost of living. And there is to-day in various lines of industry a white slavery more grinding than the domestic slavery of the South could ever have shown. So we have the cruelties of child labor in the mills and the white slave traffic in young girls to minister to the lust of the idle rich.

To protect themselves against the combinations of wealth the toilers have organized the labor union; and while it has done much to check the despotism of capital and is a necessity for the securing of any fair wage of labor, yet its tendency is to hold its members to a slavery as tyrannical as that of its opponent, and its attitude to those who will not join it is intolerant and persecuting. Thus we are confronted with a war between capital and labor, and so the country is overrun with an army of tramps who do not work and, on the other hand, a swarm of idlers whose chief thought is how to waste the money they have not earned. When honest workmen cannot earn enough to support their families by their wages and a gathering of millionaires sit together in a palatial hotel at a $15,000 banquet to consider how they can reduce wages so as to pay dividends on watered stock, as occurred a few years ago in New York City, surely there is something radically wrong with present conditions which foster such tyranny and oppression.

When a dudish scion of wealth gives a $500 dinner for his poodle and its associate dogs, while children in the city are starving, surely we face a condition where wealth is a curse rather than a blessing. And when it is replied that these are exceptions, yet they indicate tendencies that threaten ruin. The claim is sometimes made that this immense wealth in the hands of a few men is used in large charities and in building up the

industries of the country and giving employment to labor and that the few can use it better for the general welfare. Still it is in their power at any time to oppress the masses, and the history of the world shows that unlimited power in the hands of one man or a set of men is certain to be abused. The check on the master in the days of slavery in the South was the fact that the slaves were members of the family. The institution was patriarchal, and sentiment rather than legislation was the slave's protection. But when greed for gain is the controlling motive, as it is in a commercial commonwealth, then there is no limit to the oppression that men will inffict for money. "The love of money is the root of all evil."

SPOTSYLVANIA BATTLE FIELD MARKERS.

Under the direction of a committee of which Governor Montague was the chairman, and with the aid of funds supplied by a New York gentleman, ten stones have been prepared, with suitable inscriptions to mark certain notable places connected with the War between the States, and mainly in Spotsylvania county.

Each stone is four feet in height, standing over two feet above the ground, one and one-half feet square, with one side dressed, on which is an inscription. The stones are of Fredericksburg granite and weigh about one ton each.

They were placed in position on or near the points named, and on the sides of public roads, on Thursday and Friday, August 6th and 7th.

They are as follows:

1. LEE'S HILL—BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG, DECEMBER 12, 13, 1862. (On Telegraph Road, top of hill two miles from Fredericksburg.)

2. LEE'S HEADQUARTERS—WINTER 1862-3. (On Garnett's place, Old Mine Road, two miles from Hamiltons crossing.)

3. JACKSON ON THE FIELD—DECEMBER 12, 13, 1862. (On knoll above Hamiltons crossing.)

4. STUART AND PELHAM—BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG, DECEMBER 13, 1862. (At intersection of Mine Road and River Road, in the front of Hamiltons crossing.)

5. BATTLE OF SALEM CHURCH—WILCOX AND SEDGWICK, MAY 1, 1863. (At Salem Church on Plank Road.)

6. BIVOUAC—LEE AND JACKSON, MAY 3, 1863. (At intersection of Catherine Furnace Road with Orange Plank Road. Two miles east of Chancellorsville.)

7. ARM OF STONEWALL JACKSON—MAY 3, 1863. (At burying ground at Ellwood, residence of Wm. Jones and Major J. Horace Lacy.)

8. LEE TO THE REAR, CRIED THE TEXANS—MAY 6, 1864. (On Orange Plank Road, about one mile west of crossing of Brock Road.)

9. STONEWALL JACKSON—DIED MAY 10, 1863. (On Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad, one quarter of a mile from Guinea, at the Chanler place.)

10. LEE'S HEADQUARTERS—BATTLE OF SPOTSYLVANIA COURTHOUSE, MAY 10, 11, 12, 1864. (Near the Courthouse.)

JAMES POWER SMITH,
CAPTAIN AND A. D. C.
Secretary Southern Historical Society.

MARKERS IN JEFFERSON COUNTY, WEST VIRGINIA.

A movement was started in 1910 to erect markers in the County of Jefferson, Virginia, now West Virginia, at points where battles or skirmishes took place. The means were supplied by the Jefferson County Camp of Confederate Veterans, No. 123, and by the people of the county. Twenty-five markers were erected under direction of the camp, Col. R. Preston Chew, Commander. We give some information as to the location of the markers and the affairs to which they refer, derived from a small book published by the Camp, "Military Operations in Jefferson County, Virginia and West Virginia, 1861-1866."

1. *October* 16, 1862. *Kearneysville.* Humphrey's Federal advance met by Stuart, Fitz Lee and Hampton.

2. After Gettysburg, *Butler's Woods.* Cavalry engagement, Stuart, Fitz Lee, and Chamblis resisting Federal cavalry advance by Shepherdstown.

3. On the pike, south of *Shepherdstown,* remembered for its care of sick and wounded, and furnishing Co. B. Second Virginia Infantry, and Co. F, First Virginia Cavalry.

4. *Crossing of Trough Road* and road from Shepherdstown to Harper's Ferry; Showman's Shop, Sept. 20, 1869. After Sharpsburg, A. P. Hill resisting advance of Federals under Lowell and Barnes.

5. *Moler's Cross Roads.* Advance of Federal brigades checked by Capt. Kearney, Co. D, 12th Va. Cavalry.

6. October 16, 1862, *near Urilla.* Advance of Humphrey's and Hancock, met by Stuart with Fitz Lee and Hampton Cavalry.

7. *Near Urilla Store,* Octtober 16, 1862. Pickets under Captain Kearney capture prisoners and General's Headquarters. Col. Drake, 1st Va. Cavalry, killed.

8. *Crossing of Urilla and Charles Town roads,* October 16th and 17th—Co. D, 12th Va. Cavalry.

9. *Duffields,* B. & O. R. R., July, 1864. 100 men captured by Mosby, July 25, 1864. Geo. Cook, Co. D, 12th Va. Cavalry, killed.

10. On *Leetown Road,* in front of Charles Town, under Early, Major Harry Gilmor, 19th and 20th Va. Regiments, defeated Duffie's Brigade. Col. Bell, 12th Pennsylvania Regiment; killed.

11. *Wageley's Shop,* near Leetown, August 25, 1864, Early, with Wharton and Gordon, defeated Wilson's and Menoth's Divisions of Cavalry.

12. *Smithfield,* August, 1862, Lieutenants Rouss, Baylor and Rowland, with 30 men, captured railroad train between Summit and Wader, with provisions, horses and arms.

13. *Near Summit Point,* September, 1863. Col. Harry Gilmor's fight with Somers killed, taking 23 prisoners, 29 horses.

14. *Rippon,* October 18th, 1863. Imboden capturing Charles Town, retired toward Berryville, repulsed the force following him, and taking with him eight or nine hundred prisoners of the Ninth Maryland Infantry.

15. *Myerstown,* November 17, 1864. Richards routed Blazer and 100 men, losing 30 killed and 30 prisoners.

16. *Myers Ford,* September 5, 1864. Col. Mosby and Cos. A and B, from Hillsboro, Loudoun County, crossing the Ridge by Lewis's Gap—engagement with Capt. Blazer, 91st Ohio Infantry.

17. *Kabletown,* August, 1864. Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, with brigade of cavalry and infantry, repulsed Federal advance.

18. *Chales Town,* scene of many engagements. May, 1863, Lieut. Phillpot and Captain Chew; October, 1863, Gen. J. D. Imboden; November 29, 1864, Capt. George Baylor—and again and again by Gen. T. J. Jackson.

19. *On Cooke's Hill.* Gen. Winder and the Stonewall Brigade—after defeat of Banks at Winchester.

20. *Packette Farm,* August 21, 1864. Early, McCausland, Fitz Lee defeat Sheridan.

21. *Fair Grounds, Charles Town,* October 16, 1863. Gen. T. T. Munford, with Lieut. Carter, of Chew's Battery, and Capt. B. H. Smith, of Richmond Howitzers, engagement with Federal infantry under Hancock.

22. *Harpers Ferry,* capture of, September 14, 1862, by Stonewall Jackson—surrender by Gen. Miles—11,000 prisoners, 13,000 muskets, 73 guns.

23. *Bolivar Heights,* October 16, 1861. Col. Turner Ashby.

24. *Surrender of Miles, Harpers Ferry.*

25. *Key's Switch,* March 22, 1864, Capt. George Baylor, with seven men, surprise camp of 50 cavalry, taking 13 prisoners and 26 horses.

THE LONG ARM OF LEE.

"THE LONG ARM OF LEE; OR, THE HISTORY OF THE ARTILLERY OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA." By Jennings Cropper Wise. J. P. Bell Co., Inc.

The Civil War, the War between the States, the American War, or, as the English have sometimes called it, "The War between North and South America," has not been exhausted, either as a source of inspiration of literature, reminiscence, romance, poetry, or as a subject of military study. History and biography have claimed that period as a field of research and study, and have given many valuable volumes to the library shelves.

The book which is now before us is a full and thorough history and study of one arm of the Confederate service in the noble Army of Northern Virginia. The author is not a veteran participant in the service and campaigns of which he writes, but one of the following generation, no doubt a forerunner of those who in the years to come will review the campaigns and study the literature of their fathers. He has had a most capable and valuable contact with the field artillery of the later days, and has been an enthusiastic student of the science of war, especially of ordnance and artillery. And he had a subject *con amore* when he set himself to study and write the wonderful annals of the Confederate artillery under Lee. Many times it has been said that the artillery was the most distinguished branch of the Confederate service. It certainly developed a line of illustrious officers, skillful, brilliant in initiative, persistent and indomitable in overcoming difficulties, and heroic on the field. General Lee wrote, "No class of officers in the army have learned faster or served better than the artillery." The names are many that grow in fame as the years go by—Pendleton, Alexander, Crutch-

field, Pegram, Poague, McIntosh, Cutshaw, Thompson Brown, and others—only become more familiar, and in the Horse Artillery, Pelham and Breathed and Chew and Thompson are names that will not perish in the memories of our Southern people.

Colonel Wise gives a much needed account of the beginnings and growth of the ordnance department of the army in Virginia, and of the incalculable service rendered by Gorgas and St. John and Mallet. The difficulties to be overcome, the supply of machinery, the discovery and assembling of material, and the prompt success in making ordnance and munitions of all sorts is a marvelous story, an accomplishment into which were wrought the character, abilities and personal devotion of a number of remarkable men.

While artillery, both the light field artillery at first in batteries attached to brigades of infantry, and then in battalions assigned to divisions, and the horse artillery attached to the cavalry service, is the great subject of these volumes, yet Colonel Wise has given a well-prepared study of the campaigns of the whole army. Its detail and history of the operations of the Army of Northern Virginia here given will take its place among the standard works of the Civil War in Virginia. The great campaigns of Lee in Hanover, at Chancellorsville, the Second Manassas, and Gettysburg are narrated with remarkable intelligence and rare judgment. "The Long Arm of Lee" is a most valuable addition to the literature of the war period, and a study in the science of artillery preparation and service that will attract attention as long as there is military "preparedness" among the nations. Cannot some one do a like service for the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia? J. P. S.

THE NEW MARKET CAMPAIGN.

"THE NEW MARKET CAMPAIGN—MAY, 1864." By Edward Raymond Turner, Professor of European History, University of Michigan, 12 mo. 203 pages—maps and engravings. Whittet & Shepperson, Richmond, Va.

Not for a long time have we had in our hands a contribution to war history so attractive and deeply interesting as this masterly study of the campaign in the Valley of Virginia which culminated on May 15, 1864, in the Battle of New Market. The book is well made, printed accurately in good type, and very tastefully bound with maps and illustrations, index, appendix and bibliography. In all this regard it is a model of the best in modern book making.

For various reasons, though not great in the numbers engaged, the battle of which this book is a study was one of importance in itself, and of interest and attractiveness that have grown through the nearly fifty years that have passed. The very notable skill and energy of the Confederate leader, General Breckenridge, the unity of action on the field, the courage and gallantry of officers and men of all commands, the part taken by the boys of the V. M. I. Cadet Corps, and the signal victory of the Confederate force against somewhat superior numbers, and at a time of general depression and discouragement, have combined to make the Battle of New Market an event of much historic interest, and have given it a halo of some romantic heroism.

In the latter part of the war between the sections, when the Confederate ranks were growing thin and supplies of all kind were failing, while General Lee was holding Grant in check in Hanover before Richmond, large Federal forces were closing in through Western Virginia beyond the Blue Ridge. From the

Kanawha Valley General Crook was advancing into Southwestern Virginia to seize and destroy the railroad which is now the Norfolk and Western, and to take possession of the important mines of salt and lead, with Lynchburg as his ultimate objective. General Sigel from Martinsburg on the Baltimore and Ohio Railway and Winchester was moving up the Shenandoah Valley with Staunton and the Chesapeake and Ohio as his aim. Both of these expeditions failed of entire success, but were followed in another campaign of interruption and destruction that had much to do with the final evacuation of Richmond and the falling of the curtain at Appomattox.

When the advance of Sigel up the valley became formidable and threatening, General Imboden with his small and active force, singularly made up of mounted infantry and dismounted cavalry, was reinforced by the troops from the Southwest; General John C. Breckinridge taking command of the united force with headquarters at Staunton. Moving down the Valley Turnpike, promptly and fearlessly, Breckinridge's small command of about five thousand of all arms came into conflict with the command of Sigel, or the head of his column, for much of it was not yet on the field, at New Market, on the morning of Sunday, May 15, New Market is a small town on the old turnpike in the western branch of the Shenandoah Valley, fifty miles from Staunton, and forty-eight miles from Winchester, having some strategic importance, as the road from Luray over a gap in the Massanutton Mountains here crosses the Valley Turnpike on its way to Moorefield. The engagement which lasted through the day was most vigorously fought, with changes in the lines and formations and with advancing positions until in the evening victory perched on the Battle Flag of the South and the Federal force withdrew from the whole field. It was not a great battle as to the numbers engaged, but was important in holding in check the Federal campaign for the possession of the Shenandoah Valley, of Staunton and the railroad which brought the supplies of Western Virginia to the support of Richmond and the Army of Northern Virginia. And the story is one of the most thrilling in all the narratives of minor and separate cam-

paigns. While inferior in numbers and equipment to its opposing lines, the Confederate force was most ably and skilfully handled, with the whole force brought on the field, with admirable harmony of action, with prompt obedience to orders and vigorous initiative when called for, and with much of conspicuous courage by officers and men in all parts of the action.

The general commanding, the handsome John Cabell Breckinridge, so evidently a born soldier and leader of brave men, in the midst of the battalions and batteries, directed and led with a skill and energy beyond question or criticism. With him were General Imboden of the valley and Generals Echols and Wharton from the Southwest. And under them were the Colonels, Edgar and George Smith and Derrick. With the cadet battalion was Colonel Scott Shipp, with the artillery Major McLaughlin, and on the staff Major Stoddard Johnston. Familiar and distinguished names are found throughout the Confederate force, some in office and some in the ranks of all the commands.

The part taken in this battle by the Corps of Cadets of the Virginia Military Institute has given to the whole engagement a peculiar and pathetic interest, in Virginia and the South and in the North as well.

It was a battalion of boys, numbering about 280, in four companies, too young to be enlisted in the army, suddenly called from the barracks and lecture rooms of their school, unused to the march and the field of battle, who yet after a march of more than usual exposure and fatigue went into the fire of battle with the veterans of many fields, and light and boyish as they were, weary, hungry, physically fainting, held their alignment like regulars and moved steadily forward from one position to another, leaving some dead and many wounded behind, until in the closing struggle they were in the centre of the force which charged and secured the victory that crowned the day. History will tell the story over and over again. Those who from the Federal side saw the steady coming of that line of boys in grey have told of it a hundred times with admiration and applause and Virginia will never forget them.

It was not long after midnight that the sleeping battalion

was called from the wet ground into line. In the shadows of the night, at Colonel Shipp's suggestion, Captain Frank Preston of Company B, offered prayer to God that all might do their duty well and yet their heads be covered in the day of battle. And all through the long day until night came again there was no faltering step nor unwilling thought. It was the purpose of the general commanding to hold the cadet battalion in reserve and use it only in action should there be great need.

But through the changes in formation and the new alignments the cadet line, moving steadily onward, gradually came to the front until at the last making the centre of the Confederate advance, the battalion passed around the two sides of the Bushong House, and, uniting, charged through the orchard and seized the guns that were sweeping the field, and so, breaking the centre of the Federal line, compelled its retirement, and the day was won.

It was not by any means true that the V. M. I. Cadets were the only heroes of the field of New Market. The 26th Virginia Battalion, under Colonel George W. Edgar, on the extreme left of the Confederate line, fought with such courage and steadiness and ultimate success that history will not fail to record its fame, All over the field and in all arms of the command there were signal displays of soldierly courage and gallantry, and "there was glory enough for all." But these were stalwart men, the veterans of other campaigns and battles, who knew well the smell of powder and were hardened and steeled in muscle and courage. It was a wonder and a joy to them to see the Virginia boys as they came into place in line and then in the evening made their victorious charge.

The field was not won by the cadet corps alone, nor could it have been won without it.

The amount of literature of the Battle of New Market is unusual. In the North and in the South, following the official reports, came the published letters of many participants. Then came addresses by accomplished and eloquent men, histories of regiments and histories of the campaign. And with this growing literature came divergencies, contradictions, and some rhetor-

ical over-statement. In the interest especially of the Virginia Military Institute Cadet Corps, the task of unravelling the complicated tangle, and preparing a reliable history, just to all parts of the Confederate force, was devolved upon Captain Henry A. Wise, of Baltimore, captain of Company A of the Cadet Battalion, and, after Colonel Shipp was disabled, the senior officer commanding. However, the matter accumulated in his hands until it had become extensive and somewhat conflicting. The difficulty of writing a history that would be impartial and satisfactory to all seemed too great for one who himself was on the field. Captain Wise determined to devolve the preparation of a history of the New Market campaign upon some competent historian, one not personally connected with the battle or any of the commands engaged. Mr. Edward Raymond Turner, Ph. D., of Johns Hopkins University, a trained and able historical student and writer, was selected for this work. Into his hands came the extraordinary accumulation of literary gathered by Captain Wise, and to him was committed also the valuable material gathered by Colonel Edgar, who was preparing to write a history of the battle. Through this large amount of matter, printed and in manuscript, Professor Turner, with remarkable patience and fidelity, has worked his way, seeking to untangle all complications and to make a complete, accurate and impartial history. After writing and rewriting the story it is said as many as four times, Professor Turner has given us a history which we doubt not is faithful and just. Carefully attested by references and quotations in a great number of foot notes, and which will be eminently satisfactory to all concerned. It is unpartisan and impartial and is written in a style that is clear and strong, and while firm in defense of the conclusions reached in matters that have been in controversy, is yet just and courteous to all.

This book is a chapter of great interest in the history of the War between the States. It will be through generations a significant part in the story of the Shenandoah Valley through which the tides of war swept to and fro, through all the four

years of thrilling and destructive campaigns. It is a crown of honor to the Virginia Military Institute, and an imperishable chaplet of laurel for all the heroic youth who wore the grey both the veterans and the boys, who followed the Stars and Bars, and seized the guns and won the day.

JAMES POWER SMITH.

GENERAL LEE'S TRAVELLER.

"Traveller," this horse was as well known amongst the soldiers as his master. He was a handsome iron gray, with black points, his mane and tail very dark, sixteen hands high, and five years old. He was born and raised in Greenbriar County, West Virginia, and attracted the notice of the General when he was out there in 1861. He was never known to tire, was quiet and sensible, and without fear in battle. But there can be no better description of this famous horse than the one given by his master, General Lee himself, which fortunately has been preserved. It was dictated to his daughter, Agnes, in Lexington after the war, in response to some artist who had asked for a description, and was corrected in his own handwriting:

"If I were an artist like you, I would draw a true picture of Traveller, representing his fine proportions, muscular figure, deep chest and short back, strong haunches, flat legs, small head, broad forehead, delicate ears, quick eye, small feet, and black mane and tail. Such a picture would inspire a poet, whose genius could then depict his worth and describe his endurance of toil, hunger, thirst, heat, cold, and the dangers and sufferings through which he passed. He could dilate upon his sagacity and affection, and his invariable response to every wish of his rider. He might even imagine his thoughts through the long night marches and days of battle through which he has passed.

"But I am no artist, and can only say he is a Confederate gray. I purchased him in the mountains of Virginia, in the autumn of 1861, and he has been my patient follower ever since, to Georgia, the Carolinas and back to Virginia. He carried me through the Seven Days' battles around Richmond, the Second Manassas, at Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, the last day at Chancellorsville, to Pennsylvania, at Gettysburg, and back to the Rappahannock. From the commencement of the campaign in 1864,

at Orange, till its close around Petersburg, the saddle was scarcely off his back, as he passed through the fire of the Wilderness, Spotsylvania, Cold Harbor, and across the James River. He was in almost daily requisition in the winter of 1864-65, on the long line of defenses from the Chickahominy, north of Richmond, to Hatcher's Run, south of the Appomattox. In the campaign of 1865, he bore me from Petersburg to the final days at Appomattox Court House. You must know the comfort he is to me in my present retirement. He is well supplied with equipment. Two sets have been sent to him from England, one from the ladies of Baltimore, and one was made for him in Richmond. But I think his favorite is the American saddle from St. Louis. Of all his companions in toil, Richmond, Brown Roan, Ajax and quiet Lucy Long, he is the only one that retained his vigor. The first two expired under their onerous burdens, and the last two failed.

"You can, I am sure, from what I have said, paint his portrait."

FROM BACHE'S LIFE OF GENERAL MEADE.

"On February 27th, 1865, Sheridan moved up the Valley of the Shenandoah with his cavalry. * * *

There was one blot upon his escutcheon and on Grant's in Sheridan's late military achievements in the Shenandoah Valley. If Marshall Turenne, as long before as 1674 had awakened the horror and protest of Europe by laying waste the Palatinate the progress of humanity in two hundred years ought to have witnessed an amelioration in hostile practices, instead of a renewal of an obsolete form of warfare. There can be no excuse now for the consumption or destruction in time of war of anything but that which has relation to the immediate needs of the armed Victors or to the immediate detriment of the armed Vanquished. To destroy crops, barns, mills, instruments of husbandry, in one indiscriminate ruin, as possibly helpful to the enemy, is inhuman from the present standpoint of civilization. * * * Sheridan executed some of it with barbaric ruthlessness."

Charles James Fox in 1776 in the House of Commons said:

"The term 'Rebel' is no certain mark of disgrace. All the great assertors of liberty, the saviors of their country, the benefactors of mankind, in all ages, have been called 'rebels.' We owe the constitution which enables us to sit in this House to a rebellion."

LETTER OF COLONEL EDWARD WILLIS,

Of the Staff of Lieut.-General T. J. JACKSON.

Camp, Near Port Republic, June 14, 1862.

On Saturday, the 7th, I was seized with a chill, followed by high fever, when about dusk a courier arrived with a note, saying the enemy are advancing in force on our left. General Jackson immediately ordered his horse, and his staff did likewise; I with the rest, contrary to the advice of Dr. McGuire, medical director, and of all the staff. But I could not bear the thought of missing a fight, so I went.

We were out riding late in the night air, and, as the enemy would not attack us, we all returned to headquarters, I much worse.

Next morning I heard that the fight was about to commence, but I very sensibly determined not to go. After the general and staff had gone, I lay in the bed with my breakfast near me, thinking about the matter, when I heard the thundering of the artillery not a half mile off. I could stand it no longer, but jumped up, though I was so weak I could hardly stand, dressed and ordered my horse. Whilst the boy was getting him, I was talking to a little girl on the porch, and, among other things, I asked her which she would rather see, a prisoner, General Jackson, or I. Little did I think, while uttering those idle words, that I would be taken in less than ten minutes.

Well, my horse was brought forth. I mounted and started for the battlefield. Port Republic was on my way, and, in passing through, I met our cavalry retreating in a most disorderly manner, followed by men, women and children. I ordered the cavalry to halt, and tried to rally them, but all in vain. I was so disgusted that I rode on, and, as I saw more cavalry coming, I thought I would draw my pistol and rally them by force. I

rode on rapidly, the cavalry coming closer and closer, cheering, firing pistols, etc., etc. When right upon them (thirty steps of them), I discovered they were the enemy's cavalry. I was surprised that they did not fire on me, so I turned and tried to join them in the charge, thinking thus to deceive them. But they knew by my coat that I was a "rebel," and I was soon surrounded on all sides. A Yankee, with his sabre above my head, ordered me to surrender.

I knew he was a private, and I refused. I had my hand on my pistol, and my spurs to my horse, and I knew he dared not cut, for I could have shot him easily, and I would have done it, but his sabre fell harmless by his side. A very gentlemanly fellow rode up and said: "Sir, I am a commissioned officer; hand me your arms." I was surrounded by a regiment of Virginia (bogus) and Rhode Island cavalry, and, seeing that resistance, or even hesitation, was folly, I, yes I, with all my love for the South and my contempt for the Yankees, handed him my pistol. It was the one Willie gave me, and which I have shot at many a Yankee. That, I told him, was all the arms I had. I was then a prisoner, and I rode on with them in the charge. One Confederate cavalry corps made a stand, and drove us (Yankeees) back, to my delight, though the balls whistled in rather close proximity to my head, and many a Yankee hit the dust.

After this, I was taken before the colonel, who, to my great joy and surprise, was an old friend—Sprig Carroll, of Washington, D. C. He was very glad to see me, and his delight, when I told him I was a member of Stonewall's staff, was uncontrollable. He offered me a drink, which, by the way, I declined, and, after many friendly questions, he asked: "Willis, if you will give me your word of honor that you will not try to escape, you can go anywhere you please, and I will relieve the guard which is over you." As I was being exposed to a very heavy fire, and as that fire was from our own men, I accepted the offer.

Just then our cavalry (rebel) pressed down on the town, a regiment of our infantry opened a galling fire and a stampede among my captors took place. They made for the river, and I

saw I could easily escape, as I was left comparatively alone. But it was too late; I had given my word, so, with a firm spirit, but a sorrowing heart, I dashed into the river with the Yankee cavalry. A perfect sheet of fire blazed in my face, and saddles were emptied; dead, dying and wounded men and horses floating and sinking as we swam that beautiful stream. I expected every minute would be my last, but I put my trust in Him, who, in the darkest hour, has never deserted me, and who, I believe, will carry me safely through this war. If I should fall, 'tis His will, and none should complain.

Reaching the opposite bank, we entered a thick wood, which the Confederates shelled to such an extent that we were forced to leave it and join the main body of Shield's army. To do this we had to cross an open field exposed to the musketry and artillery of the Confederates.

I advised the Yankees to run the gauntlet, which we did at railroad speed, and, as the saying is, "I worked in the lead," taking good care to try to keep a Yankee or two to my left, so as to protect me as much as possible.

We cleared the field, and I passed the whole Yankee army in battle array. It was a splendid sight. They called me "rebel," "Secesh," etc., etc., and another fellow hollowed out to me as I passed the "Stars and Stripes" gaily floating in the breeze: "I suppose you see that flag still floats." "Yes," said I, "and another waves across the river still." They asked me hundreds of questions, none of which, of course, I answered satisfactorily.

In the confusion I lost sight of Carroll, and I was then put under charge of a guard, which, of course, absolved me from my parole given to Carroll. From that moment I began to try and make my escap.e

I was carried about seven miles to a nice house, the residence of the widow Ergenbright. I determined, as I was a little sick, I would take that cue as a basis for escape, and, as the result shows, it worked well.

I knew I was in a secession house from the following incident: I was walking up and down the room with my hands to my head, telling my guard how inhuman it was to keep me

up when I was so sick, when I heard a sweet voice say, "Never mind, you will all pay for it." I turned and saw a handsome lady, with flashing eyes, addressing herself thus to my guard. I knew she was my friend, and she so proved herself.

In a few minutes old Mrs. Ergenbright came to me and said: "I can get you a bed," and asked my guard if I could use it. They said I could. I had a long, pleasant sleep; dreamed I had escaped, and was in the Southern army again, and when I awoke my heart almost sank within me. Different members of the family would come to cheer me up, but my guard was by me all the time. Miss Ergenbright was to help me escape by drawing for me a map of the country.

The Federals brought wounded Yankees into the house, and some into my own room. Miss Ergenbright protested she had nothing for them to eat, though she brought me every luxury. My guard accused her of trying to get me to escape, but she answered defiantly, and, among other things, she said she had two brothers in the Sixth Virginia Cavalry, Southern army, and, I had a great mind to say, a lover too, but I did not.

Well, that night my window was closed, the door fastened, and two men slept right against it. I had no arms, and, after thinking of my lot for some time, I dropped into a profound sleep, from which I was awakened early the next morning by the distant booming of the artillery. I knew Jackson had whipped Freemont the day before, and that to-day he was trying Shields, and upon the issue of that fight my captivity and destiny depended.

I saw at once that my safety depended thus, because if I could play my cards so as to remain at this house, and Jackson whipped Shields and pursued him beyond the house, I should be re-captured. Upon these conditions my escape rested.

Jackson's success and distance of pursuit depended upon himself and his men. My staying at the house depended upon myself. I was accordingly much worse. Oh, I got very much worse! I sent for a Yankee surgeon, had a lotion prepared, and the old lady put a horseradish poultice to my throat. All this time the artillery was heard in the distance, the young lady bringing me news from time to time. Finally she came up and

told me (and, in fact, I heard them) that the Yankee wagons were coming back. She said, and I thought, too, that they were beaten. I listened, and it seemed that the artillery then were getting farther off. My spirits fell, but it was momentary, for the wind veered around again and I saw they were nearer. Then confusion began. Wounded Yankees were being brought in; ambulances were rolling to and fro, and I could see from the expression of their faces that something was wrong, and occasionally they would say, "They were too strong for us," etc.

Just about this time a Yankee surgeon came in and examined me, I groaning terribly, and pronounced me unfit to be moved. They then tried to make me take the parole "not to take up arms against the United States until duly exchanged." My refusal exasperated them, and they said I should go if it killed me. But they were warned by the artillery, which was momentary, for the wind veered lower than before." A dismounted dragoon rushed in and announced their troops beaten and the rebels in hot pursuit. They all rushed headlong from the room; the rattling musketry for the first time could be heard, and directly the Yankees began retreating by; a regular Manassas stampede followed. My guard, paralyzed with fear, was afraid to go and afraid to stay. I still played my role, grunting and groaning, but waiting the auspicious moment to seize him. Miss Ergenbright rushed up and told me that Colonel Carroll, with the Federal cavalry covering the retreat, was now opposite the house, and he would come up and tell me "good-by."

CAPTAIN EGGLESTON'S NARRATIVE OF THE BATTLE OF THE MERRIMAC.

Being one of the lieutenants of the Virginia (Merrimac) during the whole of her career under the Confederate flag, I give the following account from my own knowledge of what took place in that famous naval battle of the Confederacy, for it is as fresh in my mind as if it happened yesterday:

When the Federals evacuated the Norfolk Navy-Yard immediately after the passage by Virginia of the ordinance of secession, they set fire to the public property there. This included the largest battleship then in the world, viz: the Pennsylvania, of 120 guns, used as a receiving ship, and several valuable vessels lying in ordinary—that is, stripped of their rigging and spars and roofed over and put in charge of caretakers. Among these was the frigate United States, which, under command of Decatur, had captured the British frigate Guerriere, and the then modern steam frigate Merrimac. For some reason the Federals did not set fire to the old frigate, and when the Confederates afterward tried to sink her as an obstruction in the channel below Norfolk, it was found impossible to cut through her hard live oak timbers. I shall tell later what use we made of her.

The Merrimac, with her sister ships, the Minnesota, the Colorado, the Roanoke and the Wabash, represented the highest type of naval architecture reached at that time She was a full rigged sailing vessel and steamer combined, of about 3,000 tons displacement, and carried a battery of forty nine-inch Dahlgren guns.

SUNK BUT HULL RAISED.

Before she had been completely destroyed by the fire lit by the retreating Federals, the Confederates succeeded in sinking

her in order to save what was left. Subsequently the hull was raised and converted into the formidable ironclad destined to revolutionize naval architecture and tactics.

The following description of the completed ironclad is from the pen of her executive officer, Lieutenant Catesby Jones:

"The hull was 275 feet long. About 160 feet of the central portion was covered by a roof of wood and iron, inclining about 36 degrees. The wood was two feet thick. It consisted of oak plank four inches by twelve laid up and down next the iron, and two courses of pine, one longitudinal of eight-inch thickness, the other twelve inches thick. The intervening space on top was closed by permanent gratings of two-inch square iron, two and one-half inches apart, leaving openings for four hatches, one near each end and one forward and one abaft the smokestack. The roof did not project beyond the hull.

"The armor, consisting of two courses of two-inch solid iron plates, was bolted to the wooden backing, the inner course longitudinally, the outside course up and down, making the thickness of armor four inches. The hull, extending two feet below the roof, was plated with one-inch iron.

"The prow was of cast iron, wedge-shaped, and weighed 1,500 pounds. It was about two feet under water, and projected about two feet from the stem. It was not well fastened. The rudder and propeller were unprotected.

"The battery consisted of ten guns, four single-barreled Brooks rifles and six nine-inch Dahlgren shell guns. Two of the rifles, bow and stern pivots, were seven-inch, the other two, on the broadside, 6-4-inch guns, one on each side, near the furnaces, were fitted for firing hot shot. The only solid shot used in the fight were those that had been cast for this special purpose.

"The engines were radically defective, and had been condemned as such by the United States government a few months before.

CREW OF VOLUNTEERS.

"The crew, numbering 320 men, had been hard to obtain. They were made up mostly of volunteers from the various regi-

ments stationed about Norfolk at the time. I think the Georgians among them were in the majority. There was a sprinkling of old man-of-war's men, whose value at the time could not be overestimated. Leaving these latter out of the reckoning, we had a crew that had never even seen a great gun like those they were soon to handle in a battle against the greatest of odds ever before successfully encountered."

We drilled this crew at the guns of the old frigate United States every day for about two weeks, while the Merrimac was undergoing her remodeling. The first and only practice of these men behind the guns of the Merrimac herself was in actual battle.

A WORD ABOUT OUR OFFICERS.

We had all been brought up in the United States Navy, and had recently resigned it. Captain Franklin Buchanan, of Maryland, had stood second to none among the officers of the old navy. Here for the information of laymen, I will say that a captain in the navy ranks with a colonel in the army; a lieutenant in the navy with a captain in the army, etc.

Buchanan was a typical product of the old-time quarter deck, as indomitably courageous as Nelson, and as aribitrary. I don't think the junior officer or sailor ever lived with nerve sufficient to disobey an order given by the old man in person. On the Japan expedition, under Commodore Perry, Buchanan commanded the steam frigate Mississippi. While going up the Canton River in charge of a Chinese pilot, the vessel struck the ground. Buchanan, who was standing by the pilot, turned on him so fiercely that the Chinaman jumped overboard.

Lieutenant Catesby Jones bore a high reputation in the old navy as an ordnance officer. The selection of the battery and equipment generally of the marines had been left entirely to him.

All the other commissioned officers had borne good reputations in the navy.

ON OUR TRAIL TRIP.

When the Merrimac was put in commission she was re-

christened the Virginia. Shortly after Captain Buchanan came down to Norfolk and assumed command of the Virginia and the several small vessels in the water about Norfolk.

At 11 A. M. on Saturday, March 8, we started on our trial trip down the Elizabeth River, which lies between Norfolk and Portsmouth. The population of both cities seemed to have massed along the wharves on both sides, bidding us godspeed with others, and waving handkerchiefs. But all the people were not there. The churches were thronged with women and children, many belonging to those who were going into battle. They were praying for our success and the preservation of their loved ones.

AGAINST BIG ODDS.

Leaving the Virginia for a moment let us glance at the force that "our friends, the enemy," had at their disposal for our reception. Off Newport News, blocking the mouth of the James River, were the frigate Congress, of 450 men and fifty guns; the Cumberland, 360 men and twenty-two guns of much heavier calibre than those of the Congress; one small gunboat and formidable land batteries within point blank range of the vessels we were about to attack.

A few miles distant, and in full view at Old Point Comfort, lay the steam frigates Minnesota and Roanoke, each with 550 men and forty guns, and the sailing frigate St. Lawrence, with 450 men and fifty guns, making in the aggregate about 3,000 men and 230 guns.

Accompanying the Virginia as tenders were two tugboats, each mounting one 32-pounder on the bow. They were the Beaufort, Lieutenant Parker, and the Raleigh, Lieutenant Alexander. Blockaded up the James River were three Confederate vessels, viz: the Patrick Henry, with six guns, commander, John R. Tucker; the Jamestown, two guns, Lieutenant Barney, and the tugboat Tenzer, one gun, Lieutenant Webb. The first two vessels named were walking-beam bay boats, with boilers above the water line.

Let us return to the Virginia as she is threading her way through the channel leading into Hampton Roads. Dead ahead

is Fortress Monroe and the Rip Raps guarding the channel that leads past the mouth of Chesapeake Bay into the Atlantic Ocean. Off about two points on the port bow the two Federal vessels, Congress and Cumberland, are quietly laying out their anchors.

Saturday is the day in which the sailors of a man-of-war wash their clothes in the morning watch, and the washed clothes of the Congress are now stretched upon horizontal lines between the main and mizzen rigging—the clothes of over 400 men—the white clothes on the starboard side, the blue on the port, according to naval custom.

Many a poor fellow who scrubbed his shirt or his trousers, spread on the white deck this morning, shall have no more use for them after their day's work shall have been done.

I had served on both ships as midshipman. The Cumberland had been altered beyond recognition from a fifty-gun fighter to a sloop of war, but the Congress looked as she did when she was my floating home for nearly three years. Little did I think then that I should ever lift a hand for her destruction.

ATTACK KEPT SECRET.

Only the commander and the executive officer knew the point of attack that had been decided upon, but all at once the ship is headed for the two vessels off Newport News, and the drum and fife are sounding the call to quarters. We see the washed clothes of the Congress lowered to her deck and hear over the water her drum and fife in the identical notes as our own calling her crew to quarters.

We go quietly to our stations, cast loose the guns, and stand ready for the next act in the drama.

I commanded the two hot-shot guns directly under the main hatch, and just over the furnace. All great guns then were muzzle-loaders. The hot shot was hoisted from below in an iron bucket, placed by means of tugs in the muzzle of the gun, slightly elevated and allowed to roll against the well-soaked wad that rested against the powder. Another soaked wad kept the shot in place.

The view from my station was restricted to the gun port, some three by four feet. For a time only the wide waters of the bay and the distant shores were visible, till suddenly the port became the frame of the picture of a great ship.

THE CONGRESS LOOMS AHEAD.

It was the Congress only about a hundred yards distant. But for an instant was she visible, for suddenly there leaped from her sides the flash of thirty-five guns, and as many shot and shell were hurled against our armor only to be thrown from it high into the air. As by a miracle, no projectile entered into the wide-open ports. But some time during the action, the muzzle of two of our guns were shot away, resulting in the loss of two men killed and twelve wounded.

Lieutenant Davidson, in direct command of the disabled guns, continued to fight with what was left of them while the battle lasted.

BROADSIDE RETURNED.

We had returned with four guns the broadside from the Congress, and scarcely had the smoke cleared away when I felt a jar as if the ship had struck ground. A few seconds later Flag Lieutenant Bob Minor passed rapidly along deck waving his cap, calling out: "We've sunk the Cumberland."

The Cumberland lay higher up the river than her consort, and, while carrying fewer guns than the latter, was really the more formidable vessel of the two. We particularly dreaded her two eleven-inch guns on pivot at bow and stern. It is for that reason Buchanan selected the Cumberland for the first victim. The blow was preceded by a shot fired with his own hands by Lieutenant Simmons from the seven-inch rifle in the bow. It was said that this shot almost annihilated the crew of the Cumberland's eleven-inch pivot gun.

CUMBERLAND SINKS.

She sank rapidly after she had been struck, dragging with

her the great iron prow from our bow. I have often thought since that if the prow had been held fast we would have gone to the bottom with our victim.

There is another afterthought that I wish to record. While I am sure that the officers and crew of the Cumberland were as gallant a set of men as ever lived, it is not certain that they merit the compliment paid them, even by Buchanan, of "going down with flying colors." It is more reasonable to suppose that on a rapidly sinking ship no one in the rush to save his life paused long enough to perform the quite unnecessary task of pulling down a flag upon which no enemy was firing.

After disposing of the Cumberland, we ascended the river for some distance, in order to find a place wide enough to turn. In doing so we exchanged shots, going and coming, with the shore batteries. Past their very batteries, the Confederate vessels I have alluded to as being blockaded in the James boldly dashed at the first sound of our guns, and threw themselves into the midst of the fray. A shot striking the exposed boiler of the Patrick Henry had killed and wounded a dozen men.

THOUGHT FIGHT WAS ON.

We were afterward told by the prisoners that when the Congress people saw us again up the irver they gave three cheers, under the belief that we were running away. But when we made directly for her, the Congress slipped her cables and tried to escape under sail. She ran aground in the attempt. We then took position under her stern, and a few raking shots brought down her flag.

The surrendered frigate was now lying under our guns, protected by three white flags from her peak and masts. Buchanan had ascended to the upper deck. Parker, in the Beaufort, had by order gone alongside the prize to take off the prisoners, preparatory to setting the vessel on fire. Sharpshooters on shore opened fire on him, killing several of their own men, prisoners on the Beaufort, and Parker was forced to draw off.

Flag Lieutenant Minor then volunteered to board the Congress in one of the ship's boats. He had reached a point a little

over 100 yards from the Congress, his boat also bearing a white flag, when suddenly Buchanan, in a ringing voice I can never forget, called down the hatchway under which I was standing:

FIRED ON WHITE FLAG.

"Destroy that ——— ship! She's firing on our white flag!"

It was even so, incredible as it may seem. Minor was shot through the stomach, and one of his men had an eye shot out.

Soon after Buchanan himself was shot in the thigh from the same treacherous source. We had thought that this last shot had been fired by a sharpshooter on shore, but a few years ago I received a letter from an ex-Federal officer in Boston, saying that a man there, a former marine in the Congress, boasted of having shot Buchanan, while himself protected by a white flag.

Dearly did they pay for their unparalleled treachery. We raked her fore and aft with hot shot and shell, till out of pity we stopped without waiting for orders.

The loss of the Congress in killed and wounded was 121 —more than 25 per cent. With us of the navy it was real civil war. On both sides we were fighting men with whom we had lately intimately associated in a common profession. We all knew one another personally or by reputation. When Parker stepped on the deck of the Congress he saw there the dead body of her commanding officer, Lieutenant Joe Smith. The two men had been classmates at Annapolis, and intimate friends and messmates for more than one long cruise at sea.

On our way back across the bay that night we gathered about the stateroom in which our wounded commander was lying. In a voice filled with emotion, he said: "My brother, Paymaster Buchanan, was on board the Congress." In the border States families were often divided.

After the fight was over, Catesby Jones, who had succeeded to the command, passed my station while on his rounds about the ship. "A pretty good day's work," I said to him.

"Yes," was his answer, "but it is not over. The Minnesota,

the Roanoke and the St. Lawrence are on the way up to engage us."

But when these great ships saw what had happened to their consorts, they had no stomach for the fight, but as we pressed them at long range, on our way over to our batteries at Sewell's Point, they shook the heavens and the earth with the thunders of their broadsides. The St. Lawrence fired seventy-two shots, and her commander reports and says that one of our shells passed through the starboard quarter of his ship, doing considerable damage.

Arriving off Sewell's Point, we sent our dead and wounded on shore. Our little wooden vessels had anchored near us, and an impromptu reunion was held on board the Virginia by the officers of the several vessels. I noticed that the uniform of Webb, of the Tenzen, was riddled by minnie balls.

That night, as officer of the deck, I had the middle watch from 12 to 4.

At about two bells (1 o'clock), there was a sudden lighting up the sky, followed by a heavy explosion in the direction of Newport News. The fire had reached the magazine of the Congress.

With the first light of the morning of Sunday, March 9, 1862, we looked eagerly out over the bay. There was the Minnesota lying aground where she had struck the evening before, and near her was the strangest looking craft we had ever seen before. A cheese on a raft, as she was designated by a correspondent, James Barron Hope.

IT WAS THE MONITOR.

We "piped" to early breakfast, and when it was over we weighed anchor and steamed toward the Minnesota to renew the battle. The Monitor came boldly out to meet us, and then began the first battle between ironclads.

In the narrow channel the Monitor had every advantage, for she drew only ten feet of water, and the Virginia twenty-three feet. Her two eleven-inch guns, thoroughly protected, were really more formidable than our ten guns of from six

to nine-inch calibre, and pointing through open ports. We never got sight of her guns except when they were about to fire into us. Then the turret slowly turned, presenting to us its solid side, and enabled the gunners to load without danger.

The first shots exchanged were at long range, but the vessels soon came to close quarters, as near at times as fifty yards. The Monitor circled around and around us, receiving our fire as she went, and delivering her own. We saw our shells burst into fragments against her turret.

Once I called Jones' attention to my men standing at rest. "It is a waste of ammunition," I said, "to fire at her."

THE MONITOR RETREATS.

"Never mind," he said, as he passed on, "we are getting ready to ram her."

We did ram her, but whether because our prow was gone or because we eased up too soon. we did not do her any apparent injury. However, about that time the Monitor gave up the fight and retreated out of our range into shoal water, where she was safe from our pursuit. She was not only whipped, but she stayed whipped, as will be shown in the sequel.

The Virginia, in undisputed possession of the ground, after the flight of the Monitor, turned her undivided attention to the Minnesota, still hard aground, about a mile away, and out of range of the direct fire of our smooth-bore guns. I was firing mine at ricochet—that is, with the gun level—so that the shot would skip along the surface like pebbles the boys "skell" along a pond. But Davidson, with his rifle guns, just forward of me was actually "plumping" the target by direct fire, as we learned later by the enemy's official report. At the time, we could not see that we were inflicting any serious damage on her.

The Monitor had fought us gallantly for over three hours, and we had continued our attack on the Minnesota for nearly another hour, when Jones, pausing at each division as he passed along the deck, held an informal council of war with his lieutenants. This is what he said to me in effect:

"The Monitor has given up the fight and run into shoal

water; the pilots cannot take us any nearer to the Minnesota; this ship is leaking from the loss of her prow; the men are exhausted by being so long at their guns; the tide is ebbing, so that we shall have to remain here all night unless we leave at once. I propose to return to Norfolk for repairs. What is your opinion?"

I answered: "If things are as you say, I agree with you." So did the other lieutenants, with the exception of Lieutenant John Taylor Wood. He stepped over from his gun to mine for a moment, and said: "I proposed to Jones to run down to Fortress Monroe and clean up the Yankee ships there or run them out to sea."

This alternative course suggested by Wood shows that the Monitor was no longer a factor in the situation. As for the proposition on its merits, to attack a vastly superior naval force, protected by the guns of one of the greatest fortresses in the world, was too hazardous to be considered by a cool-headed commander like Jones, with all the responsibility on his shoulders.

TRIBUTE TO WOOD.

While writing at the age of seventy-five, necessarily with a flying pen, this, my last article on this subject, let me pay one passing tribute to the memory of my gallant old friend, my classmate at Annapolis, my messmate on the Virginia, the late Commander John Taylor Wood, C. S. A., a grandson of General Zachary Taylor. He had inherited the indomitable pluck of that old hero. During the fight with the Monitor he had called for volunteers to go with him to board that vessel from an open boat, and try to wedge her turret to prevent her from turning it. The withdrawal of the Monitor frustrated the attempt.

Subsequently, during the war Commander Wood received the joint thanks of the Confederate Congress for capturing at different times and places, by boarding them, sword in hand, eight vessels belonging to the Federal navy.

That to the dead; this to the living: To my former messmate and senior on the Virginia, the gallant Hunter Davidson, commander C. S. A., now living in Paraguay, at an age exceeding

eighty, the world owes to the Confederate States the use of the torpedo in war, and the Confederate States owe it to Davidson. He received the thanks of the Confederate States of America Congress for attacking the Minnesota with a torpedo carried at the end of a pole in an open boat.

The main object of this article is to fix in the minds of the younger generation the fact that the Virginia (Merrimac) defeated the Monitor in her encounter with that vessel, instead of being defeated by the Monitor, as is falsely stated by Northern writers. I will conclude this article by heaping "Pelion on Ossa" in the shape of proofs. The two opposing armies on each side of the bay say the Monitor ran away. I have before me the written words of three eye-witnesses of her fight, viz: my brother officers, Jones, Simms and Davidson. I, myself, saw her run twice. But in case such testimony be impeached as being from interested parties, here is a statement from the other side:

STATEMENT FROM ENEMY.

Captain G. J. Van Brunt, in command of the Minnesota, bore the reputation in the United States Navy second to none. Here are his words: "For some time after the rebels concentrated their whole battery upon the tower and pilot-house of the Monitor, and soon after, the latter stood down for Fortress Monroe, and we thought it probable she had exhausted her supply of ammunition or sustained some injury. Soon other steamers headed for my ship."

Soon after her return to Norfolk the Virginia went into dock for repairs. Flag Officer Tatum had been ordered to take command of her. From the time she came out of dock until she was destroyed by her own people, that is for about two months, she was "cock of the walk" in the waters of Norfolk. Repeatedly she offered battle to the enemy, but no single Federal vessel, nor any number combined, ever ventured within range of her guns.

ANOTHER FLIGHT RECORDED.

On the 8th of May, 1862, we were lying anchored off Nor-

folk when we heard a terrific bombardment going on down the bay. We ran down at full speed and discovered that a squadron of Federal vessels, led by the Monitor, was encircling around in front of Sewell's Point and throwing their broadsides into our works there as they passed. We heard later that it was a show for the benefit of Mr. Lincoln, who was on a visit to Fortress Monroe. At our approach they fled ignominuously and huddled for safety under the guns of Fortress Monroe. The Jamestown went in and cut out transport vessels almost under their guns, and they pocketed the insult. The British ship of war Rinaldo was lying in the Roads, and as we passed her on our return, her crew mounted the riggings and gave us three cheers.

The career of the famous ship was now drawing to a close. She had never been the effective fighting machine that the hopes of her friends and the fears of her enemies had made her. I am sure she could not have repeated her exploit during her fights of two days with as little injury as she actually received. She never was more than a floating battery, forming part and parcel of the fortifications of Norfolk. She was utterly unseaworthy, and could not ascend the James River without first lightening her so that with the exposure of her wooden hull she would not longer be an ironclad.

UNITED STATES ARMY OFFICER, WHO TOOK PART IN THE BATTLE OF NEW MARKET, WRITES OF VALOR OF V. M. I. CADETS.

The following is a letter from Captain Franklin E. Town, of Tallahassee, Fla., late captain of the signal corps, United States army, to an old cadet of the Virginia Military Institute, who witnessed the charge of the cadets at New Market:

In compliance with your request that I would state what I observed of the action of the cadet battalion at the battle of New Market, I am very happy to write you my recollections of an event which deeply impressed me at the time, and which appears more meritorious as the lapse of years places it at a distance from which it can be dispassionately viewed, and admits of its examination as a matter of history.

I was designated as chief signal officer of "the Department of West Virginia," and in that capacity I marched with the division of General Sigel in the Shenandoah Valley. In preparation for this duty, I had organized a command of some twenty-two officers and over 200 enlisted men, constituting the signal service corps, and being well mounted, it formed a very respectable cavalry command. The foregoing is to explain my presence and opportunities for observation. Our army was put in motion, I think, about the 10th of May, 1864, from our camp, a little south of Winchester. We moved down the valley a few days, and on the morning of Sunday, May 15th, we left our bivouac between Woodstock and Mount Jackson, and continued our March along the pike.

The valley turnpike was then, and I presume it is now, a wide, smooth macadamized road. Some rain on the previous day and evening had made the road a little muddy, so that the troops would naturally pick out the best spots to walk upon, and thus the column got to be a good deal "strung out." Fol-

lowing the troops was the artillery and then a long wagon train. Up to this time our advance had been opposed only by small skirmishing parties, not strong enough to retard our march or to give battle. Before noon on this day information from the front was brought to General Sigel that the enemy was in position at New Market, about four miles from where the head of the column then was.

ORDERED TO ESCORT BATTERY.

While I did not hear the conversation which ensued between General Sigel and his chief of staff, I think it was suggested to him to close up his column near to and fronting the enemy, and go into bivouac, and attack in the morning with the army rested and fresh; but I did hear General Sigel say loudly, "We may as well fight them today as any day; we will advance," and he did push on ahead of his column, all of infantry. I don't think any cavalry, and I am sure no artillery, was ahead of our position in the column. After pausing a few minutes in a grove by the side of the road and sending off some aides and orderlies with orders, during which time the infantry was passing us toward the front, General Sigel turned to me and ordered me to wait where I was with my command for the coming of Von Kleiser's Battery and escort it to the field, and then General Sigel rode forward to the battle. This battery was well to the rear of the column, and I think it was, at the moment, the nearest to the scene of action of any artillery in our command. I waited about an hour, until the battery came up, when I closed in my command in front and rear of the battery, on the road, and brought it up to the field.

When the battery went into position and unlimbered, the engagement was on; and, indeed, I had heard the ring of musketry for some time previously. I presume there had been preliminary skirmishing, but I did not see it, for when I arrived on the field the lines of our infantry were actively engaged with the Confederate infantry, which were behind some light works. Von Kleiser's Battery went into position at the left of our line of battle, just on the crest of a low hill. My escort ser-

vice being ended, my men were left a little to the rear, and below the slight ascent up which the battery galloped to take position, but I rode up with my orderly to witness the operations, and sat on my horse, probably twenty or thirty yards to the left of the battery.

BATTERY OPENS FIRE.

The battery, which, as I recollect, consisted of four brass Napoleon guns and two twelve-pounder Howitzers, opened fire at once on the Confederate lines. It was a good battery, and its commander was very proud of it. Being for the moment a spectator, I could see, and so could any one in position to see, that we were getting the worst of the fight. We had attacked with the head of the column, while the rest was several miles from the field, and it appeared likely (as it really resulted) that we would be whipped before we got our troops to the field. From the front of Von Kleiser's Battery the ground sloped down, a very gradual descent, for several hundred yards, to a little ravine, an ideal ground for artillery to fire over. The ground appeared unbroken, and it was green. It may have been a pasture, or more likely a field in which the crops were just springing up; but from where I stood it appeared like a smoothly shaven lawn, and certainly from the muzzles of our guns to the ravine there was no shelter of any kind for troops advancing.

Standing on the crest of this slope after a short time, I observed a line forming in the ravine at the foot of the hill, which seemed a regiment in extent, but so "smart" and "natty" in appearance as instantly to suggest our own pet regiment of New York City—the Seventh. They appeared more like troops on parade, than in campaign. We very soon were able to identify the command as the battalion of the Virginia Military Institute, and certainly a more soldierly appearing corps never faced an enemy. After perfecting their alignment this regiment advanced toward our battery. It approached only a short distance when it halted and turned back toward the ravine. There was no apparent disorder, nor did it seem that they were falling back in panic, but rather as if some change of plan and in pursuance of orders.

CADET'S ADVANCE CONTINUES.

The battalion remained but a short time in the ravine, and again advanced. They came on steadily up the slope swept as it was by the fire of these guns. Their line was as perfectly preserved as if on dress parade or in the evolution of a review. As they advanced, our guns played with utmost vigor upon their line; at first with shrapnel, then, as they came nearer, with canister, and, finally, with double loads of canister.

As the battalion continued to advance, our gunners loaded, at the last, without stopping to sponge, and I think it would have been impossible to eject from six guns more missiles than these men faced in their wild charge up that hill. But still they advanced steadily without any sign of faltering. I saw, here and there, a soldier drop from their line and lie where he fell, as his comrades closed up the gaps and passed on. Their pace was increased from a quick step to a double time, and at last to the charge, as through the fire they came on, and up to the guns, which they surrounded and captured, our artillerymen giving way when the bayonets having passed the guns were at their breasts. I watched this action from my position, but a few yards to the left of the battery, and was so absorbed in the spectacle that it did not occur to me that I might possibly be included in the capture, until the presence of the enemy between me and the guns brought me to a realization of the circumstances, and I did not then consider it expedient to remain longer where I was.

History abounds in records of attacks and defenses which stir the blood and command the admiration of all who can appreciate manhood, and chivalry and heroism; but these tales are expected to be written of veterans, seasoned to battle in many campaigns. But when one stops to think that this charge was made by a battalion of young lads, boys who there earned their spurs of knighthood before their lips were tinted with the down of a coming beard, the action looms up more grandly * * * and gives promise of future great achievements of men, who as boys, could do so well. As a military spectacle, it was most beautiful, and as a deed of war it was most grand.

"BLOOD WILL TELL."

It is a trifle old, the saying, "Blood will tell," but it is a true one. These young men represented the best families and carried in their veins the best blood of the South, and while every one of them could be faithful to the obligations of honor, even unto death, not one could falter in his duty. When such young men fall in a cause which they believe in, whether it is intrinsically right or wrong, one may realze the sadness of cutting off a life so full of promise, yet all—those who approved and those who opposed the cause they died for—will accord to them the tribute of sincere respect and admiration. The man who dares to die for his convictions will always be honored, and these young men placed their motive above criticism by their heroic belief in it.

It would seem to me most fitting that upon each anniversary of that action the Virginia Military Institute should tell to its young men the story of the heroism of their predecessors. Such deeds are an inspiration and incentive to great actions, and successive classes might well be pointed to such an example.

I do not believe the history of war contains the record of a deed more chivalrous, more daring, or more honorable than the charge of these boys to a victory which veterans might well boast.—*Charleston News.*

TREATMENT OF PRISONERS.

LETTER OF GENERAL BEAUREGARD.

Governor Henry C. Stuart, of Virginia, has received from a Confederate veteran a copy of a letter written to Governor James D. Porter, of Tennessee, in April, 1875, by General T. G. Beauregard, in which the latter makes reply to General Frank Sherman who, he had heard, objected to his being invited to a re-union of all soldiers and sailors of the United States, scheduled to be held in Chicago. The letter follows:

NEW ORLEANS, LA., April 23, 1875.

"DEAR SIR:

"Your favor of the 18th instant has been received, inclosing the form of an invitation adopted by a general meeting of the soldiers, sailors and citizens of Chicago, to be sent 'to all who recognize the American flag as an emblem of nationality undivided and undivisible, to attend a grand reunion of all the soldiers and sailors of the United States, to be held at Chicago, May 12, 13 and 14, 1875,' and inquiring how much truth there is in the remarks of a certain General Frank Sherman, who objected to the invitation being sent to me, as 'he was not in favor of extending an invitation to a man who had said he was in favor of shooting all prisoners taken under the American flag.' I had hoped that the passions and enmities occasioned by the late war were replaced by kindlier feelings, but it seems that there are hearts still rancorous enough to be ever anxious to stir again into a bage the dying embers of the war.

"In this section of our country such exhibitions of animosity are confined to those who, during the war, were furtherest from the enemy, gathering up the spoils in the wake of the contending

armies. Is not this General Frank Sherman one of those despicable characters?

STATES HIS POSITION AS TO CONDUCT OF WAR.

"Not from any regard for such windy declamation, nor for the man mean enough to sink to such base pandering to popular passion, but out of respect to myself and to that cause whose high and holy purpose history will some day vindicate, I will very briefly and frankly state the position I took in regard to the conduct of the late Civil War, as concerned Federal prisoners.

"After the first battle of Manassas, when it was reported that the Federal government refused to recognize Confederate prisoners as 'prisoners of war,' that Christian hero and able soldier, General Thomas J. (Stonewall) Jackson, and myself advocated that the Confederate government should then proclaim a 'war to the knife,' neither asking nor granting quarters. We moreover thought that the war would thereby come sooner to an end, with less destruction finally, of life and property. We thought, also, that such a mode of warfare would inspire greater terror in the armed invaders of our soil and reduce greatly the number of army followers, bummers, etc., who are ever the curse of all armed invasions.

"Subsequently, when the Federals had penetrated certain portions of the South and developed a system of warfare so diametrically opposed to the one practiced by the Confederates, when they invaded Maryland and Pennsylvania under their great commander, General R. E. Lee, and I saw the emaciated forms and wretched condition of our returned Southern prisoners, I again advocated the hoisting of the black flag, willing at any time to forfeit my life in the deadly struggle.

TREATED PRISONERS WITH CONSIDERATION.

"Notwithstanding these views, I always treated my prisoners with humanity and proper consideration. I had the fortune to take many thousands of them at Manassas, Shiloh, Charleston,

Drewry's Bluff, Bermuda Hundred and Petersburg, most of whom are, I suppose, still alive and can (and certainly would) testify to the fact.

"After the fall of Fort Sumter, in April, 1861, I granted to the garrison the same considerate terms which I had offered before the attack.

"Through my intercession, the Federal surgeons and ministers of the gospel, taken at Manassas were released without exchange, by the Confederate government. The day after that battle, one of the Federal officers (whose friends I knew in New York) applied to me for a small loan for himself and friends, which I furnished at once from my private funds. It was faithfully returned.

"Shortly after the battle of Shiloh, I sent under a cartel a certain number of able-bodied Federal prisoners to General Halleck, who, several weeks after, returned an equal number of convalescents from St. Louis to Fort Pillow. The officer in command there refused to receive them, because several of them were just from a smallpox hospital. General Halleck failed afterward to make good the exchange.

"At Charleston I authorized Admiral Dahlgren to send supplies of clothing, etc., to the prisoners we had taken from him. Those supplies were scrupulously issued to them.

"At Bermuda Hundred, in May, 1864, when passing in front of a large body of Federal prisoners who had gallantly defended a position which I considered indispensable to us, I took off my hat to them and they answered this salutation with cheers.

FAVORED EXEMPTION OF NONCOMBATANTS.

"Terribly as I desired the effects of the war to fall on all armed invaders of our country, I wanted exempted from them the noncombatants; that is, the old men, women and children, and wished also, that private property, not contraband of war and not needed by the contending armies in the field, should be entirely protected from seizure or destruction. Such would have been my course had I penetrated with an army into Federal

territory, unless it were in strict retaliation for material departure by the Federal forces from this civilized mode of carrying on the war. I remain, dear sir,

G. T. BEAUREGARD."

"To His Excellency, Governor James D. Porter, Nashville, Tenn."

FUNERAL OF GENERAL R. E. LEE.

Lexington, Va., October 15, 1915.

Forty-five years ago today General Robert E. Lee was buried in the basement of the Lee Memorial Chapel, situated on the college campus. Imposing, yet simple, ceremony marked the occasion. General Lee died on Wednesday morning, October 12, 1870, at 9:30 o'clock, in the President's house at Washington College, now Washington and Lee University. The body was conveyed to the chapel on Thursday, October 13, at noon, and the funeral services were held at 1:30 P. M. on Saturday, October 15.

The casket in which General Lee was buried had an interesting history. The greatest freshet in North River remembered by the oldest people occurred the first week in October, 1870, when the lumber-house at the Point conducted by Archibald Alexander and James D. Anderson on the old canal was washed away, and among the goods stored there was a consignment of metallic caskets for C. M. Koones & Brother, furniture dealers and funeral directors, which had arrived only a few days before the freshet. No casket could be secured in Lexington for General Lee's body, and these caskets at the lumber-house were thought of. Search was made along the river with the hope that they might have lodged in some place. One of them was found on the island just below the first dam down the river from East Lexington. It had been caught in a brush pile and was lodged in the forks of a tree.

TWO CABINET MAKERS SECURE THE CASKET.

W. P. Hartigan and J. L. Root, who were cabinet makers with Koones & Brother, secured the casket and brought it to Lexington, and this was used in which to bury the mortal re-

mains of the great Confederate chieftain. But for this find it would have been difficult, if not impossible, to secure the right kind of a casket, as the canal was practically destroyed, roads ruined and no communication for some time with other towns.

The following report of General Lee's obsequies is reproduced from the Lexington Gazette of October 21, 1870:

"It is done. The remains of the brave soldier, the peerless hero, the great and good man, our noble and beloved President, have been consigned to the grave! We have looked for the last time upon all that was mortal of him, and he now belongs to immortality and to fame. It is our mournful duty here to record the last tribute of respect that has just been paid to his memory.

"According to arrangements of the printed program, at 10 o'clock Saturday, October 15, 1870, the procession was formed at the Episcopal Church, in front of the late President's residence, and, to the sound of solemn music, it moved in appointed order. We here present the order of procession: escort of honor, consisting of officers and soldiers of the Confederate army; chaplain and other clergy, hearse and pall-bearers, General Lee's horse, the attending physicians, trustees and faculty of Washington College, dignitaries of the State of Virginia, visitors and faculty of the Virginia Military Institute, other representative bodies and distinguished visitors, alumni of Washington College, citizens, cadets of Virginia Military Institute, students of Washington College as guard of honor.

BELLS TOLL AND MINUTE GUNS SALUTE.

"The procession moved, to the sound of solemn music (furnished by the band of the Military Institute), down Washington Street, up Jefferson Street to Franklin Hall, thence to Main Street. In front of the hotel the ranks were opened, and the committee from the Virginia Legislature, the representatives of the faculty and students of the University of Virginia and other distinguished guests, took their appointed place. Moving on, in front of the courthouse, it was joined by the large body of citizens, and thus the long line moved slowly and solemnly down

to the Military Institute. Meanwhile all the bells were tolled, and minute guns were fired from the parapet of the institute. In front of the institute the whole corps was drawn up, with presented arms, and as the procession slowly defiled past, it was joined by the visitors and faculty, who took up their places immediately behind the legislative committee, and by the cadets, who took their places just in front of the students of the college, to whom, as a post of honor, had been assigned the duty of closing the procession. Moving up to the college chapel, the front of the procession was then halted, and while its front was at the chapel door the rear was still in the institute grounds, so great was the number of those that had crowded to do honor to the lamented chief. After the procession had halted, the students, and after them the cadets, were marched to the front and proceeded into and through the chapel, past the remains, where they were drawn up in two bodies on the southern side of the chapel. The procession then moved in and were seated by the marshals. On the platform were the officers of the college and of the Military Institute, the legislative committee and other representatives from abroad. The body of the chapel was appropriately filled by the officers and soldiers who had followed the dead hero through the shocks of battle. The gallery and side blocks were filled with ladies and citizens, while the students and cadets held their post of honor outside in front of the tomb.

"The funeral service of the Episcopal Church was then read with impressive solemnity by Rev. W. N. Pendleton, D. D., the pastor of the church to which General Lee belonged, himself a distinguished officer who had served under him throughout the war in the Army of Northern Virginia. The congregation was vast and impressive, and the deepest solemnity pervaded the entire multitude. When the services in the chapel were concluded the corpse was removed by the pall bearers and conveyed to the vault in the basement of the chapel, which had been prepared for its reception. The coffin had been literally strewed with flowers, which had to be removed separately. The body was then solemnly deposited in its last resting place, and amid the tears of the countless multitude the venerable minister

pronounced the solemn words, 'dust to dust' from the lofty bank in front of the tomb."

"The pallbearers were:

"Judge F. T. Anderson and David E. Moore, Sr., trustees of Washington College.

"Ex-Governor John Letcher and Commodore M. F. Maury, for Virginia Military Institute.

"Professor W. Preston Johnston and Professor J. Randolph Tucker, professors of Washington College.

"William L. Prather and Edward P. Clark, students of Washington College.

"Captain J. C. Boude and Captain J. P. Moore, soldiers of Confederate States of America.

"William G. White and Joseph G. Steele, citizens of Lexington."

GENERAL LEE'S DISPATCHES.

Every passing year adds new lustre to the name and fame of the great Confederate chieftain and lends new interest, as well as astonishment, to his marvelous achievements and those of his splendid army as the difficulties attending every step of his campaigns are unfolded to the world. The publication of these *private letters* and *dispatches* from General Lee to President Davis, most of them written by General Lee's own hand, and all of them doubtless taken from the private files of President Davis himself, throws much new light on the events surrounding the great soldier and his army during the progress of his career as commander of the Army of Northern Virginia. The opportunity of seeing these letters and dispatches will prove of deepest interest to all historians of the great conflict waged by the North against the South, and especially to old soldiers on both sides who were participants in that conflict.

In the privacy of the official and personal relations and confidence which at all times existed between General Lee and Mr. Davis, whenever General Lee thought the good of the service demanded, he did not hesitate to express his candid opinions of some of his subordinates applying for promotion, but always did this with consideration and courtesy to the applicants, and with the same candor and unswerving truthfulness he exposed to his official head the losses in battle, the privations and needs of his army, as well as the numbers and resources of his opponents, as he understood them. These opinions and these exposures are plainly set forth in these letters and dispatches, but with consideration and kindness for Mr. Davis and all concerned, and always without a word of personal complaint against him or anyone else.

General Lee's apparent forgetfulness of self is one of the

most striking attributes of his moral and mental composition, and nowhere is this characteristic more forcibly displayed than in these confidential communications from him to the civic head of the Confederacy. The relations between these two great and good men could not be better stated or shown than in General Lee's letter to Mr. Davis of August 8th, 1863 (page 113), when, after the battle of Gettysburg, General Lee asked to be relieved of the command of the Army of Northern Virginia for reasons therein set forth. He then says:

"I hope Your Excellency will attribute my request (to be relieved) to the true reason, the desire to serve my country and to do all in my power to insure the success of her righteous cause. I have no complaint to make of anyone but myself. I have received nothing but kindness from those above me and the most considerate attentions from my comrades and companions in arms. To Your Excellency I am especially indebted for uniform kindness and consideration. You have done everything in your power to aid me in the work committed to my charge, without omitting anything to promote the general welfare. I pray that your efforts may at length be crowned with success and that you may live long to enjoy the thanks of a grateful people."

We think it pertinent to ask of those who are so prone to criticise and condemn President Davis, would General Lee have written thus if he had not believed what he said to be true, and who of all men, in and out of the Confederacy, was in the best position and most capable of judging of Mr. Davis and his official acts? This correspondence throughout, not only shows that the relations between General Lee and Mr. Davis were of the most friendly and cordial nature, but it shows also that General Lee had great respect for, and confidence in, Mr. Davis' military judgment and capacity.

General Lee was an accomplished letter writer and always wrote with great clearness and conciseness, never using a superfluous word, and any reader of these letters will be astonished at the evidence they display of the marvelous detail work performed by the writer.

General Lee's opinion of the Army of Northern Virginia is strikingly set forth on page 195 in his letter of May 23rd, 1864, a few days after the great battles with the Army of the Potomac in the "Wilderness" from May 5th to the 18th, both inclusive. He had indicated to Mr. Davis that, owing to the disparity of numbers and equipment between his army and that of General Grant, he might have to withdraw his lines nearer to Richmond. Mr. Davis expressed apprehension that this withdrawal might injuriously affect the *morale* of General Lee's army. To this suggestion General Lee said:

"The courage of this army was never better, and I fear no injury to it from any retrograde movement that may be dictated by sound military policy."

The notes of the learned and able editor of this work showing, as they do, the locations and conditions of the army, as well as the *personnel* of the officers and others referred to in each letter and telegram, are very instructive and interesting. These notes give a brief history of the events referred to in each letter, and also a continuity to the several matters alluded to, which give to them, and the whole work, real historic value.

In addition to these notes, there is an introduction to the work of thirty-eight printed pages, written by the editor in his best style, and this introduction alone is worth the price of the work, and will be found to be very interesting and instructive reading. It shows that the editor is not only an accomplished scholar, but that he has been a profound student of Confederate history, and is greatly in love with his subject.

GEORGE L. CHRISTIAN.

Richmond, Sept. 6, 1916.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN HAY.

When Albert Gallatin, the statesman and financier, assisted in negotiating the treaty of Ghent, and was ambassador at Paris, his son, then quite a young man, kept a diary which has recently been given to the world. The diary was supposed to contain matters of a secret nature connected with the political events of that period as well as personal matters which it was not deemed prudent to publish at that time, and the author was careful to enjoin it upon his family that the contents should not be made known until a given period had elapsed after his death. The events so noted occurred a hundred years ago.

The diary of Gallatin differs from that of John Hay in two respects. While the latter abounds in personal incidents, it contains little if anything respecting the hidden and secret motives which so largely affect public men, charged with the administration of important governmental affairs, when open diplomacy is not in fashion.

John Hay was the private Secretary of Mr. Lincoln, and seems to have enjoyed his utmost confidence. If any one knew the under currents moving Mr. Lincoln and his advisers, during that momentous period of our history between 1861 and 1865, it surely was John Hay. Could not Mr. Hay have enlightened us upon the alleged duplicity of Mr. Seward in dealing with the Southern Commissioners respecting Fort Sumter, and how that conflict came to be precipitated? Were Mr. Lincoln and his intimate, his private Secretary, unaware of the absolute assurances given by Mr. Seward, and communicated to the Commissioners through two Justices of the Supreme Court that the Fortress would be certainly evacuated, assurances continued from week to week, when at the same time an expedition was being hastily fitted out in New York for its relief? When Francis P. Blair visited Mr. Jefferson Davis in Richmond, in

January, 1865, and after an exchange of letters between Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Davis, and an understanding arrived at, that Messrs. Hunter, Stephens and Campbell should proceed to Washington and there confer with Mr. Lincoln upon the possibility of the cessation of the conflict, and arriving at some amicable adjustment of hostilities, what caused a change of policy on Mr. Lincoln's part, and a determined purpose that the meeting should be at Hampton Roads instead of at Washington, where a more decided attitude was taken resulting in entire failure?

Respecting these and similar matters of paramount interest at that time to the fortunes of the South, the diary is unfortunately either silent, or the biographer has not thought proper to disclose them.

Mr. Hay's biographer notifies his readers in advance that he is giving us a personal biography and not a political history. The time has not arrived, he says, if it will ever arrive when it will be prudent to give the "names of all witnesses," and cite official documents which might find place in a formal history. What may be left undisclosed by this msyterious sort of reference we are unable to divine. But it does seem a little remarkable, that while the biographer does not deem it prudent to give us the "names of all witnesses," he does not scruple to publish the diary and letters at this early date after the death of Mr. Hay, and to give out the confidences contained therein, which are calculated to wound the feelings of Mr. Hay's friends, some of whom still survive.

In this second respect the publication differs from the publication of the Gallatin diary. Mr. Thayer was not unmindful that he would be subjected to criticism by his premature publication, his answer is, that in the case of a public man, he considered his first duty was to truth.

While we may not approve the taste of the distinguished author and biographer, we confess to having experienced a large amount of entertainment from these illuminating views entertained by Mr. Hay of some of his friends. Among them is one respecting ex-President Roosevelt, who, when Hay was his Secretary of State, pronounced him the greatest Secretary of

his day. It is contained in a letter written by Mr. Hay to Henry White, Secretary to legation at London, in the year 1900:

"Teddy has been here; have you heard of it? It was more fun than a goat. He came down with a sombre resolution thrown on his strenuous brow to let McKinley and Hanna know once for all, that he would not be Vice-President, and found to his stupification that nobody in Washington except Platt had ever dreamed of such a thing. He did not even have a chance to launch his *noli episcopari* at the Major.

That statesman said he did not want him on the ticket, that he would be far more valuable in New York, and Root said, with his frank and murderous smile, 'Of course not,—you're not fit for it.' And so he went back quite eased in mind, but considerably bruised in his amour propre."

In many respects, however, Mr. Hay is fortunate in his biographer. Professor Thayer deals admiringly and sympathetically with his subject. In respect to their common hero, Mr. Lincoln, the two are in such thorough accord, that it is not always an easy thing to detach the opinions of one from the expressions of the other.

John Hay unuqestionably had a most remarkable career. "Born the son of a frontier doctor, in a small dwelling on the edge of the western wilderness, he died in a palace at Washington, a Secretary of State."

He says of himself, towards the close of his life, writing to his brother-in-law, "I really believe that in all history I never read of a man who has had so much and such varied success, with so little ability, and so little power of sustained industry. It is not a thing to be proud of, but it is something to be very grateful for."

In the last entry in his journal occurs this mingling of modesty and self appreciation, "I have had success beyond all the dreams of my boyhood. My name is printed in the journals of the world without descriptive qualification, which may, I suppose, be called Fame. By mere length of service I shall occupy a modest place in the history of my time." To what was such phenomenal success due?

While Mr. Hay is described as possessed of keen intelligence, he never ranked as a man of commanding intellect. He was never regarded as a student, or deeply versed in the science of government, or in the history of politics. He had no wide experience with men. He was not a "man of affairs." He was never able to sway masses of men, either by gift of eloquence, or by the ordinary arts of the politician.

At the law, the only profession he attempted, he was an acknowledged failure. His family thought him impractical, if not impracticable. To what then did he owe his success?

His biographer says he had a genius for friendship; that his personality was charming; his conversation bright and sparkling, and full of wit and humor; that his address was pleasing, and his manners refined; that his disposition was genial and lovable. It must have been these qualities which caused Queen Victoria to pronounce him the most interesting of all the ambassadors she had known, and which drew from Lord Salisbury a cordial letter of regret upon his departure to the United States, and from Mr. Aisquith an expression of regret which he and his wife felt at the "personal loss of his departure, which robs us of much of the anticipated intercourse of a kind that is becoming every year rarer to find."

The social qualities, which contributed so much to Mr. Hay's success, were set off by an artistic temperament, which eagerly appropriated the beautiful whether in nature or in art, and by a passion for poetry and music which his nature craved. He was by nature an artist as well as a poet. As a child he is said to have strung verses together in rhymes. Like Pope he "lisped in numbers." Later he wrote verses which were copied in the press from one end of the country to the other, and which are likely to live for their pathos and the gospel they preach. He was a brilliant letter writer and journalist, and for a time occupied the chair of Horace Greeley at the head of the Tribune. He was an accomplished linguist and spoke several modern languages. These were some of the qualities and accomplishments which gave Mr. Hay prestige in the social world and made him a favorite with women and with men. But underneath so much

that was genial and lovable there was imbedded in the recesses of his character an inherited puritan strain, intensified by his western breeding, which made him in political matters a bitter partisan and an uncompromising extremist.

With most men the prejudices conceived in early life are removed by maturer judgment and by a wider horizon of life, but it does not appear to have been so with Mr. Hay.

His impulsive nature too, where personal feeling is involved carries him beyond the limits of fair criticism, and destroys the judicial temperament which ought to characterize the writer of history. It is perfectly natural that Mr. Hay should be loyal and devoted to the memory of Mr. Lincoln, his benefactor and friend, but the reader will be surprised to find that in compiling the material for his life and giving his creed as a historian, Mr. Hay after saying to his associate, Nicolay, that he "was kept riled constantly by the lies of McCellan, Joinville and Paris," should write him in this wise: "But we ought to write the history of these times like two everlasting angels, who know everything, judge everything, and don't care a twang of their hearts about one side or the other. There will be one exception. We are Lincoln men all through. But in other matters let us look at men as insects, and not blame the black beetle because he is not a grasshopper." We are not surprised that Mr. Hay should add in a postscript, after the manner of James G. Blaine, "Destroy this letter."

John Hay, according to his biographer, was brought up in an anti slavery atmosphere. His forbears left the State of Kentucky because they "hated Andrew Jackson and detested slavery." His mother was of New England stock which emigrated from England to Massachusetts in the days of the Stuarts. The New Englanders who made up the settlement where Hay was born are said to have brought with them the "town meeting and the country school." That they placed "passionate trust in popular government" and that "even among the 'poor white trash' from the South there lingered however dimly traces of the Anglo-Saxon traditions."

It is not surprising, with these inherited instincts, that John Hay should readily imbibe the teachings of William Lloyd

Garrison and Wendell Phillips, and to declare when he received a commission from General Hunter as volunteer aide, "I want my abolition record clearly defined, and that will do it better than anything else in my mind, and the minds of the few dozen people who know me." Slavery and secession representated to him identical things. His biographer says, "He regarded the Secessionists as plain rebels; in theory either criminals, scoundrels or madmen, deserving neither charity or quarter."

That his biographer did not misrepresent him, appears in a letter to Nicolay telling him, "Gilder was evidently horrified at your saying Lee ought to be shot; a simple truth of law and equity." The lengths to which his prejudices carry him are shown in the same letter, when he adds, "I find, after a careful reading of a dozen biographies, and all his own reports, that Stonewall Jackson is a howling crank; but it would be the greatest folly for me to say so. I am afraid I have come too near saying so in what I have written about him."

When Mr. Hay made a visit to Florida and bought several parcels of land on speculation, he went into ecstasies over the beauties of nature, and this is the way it imrpessed him,—"The scenery is tropical, the sunsets unlike anything I ever saw before. The sun goes down over the pines, through a sky like ashes of roses, and hangs for an instant on the horizon, like a bubble of blood, and then there is twilight such as you dream about." While the scenery impressed him in this manner, he pronounces the natives "a race of thieves and a degeneration of vipers." These extracts suffice to show how warped and bitter Mr. Hay was with respect to everything and everybody that touched the slavery question. He never stopped to investigate what lay at the root of the discussion. He was not unlike Charles Sumner, who "could see no other side, and could not understand how anyone could consider the other side without being guilty of moral obliquity." When William H. Seward and Jefferson Davis were members of the United States Senate, their relations are said to have been cordial and friendly. Each entertained respect for the other, notwithstanding they were so wide apart politically. Mrs. Davis tells of Mr. Seward's

daily visits to Mr. Davis, when confined to his room by illness, and that the question of slavery was not taboed between them. But Mr. Hay was built in a narrower mould, and neither instinct or temperament would have permitted him to indulge in like intercourse.

Notwithstanding the book is marred by these exhibitions of narrowness and prejudice, and notwithstanding that Mr. Hay declined, so far as we are informed, ever to moderate or modify the intensity of his recorded opinions, differing altogether in this respect from Senator Hoar, Charles Francis Adams, and others of his contemporaries, the two volumes containing the diary and letters are vastly entertaining.

The introductory sketch tells of the early environment of John Hay, the completion of his school curriculum, and the generosity of his uncle, John Milton Hay, which enabled him to go to Brown University. Though named John Milton, like some other people who grow to greatness, he chose to drop the Milton and became simply John Hay.

Providence with its University, near a century old, its libraries and its scholars, its refined society, and its luxurious manner of life, in such strong contrast with the crudities of the West enchanted the young student and he looked back with feelings of aversion upon the scenes of his early youth.

He writes, "the life here suits me exactly, the professors are all men of the greatest ability, and what is more, perfect gentlemen." He delights in hearing Oliver Wendell Holmes deliver a poem, Huntingdon a lecture, and is looking forward with eagerness to seeing and hearing Thackeray, While he studied French and German and stood well in political economy, he was a dilettanti rather than a student.

The qualities which chiefly distinguished him in his college career were his wit and good nature. These, with bright and clever verses, sung at class and college meetings, made him a great favorite, and gained him much reputation.

Before leaving the University he made the acquaintance of two ladies, much inclined to the muses, both his seniors in age, and one of whom is said to have had a bizarre attachment to

Edgar Allen Poe, and to have influenced Hay in imitating Poe in some of his effusions. These ladies became the Priestesses at whose feet Hay poured forth his lyrics, and when he left the University, he continued to write them letters which reveal the ardent and sentimental character of his mind at that time.

In one of these he speaks of himself as an Ishmaelite, and refers to his Providence experiences, where he used to eat hasheesh and dream dreams. "Day is not more different from night than they were from the wild excesses of the youth of this barbarous West."

When John Hay returned to the bosom of his family, they were proud of his college reputation, but his future caused them grave concern. The poet who spouted his eloquence to the Aurora Borealis at one o'clock in the morning, and "fed his imagination on Shelly," was unfitted for the prose of every day life. He became moody and fell into fits of melancholy.

He writes again to his Providence friends, "I am a Westerner. The influences of civilization galvanized me for a time into a feverish life, but they will vanish before this death-in-life solitude. I choose it however, and my blood is on my own head."

Again, "I have wandered this winter in the valley of the shadow of death. All the universe, God, Earth, Heaven, have been to me but vague and gloomy phantasms——."

When after much hesitation, it was settled that he should go to Springfield and pursue the law in the office of his uncle, a successful practitioner, he writes, "It is cowardly in me to cling so persistently to a life which is past. It is my duty, and in truth it is my ultimate intention to qualify myself for a Western lawyer, *et preterea nihil,* 'only this and nothing more'. * * * How glad I am that the world is learning to love Mrs. Whitman, as much as those who have sat at the feet of the revered priestess." His biographer suggests that Hay was not insincere in writing as he did, and that it reveals the artist spirit, playing with his own emotions as stuff for his story.

His removal to Springfield introduced him to Abraham Lincoln, who occupied a "shabby office" alongside that of Milton

Hay. As a student of law, Hay is said to have been spasmodically diligent. He was admitted to the bar in February, 1861. The memorable debate between Lincoln and Douglas for the United States Senate was then fresh in the public mind, and awakened in Hay his slumbering inherited detestation of the institution of slavery and roused him to an interest in public affairs. When the country declared for Mr. Lincoln as President, and he was about to leave for Washington, at the suggestion of Nicolay, who had been named as Private Secretary, Hay, as Nicolay's friend, was invited to go along. The President at first demurred, saying, "We can't take all Illinois with us down to Washington," but after a pause as if relenting, added, "Well, let Hay come." This was his open sesame to fortune, and contemplating his subsequent career, we are reminded of Ingall's apostrophe to opportunity—"It is the hour of fate, and they who follow me reach every state mortals desire, and conquer every foe save Death."

When Nicolay and Hay became installed as Secretaries in the White House, Nicolay had charge of the more official correspondence, while Hay's relations to Mr. Lincoln, and his family, were more of a personal character. The diary gives some graphic pictures of the White House during the early days of the administration—the Jay Hawkers from Kansas, called in for protection and occupying it as barracks, and Jim Lane, their Commander, hobnobbing the while with Carl Schurz, while the latter performed on the piano, seeking at the same time a command as Colonel of Cavalry. The Baltimore riots are vividly described, and the visit of a committee of its citizens, spoken of as "whining traitors," who came to counsel with the President about avoiding further violence and bloodshed. The scenes after Bull Run come in of course, and an amusing description is given of the President's visit to General Scott the day the battle was going on, "only to find that burly old gentleman taking his afternoon nap, and who, after assuring the President that all was obliged to go well, quietly resumed his nap."

One of the curiosities of this period is a letter to Mr. Lincoln from General Benjamin F. Butler, which, for its cheekiness,

is worth transcribing. "General Wool has resigned: General Fremont must: General Scott has retired: I have an ambition, and I trust an honorable one, to be Major-General of the United States Army. Has anybody done more to deserve it? No one will do more. May I rely upon you, as you have confidence in me, to take this matter into consideration? I will not disgrace the position, I may fail in its duties. Yours truly."

The intercourse between the President and his Secretaries was entirely unconventional, as may be judged by the following entry: "The President came in last night, in his shirt, and told me of the retirement of the enemy from the works at Spottsylvania, and our pursuit. I complimented him on the amount of underpinning he still has left, and he said he weighed a hundred and eighty pounds. Important, if true. * * * A little after midnight, as I was writing these last lines, the President came into the office laughing, with a volume of Hood's works in his hand, to show Nicolay and me a little caricature, 'an unfortunate Bee-ing,' seemingly utterly unconscious that he, with his shirt hanging about his long legs, and setting out behind like the tail of a hugh ostrich, was infinitely funnier than anything in the book he was laughing at. (What a man! it is; occupied all day with matters of vast moment, deeply anxious about the fate of the greatest army of the world, with his own plans and future hanging on the events of the passing hour, he yet has such a wealth of bonhommie and goodfellowship that he gets out of bed, and perambulates the house in his shirt to find us, that we might share with him the fun of poor Hood's queer little conceits.") We can forgive much to John Hay and his biographer for the reproduction of this picture. The two Secretaries, in speaking of their chief, affectionately called him "The Tycoon," and "The Ancient." To this last, which sounds like Isaiah, they might have added—"The mighty man; the man of war; the judge and the prophet." In a letter from Hay to Nicolay, who was absent, he writes of Mr. Lincoln, "You may talk as you please of the abolition cabal directing affairs from Washington; some well meaning newspapers advised the President to keep his fingers out of the military pie, and all that sort

of thing. The truth is, if he did, the pie would be a sorry mess. The old man sits here and wields, like a backwood's Jupiter, the bolts of war and the machinery of government with a hand especially steady and equally firm."

John Hay's partiality to his chief as "a backwood's Jupiter," is honorable to his loyalty, but is not in line with what we gather from the diary of Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy. Mr. Welles, too, was loyal to Lincoln, and entertained for him the highest respect, but he was often disgruntled at the want of decision on the part of the President, and at the dominating influence exerted over him by Mr. Seward. After one of their cabinet meetings, he records his opinion of the "backwood's Jupiter," and his advisers, as follows:

"The President commenced his administration by yielding apparently almost everything to Seward, and Seward was opposed to cabinet consultations. He made it a point to have daily or more frequent interviews with the President, and to ascertain from him everything that was being done in the several departments. A different course was suggested and pressed by others, but Chase, who should from his position and standing have been foremost in the matter, and who was decidedly with us then, flinched and shirked the point. He was permitted to do with his own department pretty much as he pleased, and this reconciled him to the Seward policy in great degree, though he was sometimes restless and desired to be better informed, particularly as to what was doing in the War Department. Things, however, took such a course that the administration became departmental and the result was the President himself was less informed than he should have been, and much less than he ardently craved to be with either the War or the Treasury. The successive Generals-in-Chief he consulted constantly, as did Seward, and the military measures being those of most absorbing interest, the President was constantly asking and seeking for information, not only at the Executive Mansion, but at their respective offices and headquarters, Scott and McClellan and Halleck each influenced him more than they should have done, often in the wrong direction, for he better appreciated

the public mind and more fully sympathized with it than any of his generals."

The diary and the letters abound with criticisms of General McCellan, who, in Mr. Hay's opinion, was not only timid, and incompetent as a general, but whom he does not hesitate to characterize as disloyal and a traitor. It must be remembered that McCellan was a democrat, and had the temerity to oppose Mr Lincoln for the Presidential nomination in 1864. To John Hay, this was equivalent to *Lese Majeste.* Mr. Hay is credited with the assertion that, "War is begun, dominated, and ended by political considerations," and he evidently looked at McClellan through this medium. This is the personal portrait he gives of McClellan: "Self-esteem abnormally developed by nature, and swelled at last into an Elephantiasis of the ego."

Mr. Hay is not singular in criticising McClellan as a general, though General Lee is said to have esteemed him as the best of the Union Generals to whom he was opposed, and it is reported of Moltke that he expressed the opinion that, had McClellan been properly supported, the war would have ended two years sooner than it did. As a matter of fact, McClellan, at Harrison's Landing in 1862, was about in the same position reached by Grant after the Wilderness Campaign in 1864; and when removed from command, was contemplating the move on Petersburg which Grant subsequently made. The reader will not be impressed with the value of Mr. Hay's opinion as a military critic, when he records, with apparent sanction, General Hooker's estimate of Longstreet and Lee, viz: "The strength of the rebel army rests on the broad shoulders of Longstreet. He is the brain of Lee, as Stonewall Jackson was his right arm. Before every battle he was advised with, after every battle Lee may be found in his tent. Lee is a weak man, and little of a soldier. He naturally rests on Longstreet, who is a soldier born." If Hooker was ever guilty of uttering such fatuous words, which Hay thought worthy of record, it must have been before the battle of Chancellorsville, when in the absence of Longstreet, as Horace Greely said, "Sixty thousand ragamuffins," under Lee, "put to flight a hundred and thirty thousand magnificent soldiers," under Joe Hooker.

Hay's charge of disloyalty and treason, his biographer thinks unwarranted. It betrays the jaundiced character of Hay's mind in everything affecting his chief. In a letter to Halleck, O. R. 14-8, alluding to the coterie surrounding Mr. Lincoln, McClellan says, "You have no idea of the undying hate which they, the abolitionists, pursue me; but I take no notice of that." In another letter to the Secretary of War, O. R. 5, 11, he says: "The unity of this nation, and the preservation of our institutions are so dear to me that I have willingly sacrificed my private happiness with the single object of doing my duty to my country. When the task is accomplished, I shall be glad to return to the obscurity from which events have drawn me."

The ground of the charge of disloyalty is based on a supposed intrigue between McClellan and Fernando Wood, given at length by Hay's biographer, and claimed to have been brought to light by Thurlow Weed, and by the Governor of Vermont, whose name was ———— Smith, a cousin of General "Baldy" Smith, a one-time close friend of McClellan's, according to which, Fernando Wood made one or more visits to McClellan to induce him to run for the Presidency in 1864, and discussed with McClellan the policy of the war, and the manner in which it should be conducted, and which when told to "Baldy" Smith, he thought smacked of treason. The idea that alarmed "Baldy" was that the war should be so conducted as to conciliate the people of the South and impress them with the idea that the Union Armies were intended to execute the laws and preserve private property. McClellan's letter to the President from Harrison's Landing, in 1862, giving his views as to the conduct of the war, and how private property should be respected, is in honorable contrast with the course pursued by Sherman and other Union Generals. Judged by Hay's standard, when General Lee issued his general orders, in 1863, upon his army crossing the Potomac, he must have been guilty of treason to the Confederacy. Upon this slender fabric, on hearing the story, John Hay enters in his diary, "I was very much surprised at the story, and expressed my surprise. I said I had always thought that McClellan's fault was a constitutional weakness and

timidity, which prevented him from active and timely exertion, instead of such deep laid schemes of treachery and ambition." Mr. Hay's biographer says that when Hay, twenty years later, wrote the Life of Lincoln, instead of softening or reversing his opinion of McClellan's conduct, he repeated it with emphasis.

Mr. Lincoln entrusted to his Private Secretary two errands, neither of which reflected creditably on Mr. Lincoln or his agent. Believing he could enlist a certain proportion (ten per cent.) of the natives and Confederate soldiers, held in Florida as prisoners of war, to set up a legal government, Hay was commissioned Assistant Adjutant General, and dispatched South for that purpose.

He proceeded as far as Jacksonville and Tampa, where we are told, he "opened an office in the quartermaster block, took out his oath books, and waited. A dirty swarm of gray coats filed into the room, escorted by a negro guard." Lieutenant Colonel Hay appears offering the amnesty with one hand, and holding out the oath with the other. A few signed it, but it seems "some of the natives refused to sign on the ground that they were not 'repentant rebels.'" His biographer adds that Mr. Hay soon realized that his "mission was premature," and threw up the job.

The other mission was to Canada. When Clement Clay, Jacob Thompson and Holcombe endeavored on behalf of the Confederate Government to open negotiations for peace, they made their way to Canada, and at the instance of Mr. Greeley Hay accompanied him to meet them. Hay gives this description of the meeting: "We got to the Clifton House, and met George N. Sanders at the door. Sanders is a seedy-looking rebel with grizzled whiskers, and a flavor of old clo'. He came up and talked a few common places with Greeley while we stood at the counter. Our arrival, Greeley's well-known person, created a good deal of interest, the barroom rapidly filling with the curious, and the halls suddenly blooming with wide-eyed and pretty women. We went up to Holcombe's room, where he was breakfasting, or lunching—tea and toasting at all events. He was a tall, solemn, spare, false-looking man, with false teeth,

false eyes and false hair." Mr. Greeley announced that Mr. Hay came to deliver a communication and a verbal message from the President, etc. Whereupon Hay handed him the note, and told him what he had been instructed by the President and Mr. Seward to say, and that he would take any reply, or it could be sent by mail. Holcombe replied, Mr. Clay is now absent at St. Catherines, and he would telegraph him at once and answer in the morning. Whereupon they got up to go, and after a few common place remarks, they left. Such in brief is Mr. Hay's account of the interview. It seems that the Commissioners claiming to represent the Confederate Government, which is designated as "Davis & Co.," desired as a preliminary a safe conduct to visit Washington and conduct the negotiations direct, and that Mr. Lincoln had actually provided such safe conduct.

This it seems was not delivered or made known to Messrs. Clay and Holcombe, and the responsibility for its non-delivery, according to Mr. Hay's biographer, led to an angry controversy involving a question of personal veracity between Hay and Greeley, which his biographer interprets in favor of Hay.

But if we may judge from the contemptuous and ironical tone of Mr. Hay's diary, he made no effort at conciliation, and was not a fit person to select for so grave and important a mission. The tact which distinguished him as a diplomat at foreign Courts was entirely wanting on this occasion, when he was dealing with Southern rebels, no matter how laudable their object.

According to his biographer, the companionship of Mr. Lincoln was the most important influence affecting Mr. Hay's life, and was "privilege enough for one lifetime." But neither Mr. Lincoln's influence nor that of Mr. Seward, for whom Hay entertained the profoundest respect, ameliorated the bitterness of his feelings towards the South.

When the reconstruction period came on, and that section was put under military rule, in a conversation with Mr. Banks, from Massachusetts, who was deprecating the abdication of civil power in favor of an irresponsible military, Hay readily ac-

cepted the reconstruction legislation as a necessary measure, while admitting that army rule was "un-Anglo-Saxon."

When he met some Southern people during a social function at Chief Justice Chase's, and the latter said to him, that he made it a point to treat Southern people with especial courtesy, Hay agreed that it was a good thing to do, "even when they abused one for it, and called it Yankee subserviency and charged it to mean motives. They know it is not true, they feel their inferiority, and their bluster is the protest of wounded pride." The truth is, Mr. Hay was simply incapable of understanding or appreciating a Southern gentleman.

Shortly before the death of Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Seward, who had taken a great fancy to Hay, offered him the place of Secretary to Legation at Paris. When Mr. Hay first went abroad, fresh from the struggle, "which had .determined that democracy should not perish from the earth in America," he was introduced to the Monarchial Court of Napoleon III. Towards that potentate he had already conceived an intense aversion, the administration at Washington having some time ago served notice on the Emperor that he must withdraw his army from Mexico. The dream which John Hay is said to have entertained, "that a golden age of freedom was about to dawn" intensified that feeling. But he was under the necessity of concealing such feelings, and while he took part in the Court festivities and enjoyed to the full that "book of Paris which fascinated the world since the days of Louis XIV," he committed to his journal the feelings entertained towards the Emperor, sometimes giving the rein to his muse.

When presented to the Emperor, the latter wishing to be very civil, and it being most rare for a monarch to address a Secretary to Legation, said, "You are young to be Col-o-nel. did you make the war in America?" Hay wishing, as he says, "to insist that older and wickeder men were responsible for that crime, but thinking it best to answer the intention rather the grammar, said, "I had an humble part in the war."

"Infanterie or Cavalerie?"—"The general staff." And the same thing having been gone through with Hay's companion, they bowed and backed out of the presence.

Hay's picture of the Emepror, which is one of his most caustic character sketches and pen portraits, he committed to his diary, which is reproduced. "Short and stocky, he moves with a queer sidelong gait like a gouty crab; a man so wooden looking, that you would expect his voice to come rasping out like a watchman's rattle, a complexion like crude tallow * * * marked for death whenever death wanted him, to be taken sometime in half an hour, or left neglected by the Skeleton King for years, if properly coddled. The mustache and imperial, which the world knows, but ragged and bristly, concealing the mouth entirely, is moving a little nervously as the lips twitch. Eyes sleepily watchful, fugitive, stealthy, rather ignoble, like servants looking out of dirty windows, and saying 'nobody at home,' and lying as they say it," etc.

With the end of Ambassador Bigelow's term, Hay returned home, out of a job and with no money in his pocket. As frequently happens in such cases, it produced a recurrence of his morbidity, and this is the way he viewed the situation. "I leave the service of an ungrateful republic in a week or two; vain pomps and glories of this world I hate ye! I shall try to find a place behind some respectable counter. I do not care what I sell, candles or stocks, so that profits shall arise. I shall put off my coat and roll up my sleeves, but I don't believe Jordan will be so hard a road to travel as it is cracked up to be. I am falling into the sere and yellow leaf."

Motley's unexpected rersignation at Vienna, gave Seward an opening, and Hay was sent there as Charge d'Affairs. On his way to his new post, Hay stopped in London to confer with Charles Francis Adams, and he jots down some of Mr. Adams' remarks at luncheon. "Motley got one or two unexpected slaps, and Sumner and his new wife were brushed up a little." The following is given as characteristic of Sumner. He had written to Mr. Adams, "announcing his engagement, without even mentioning the lady's name. The great point with Sumner is, that he is to be married. If the lady happens to get married about the same time, all the better for her, but this is a secondary consideration."

Hay enriches his diary with more pen portraits upon visiting

Parliament. Among them the Bishop of Oxford is described as " a fine portly prelate, whose blue ribbon made me think of a prize ox." Lord Eliot, "looking with his blazing head and whiskers, as if he had just come through Hell with his hat off." The Duke of Buccleugh as "a stiff, dry Scotchman with a wen on his forehead." Earl Powis as "a smaller Forrest without the mustache." The Duke of Buckingham as "the most remarkable nobleman I ever saw, who looks in style, station, dress, way of getting over ground, face and feature, like a brisk country grocer in New England," etc.

Hay called on Motley on the latter's way back from Vienna, and this is his comment: "I shall never have any more doubt as to the long mooted question, whether it hurts a man to cut off his head. It hurts like the devil. He received me very cooly and stiffly, not speaking a word in reply to any salutation. He answered in the briefest and dryest way my questions about his family. I asked him when he left Vienna, and he began to talk. He grew almost hysterical, in his denunciation of the disgusting nasty outrage of his being turned out. His resignation had been forced from him by a trick, and then snapped back to give the place to somebody else. But the crowning insult of all was the recent letter of recall."

At a dinner party at Mr. Adams', "they talked among other things, of the extraordinary recantation speech of Earl Russell, who was always, as Adams says, 'in his way a friend of ours,' * * * 'Gladstone who was led away by his impulses, was not.' "

When Hay reached Vienna, having little to do in the way of official duties, he made excursions to the Tyrol, indulged in sight-seeing, renewed his attention to the art galleries and the opera and particularly the Volksgarten, the admission to which was less than twenty cents.

His observations on the Viennese are equally entertaining with those on the Parisians. No one could surpass Mr. Hay in the art of word painting. His description of the slums of Vienna, and his picture of the dirty figure of the Polish Jew, seen stooping in his long patched and oily gaberdines, cover-

ing the slouching, creeping form from the round shoulders to the splay shuffling feet, with the battered soft hat crowning the oblique indolent crafty face, with a pair of greasy curls dangling in front of the pendulous ears, is in the highest style of descriptive art. By contrast, is his description of Rubens' picture of Helen Fourment, in which he interprets in poetic language the Soul of the Artist, as revealed in the portrait.

Upon the appointment of Dix to succeed Motley, Hay resigned as Charge d'Affairs, having filled his post for about a year. He writes Bigelow, "I had no idea when I came abroad last summer, that I should be here so long. I thought they would fix up a vacuum (abhorred of nature and office seekers) in a few months—so I came for a flyer, principally because I was a little ashamed of having been in Europe nearly two years, and having seen nothing. I have had a pleasant year of it. There is very little work to do at the legation. I have sinned grievously against certain ten-day regulations, that I have heard of. I have seen all I care to of Prussia, Poland, Turkey and Italy. I have drawn my salary with startling punctuality. I have not worried the home office with much dispatches. My sleep is infantine, and my appetite wolfish"

Upon his return to America in 1868, he made a visit to Washington to see if any employment offered under the Grant administration, and finding none, he made his way back to Illinois, and began lecturing, as possible resource for a living, when he was appointed First Secretary of Legation at Madrid under General Daniel E. Sickles, and this is what he has to say of his chief. "The minister was one of those typical wastrels who succeeded, partly by rough capacity and partly by truculence, in pushing their way to the front during the Civil War. Dissolute in his personal habits, loose in money matters, and unscrupulous in his methods, he rose to the command of the Third Corps of the Army of the Potomac, and at the battle of Gettysburg, he stationed his troops without orders in a position which brought disaster upon them and threatened the defeat of the Union Army. Fortunately for Sickles, he had a leg cut off in the battle, luck which prevented his being court-martialed, and enabled him to pose during half a century as

the hero of Gettysburg. No bullet was ever more beneficial to its victim than that which crippled him." Hay found his chief unexacting and applied himself to learning Spanish and attending the debates in the Spanish-Cortes, and gives interesting pictures of Prim and Castelar. The oratory of the latter seems surperhuman.

After a year's service, Hay presented his resignation to Sickles, regretting that "pecuniary circumstances" compelled him to retire, having in the meantime written his book called "Castilian Days," giving an account of his impressions of the country.

To make a living was with Hay, still in the future. By a sort of accident while in the company of Whitelaw Reid, then editing The Tribune, the latter on opening a foreign dispatch, handed it to Hay, asking him what should be said about it. Hay sat down, and in quick time handed Reid a leader which delighted him, and when Greeley saw it the next day, he said, "I have read a million editorials, and this is the best of them all." This led Hay into journalism. He speaks of being "sent to Washington, not as a reporter, but as a sort of heavy swell correspondent, whereat I rather reluct. I do not like to blame and I mortally hate to praise, which sometimes narrows a letter-writer's field. He writes to Reid from Warsaw: "I lectured last night gratis for our free library, and the whole population turned out. * * * My young Christian talk is preying on my mind, but I am getting along with it. * * * I have no vivacity left, not a vivacity to my back. I shall never recover my tone until St. Paul goes to 70. There is some wonderful bedevilment going on with it evidently—what I can imagine. If J. brings me out, I will take care of yours and J's. If I am swamped, I can go through bankruptcy, and that is said to be an edifying experience." Hay's health was not strong, and in one of his letters to Reid, he says in his characteristic way, "I can't walk, stand or sit, but by special grace I am still able to lie on my stomach. If you can think of a subject, you would like to have treated from that point of view, send it over, and I will worry it. Yours in Joblike dejection."

About this time Hay married Miss Stone, a charming lady of Cleveland, who filled to the brim his cup of domestic hap-

piness. Miss Stone was possessed of large means, and from this time Mr. Hay was relieved from all anxiety as to his pecuniary resources. He announced his engagement to Reid in this way: "The fact of being in love and seeing a good woman in love also, is a wonderful awakening thing. I would not have died before this happened for a good deal of coin. Get well and then get engaged. Time flies."

When Reid acted on the suggestion and was married, Hay took charge of The Tribune, and for a while filled the editorial chair, which Greeley once occupied, a place which flattered his vanity, and gave him great prominence in the newspaper field.

While, Mr. Hay, according to his biographer, had the penetration to see that the views of government, in favor of the exercise of individual liberty, which had once appealed to him as against corporate wealth, were outraged by the abuses of the Republican party, which, "by a quite natural metamorphosis had become the capitalists' organ," it did not affect his loyalty to that party. He had now become something of a capitalist himself, and he stuck to his party, as he alleged, not because that party fostered plutocracy in granting special privileges to capital, but because first of all it had saved the Union, and it had put down slavery. "He suspected the seeds of slavery and rebellion still lurked in the Democratic party, and Republicanism, the creed of his youth, became the habit of his prime." Once only did he fail in his loyalty to the party, and that was when he voted for Tilden for Governor, as a punishment to Tammany and Tweed.

His uncompromising hostility to every one affiliated with the opposite party is manifested in a letter written from London, in which he says, "I got yours of the 8th last night, at midnight, as I returned from the dinner of the fishmongers, stuffed with turtle, and spiced meats, drowned in loving cup and Bayard's eloquence. How our Ambassador does go it, when he gets a back room full of bovine Britons in front of him!. He knocks them all silly. I never so clearly appreciated the power of the unhesitating rotundity of the Yankee speech as on listening for an hour or two of hum-har tongue-tied British men, to the long wash of our Ambassador's sonority."

In the autumn of 1879, Mr. Evarts invited Hay to be Assistant Secretary of State. Hay was then considering a nomination for Congress from one of the Ohio districts, and he held the matter open. It appears that the Republican leaders had arranged for Hay's nomination, but they imposed an assessment of $20,000. When that was put up to Mr. Stone, the father-in-law, by a committee, the reply was, "Not a dollar shall you have of me." In consequence, Hay declined to make the run, and it ended by his accepting Mr. Evarts offer and spending a year in the State Department.

When Mr. Garfield was elected President, he offered Hay the position of Private Secretary, proposing, it is said, to give that place greater prominence, and make it rank with members of the cabinet. Hay declined, alleging that "contract with the greed and selfishness of officeseekers and bulldozing Congressmen was unspeakably repulsive to him. * * * I am not going back on Democracy. It is a good thing—the hope and salvation of the world. I mean simply that I am not fit for public office." But Mr. Hay had now become independent in his finances, and the offer did not appeal to him as it would have done when he was a poor man.

Hay could afford to write to the President about Foster's going into the cabinet or abroad, "This restlessness of our leading men is a great evil. It seems impossible for a leading Republican ever to stay where he is put, or to go into private life."

While the excitement over the Venezuelan controversy was still in the public mind, Mr. Hay was in London, and he used all his address in the circles in which he moved to procure an agreement to accede to Cleveland's demands for arbitration, before McKinley should come into office. He knew that public temper at home would brook no receding from Cleveland's assertion of the Monroe Doctrine, and it was considered good politics to relieve McKinley of that responsibility. His interviews with some of the British leaders, and a letter to the London Times were supposed to have inclined English sentiment and sympathy favorably to Mr. McKinley. Hurrying home, Hay took the stump for the Republican ticket. He writes as follows: "* * * I spent yesterday with the Majah. I had

been dreading it for a month, thinking it would be like talking to a boiler factory. But he met me at the station, gave me meat, and calmly leaving his shouting worshippers in the front yard, took me upstairs, talked with me for two hours, as calmly and seriously as if we were summer boarders in Beverly at a loss for means to kill time. I was more struck than ever with his mask. It is a genuine Italian ecclesiastical face of the fifteenth century, and there are idiots who think Mark Hanna will run him."

Hay's services were not undervalued, and as soon as McKinley was inaugurated, he announced that he had appointed John Hay ambassador to Great Britain. Hay's landing at Southampton had a triumphant character, and in a letter to Senator Lodge is this amusing reference to Mr. Adams, his predecessor: "If you had been at Southampton, you would not have had the pleasure of seeing Oom Hendrick (Adams) gloating over my sufferings. He so thoroughly disapproved of the whole proceeding that he fled to the innermost recesses of the ship, some authorities say to the coal bunkers, out of sight and sound of the whole revolving exchange of compliments." It is claimed that Mr. Hay had already softened some of the asperities existing between the two Governments growing out of the Venezuela affair, and he now set himself to work to bring about a genuine feeling of friendliness, in which he appears to have been quite successful.

There were several important questions pending between the two countries. The Behring Sea fisheries, the international agreement on bimetallism, beside the conclusion of the Venezuela matter, and in handling these he displayed the qualities which especially marked his tact and courtesy.

In the meantime, Secretary of State Day resigned to become Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, and Mr. McKinley tendered the vacant place to his ambassador. Mr. Roosevelt said to Hay, he had been the greatest secretary of his time. His biographer, with more discrimination, says that "barring an antagonism which prevailed between him and the Senate, in all his other relations, as Secretary of State he outshone most of his predecessors. He knew how to treat with equal dignity and courtesy the variegated personnel of the Diplomatic Corps,

and on state occasions he made an impressive appearance, and he was always an effective speaker. By taste, not less than by training, he was fitted to deal with ambassadors and cabinet ministers, rather than with some of the leaders who emerged into eminence from the rough and tumble of politics." Granting that the estimate of his Biogarpher is correct, it will remain for the historian to determine whether he should rank as a statesman.

The most important of all the international questions presented to Mr. Hay, arose out of the construction of an interoceanic canal, by some route across the Isthmus. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty presented an insuperable obstacle to any action on the part of the United States, and it was apparent that this treaty must be gotten rid of. Mr. Hay's diplomatic skill, his acquaintance with Lord Salisbury, and the efforts of Mr. Henry White, Secretary to Legation, whose social standing with the latter stood in good quest, availed to induce the British ministry to take up the subject for favorable consideration.

Lord Salisbury assented to the American proposals, the only stipulation being that tolls should be levied equally on all ships using the canal. To Mr. Hay was then confided the duty of drawing up a new treaty, abrogating the old, and laying down terms between the two countries for the construction of the canal. Sir Julian Pauncefoote accepted the draft, but when it came to be submitted to the Senate of the United States, it met with violent opposition, and that body added amendments, which Britain rejected, and the treaty failed. Mr. Hay was immensely chagrined and mortified over the defeat, and vented his feelings to a correspondent in these words: "I long ago made up my mind that no treaty on which discussion was possible, no treaty which gave room for a difference of opinion, could ever pass the Senate. When I sent in the canal convention, I felt sure that no one out of a madhouse could fail to see that the advantages were all on our side, but I underrated the power of ignorance and spite acting upon cowardice." Writing to Ambassador Choate upon the subject, the character of Mr. Hay's mind is illustrated by the following criticism upon the Constitution of the United States: "* * * Now the irreparable mistake of our Constitution puts it into the power of one-third

plus one of the Senate to meet with categorical veto any treaty negotiated by the President, though it may have the approval of nine-tenths of the people of the nation. If it be true that the Democrats as a body are determined that we shall make no arrangement with England, we shall have to consider whether it is more expedient for us to make a treaty which will fail in the Senate, or wait for a more convenient season."

To Mr. Hay's amazement, his best friends, among them Senators Hoar and Lodge, and Mr. Roosevelt, condemned the terms made by Mr. Hay. The cardinal vice of the draft was that it put the canal under the protection of several foreign powers, the effect of which would have been to undermine the Monroe Doctrine.

When Mr. Choate succeeded in reopening negotiations on the subject, a new draft was prepared in which Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Choate had considerable share, and in which all question about fortifying the canal was waived and the treaty ratified. But Mr. Hay persisted in his first view and put himself on record in these words, "That no government not absolutely imbecile would ever think of fortifying the canal, and yet there are members of the Senate so morbidly sensitive on the subject that it might seriously injure the passage of the treaty through the Senate, if this provision were retained after the omission of the Davis Amendment." The treaty as finally ratified has been the source of endless confusion and discussion in the Senate, Press, and by the present administration, as to its true meaning, and whether vessels of the United States under its provisions were liable as the vessels of other nations to the payment of tolls for passage through the canal.

The question of the Alaskan boundary was one of those inherited by Mr. Hay from his predecessor in office. It hung fire a long while before a joint high commission which accomplished nothing, and it was not until the death of Lord Herschell, and the appointment of a new commission, in which Senator Lodge and Mr. Root, as Secretary of War, were two of the representatives of the United States, that an agreement was finally effected. Negotiations extended into the Roosevelt administration, and Mr. Hay's biographer says, "President Roosevelt thought Mr. Hay's

attitude indecisive, if not actually timid, and took a short cut to warn the British Cabinet that if these negotiations fell through he would get the consent of Congress to enable him to run the boundary on his own hook."

The diary discloses a sidelight not especially creditable to Mr. Hay, upon the position of this government, when some Venezuelans in 1902, being indebted to the Germans, the English and the Italians, in large sums of money, those countries endeavored to force payment by establishing a pacific blockade of the Venezuelan ports. Mr. Hay had persistently called the attention of those governments to the fact that a pacific blockade was a contradiction in terms, and that its enforcement against neutral nations would not be tolerated. It was another case involving the Monroe Doctrine. England and Italy finally yielded to the Secretary's protest, but Germany stood fast and refused to come to any understanding. At this junction, President Roosevelt took the matter out of the hands of his Secretary, and sending for the German ambassador, announced as his ultimatum that Dewey would be ordered to proceed to the Venezuelan coast within ten days to prevent any taking possession by the German fleet of Venezuelan territory. A week passed in silence, and when the Ambassador called again and said he had heard nothing from his government, Mr. Roosevelt informed him that Dewey would be ordered to sail within forty-eight hours unless there was an offer to arbitrate. The Ambassador returned within thirty-six hours, saying a dispatch had just arrived from Berlin, and the Kaiser was willing to arbitrate. The Kaiser suggested that Mr. Roosevelt be appointed arbitrator, and it is said he was ready to serve, but Mr. Hay's good sense came to the rescue, and he was dissuaded from doing so.

As to the "rape of Panama," so called, his biographer says that "responsibility over the dynamic solution of the question, rested entirely with the President, who seems not even to have informed Secretary Hay and the Cabinet officers of his acts." But Mr. Hay, as was his custom, fell in with the dominating will of Roosevelt, and announced his approval of the revolution, and his biographer assures us there is no evidence among his papers that Mr. Hay ever felt any pangs of conscience over an act

which was so severely censured at the time by so many of the most prominent men of the nation.

Mr. Hay's one achievement, and for which he is fully entitled to credit, was his successful policy in dealing with the Boxer rebellion, and what was called the "open door" in China. After the disastrous war with Japan, China lay stranded, and all the powers seemed willing to see her dismembered, provided they could obtain a share of the spoils. It was the policy of the United States, if its trade relations were to be preserved, that the integrity of the Chinese Government should be maintained. This Government declined to support the pretensions of the various powers, Italy among them, for the occupation of territory, and yet it was not prepared to assure China that it would give her assistance in repelling any move of that sort by armed forces. It would have been futile to do so. Mr. Hay resorted to diplomacy, and finally addressed to London, Berlin, and St. Petersburg, his famous note on the open door, which was so skillfully put that the respective powers could not avoid an acceptance of the principle involved without turning their backs upon the system of free commercial intercourse between nations, which had long been recognized as proper and necessary in civilized countries.

It requested the European Governments to respect the existing treaty ports and vested interests, and to "allow the Chinese tariff to be maintained and to be collected in the respective spheres of influence, and not to discriminate against other foreigners, in port and railroad rates." After some hesitation an acceptance was obtained, first from one, and then from another, when other lesser powers were addressed and they could not but follow the example set.

The Boxer uprising in the meantime, and the prompt relief of the imprisoned embassies through American agencies, and before the arrival of the German punitive expedition, was hailed everywhere as a fine piece of work, and gave Mr. Hay great and deserved prestige.

DAVID G. MCINTOSH.

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